LIFE

SURPRISING

ADVENTURES

AND

HEROIC ACTIONS

OF

Sir WILLIAM WALLACE,

GENERAL and GOVERNOR of SCOTLAND.

A NEW EDITION.

Wherein the old obsolete words are rendered more intelligible; and adapted to the Understanding of such who have not Leisure to study the meaning and Import of such phrases, without the help of a Glossary.

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MDCCLXXIV.

1607/3288

To the High, Puissant, and most noble Prince James, Duke of Hamilton, Castlerault, and Brandon, Marquis of Clidsdale, Earl of Arran, Lanerk, and Cambridge, Lord Aven, Polmont Machanshire, and Innerdale, Baron of Dutton.

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May it please Your GRACE,

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O F all the Induments of Nature, Heroic virtue has justly been the most admired.

It shines in none of the Heroes of Antiquity, with a truer Lustre, than in Sir William Wallace, and none of them have deserved better of their country, then he has done.

All his Wisdom, Valour and conduct, were still employed for the good of his Country; and while he held the supreme Command, by his Vigilance defended Scotland from all treasons at Home and attempts from abroad.

Tisthese Heroic Virtues of our great General, that make me presume My Lord, to beg your Grace's Patronage to his history done in modern Scots Verse, And I humbly presume your Grace will have the goodness to forgive the low strains of a writer, whose greatest Motive, is to make the History of an ancient Hero intelligible to the Age he lives in: in order to form their Minds to virtue, by setting soglorious a Model before their Eyes.

If by that, I can deserve my Country Men's Thanks or intitle me to the least Share of your Grace's Favour, I shall reckon myself unspeakably happy.

I am not now, My Lord, to take up your Grace's Time, to offend your Modesty by recapitulating the advantages you have from your Birth, improved by Education, and assisted by ample Fortune, nor of your many Princely Virtues; these My Lord, being every where spoken of with the utmost admiration by all. That your Grace may be your Country's Darling, and as useful to it

DEDICATION.

as any of your illustrious ancestors, has been, and shall be the constant prayer of

May it please your GRACE,

Your GRACE's most humble

Most obedient, and

most devoted Servant,

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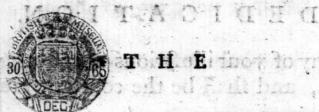
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May it it safe your Car

HIS history of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, with the other of the valiant king Robert Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it (the former written in Latin by Mr John Blair, chaplain to WALLACE, and turned into Scots metre by one called blind Hary, in the days of king James IV: the other written by Mr, John Barbour archdean of Aberdeen, a learned man in the days of king David Bruce, and Robert Stewart) contain a relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the isle of Britain, fought most valiantly for the space of forty years, betwixt the two realms of Scotland and England; the one unjustly purfuing, the other constantly defending the liberties of their country. During which broils, there happened great alterations, both in the general state of this kingdom, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular families, the one for betraying, the other for maintaining their country's freedom and welfare.

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That the whole history may be the more clear, we have thought good in a short introduction, to fet down the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the year 1285. Alexander the third king of Scotland, being fuddenly taken away by a fall off his horse, at Kinghorn, without any iffue of his body, and in him the whole posterity of his father Alexander the fecond, and grand-father William the Lyon being extinct, the right of the Crown fell to the heirs of David Earl of Huntingtown and Garioch youngest brother to William the Lyon. He had left three daughters, the eldeft Margaret, married to Allan Lord of Galloway: the fecond Habel to Robert Bruce (firnamed the noble) Lord of Annandale and Cleveland : the youngest Ada, married Henry Haftings an Englishman; who having no just title to the crown, the contention rested betwixt the posterity of the two elder daughters : for Allan Lord of Galloway, leaving no fons by his wife Margaret : his eldest daughter Dornagilla of Galloway married John Baliol, a man of great power and lands both in Scotland, England and France, and bare to him John Baliol; afterwards King Robert Bruce, by his wife Isabel of Huntingtoun had Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick (by marriage of Martha Heritrix thereof) who contended with John Baliol, and died in the time of WALLACE'S wars. His eldeft fon Robert Bruce succeeded king of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the crown, as heir to Margaret eldest daughter to Prince David. Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, albeit fon to Isabel the second daughter, yet, contended that in feudab fuccession, the first male ought to succeed before a woman standing on the same degree, as a son excludeth his fifter from fuccession although she be elder: And therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway, standing in the second degree from Prince Danis he ought to be preferred to her, as for her fon John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her And likewise was a degree further off from Prince David. The like practice had fallen out some ten years before, in Hugh the fourth Duke of Burgundy, whose eldest son Hugh (dying before his father) left a daughter Jola, Countels of Nevers, who claimed to succeed her grand-father Hugh the IV notwithstanding Robert, second fon to the same Hugh the IV. was preferred to her, and succeeded the Duke of Burgundy: if then the second son in seudal inheritance succeed before the eldest son's daughter, far more ought the nephew to succeed before the niece. The right of succession being thus made doubtful, the competitors were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the kingdom in two equal factions; so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversy at home, without

running into a most pernicious civil war.

The states of Scotland to prevent this mischief. thought it fittest to submit the arbitriment of the plea to Edward I. furnamed Long-shanks, king of England, and that upon divers weighty reasons: for he and his father king Henry III. being joined by many alliances of bands and friendship to the two last kings of Scotland, had lived in great amity and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duties. The two competitors also Bruce and Baliol, had as great lands in England as in Scotland, fo that he (and he only) was able to make them to fland to reason. Finally, the states of Scotland not being able to determine the plea, there was no prince belides more powerful, and in appearance more like to compose the controversy without great bloodfhed. This motion was in fecret very greedily embraced by King Edward, hoping in fo troublesome a water to find a gainful filhing, either by drawing the kingdom of Scotland under his direct fubjection, or at least under his homage, as Lord paramount and superiour: considering the difficulty to determine the question at home, and the interest he had in both the parties, being (for a great part of their effates) his vaffals and subjects: his great power alfo, having (befides Ireland) a great part of France under his dominion, and the low countries his affured confederates, gave

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him great encouragement: neither wanted he great friendship in Scotland, having at that time many of the greatest noblemen in Scotland, valfals and feudaries to himself for many lands which they held in England, partly for great fervices done to himself and his father, partly lying within Northumberland, and the border shires, then holden by the Scots in fee of England: partly also by interchange of marriages and successions betwixt the two nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amity, as if it had been one kingdom. And to make the controversy more fearful, he stirred up eight other competitors, besides Bruce and Baliol; Florence Earl of Holland (descended of Ada sister to William the Lyon: Patrick Dumbar Earl of March, Sir Walter Rofs, Sir Nicholas Soules, Sir Roger Mondevile, Sir John Cumine of Badenach (these five were descended of younger daughters of Allan Lord of Galloway) Sir William Vescie, begotten upon King Alexander II's bastard daughter, but pretended to be legitimate, and John Haftings Lord Abergevany, descended of Ada youngest daughter to Prince David of Huntingtoun.

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Having thus prepared matters; he came to Berwick, and met with the states of Scotland, to whom he promised to decide the controversy according to equity; which that it might seem more likely, he had brought from France sundry of the most samous lawyers of that age: He chused also out of the states of Scotland assembled, twelve of the wisest and most honourable, to whom he joined the like number of English, as assessed to him in his arbitriment. At this meeting, by the doubtful answer of lawyers, and number of new pretendents, he made the matter more dissicult, and appointed a new conven-

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tion at Norham, in the borders, the year follow-

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ing.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the Earl of Holland having on foot a great army to take the crown of Scotland by force (which their own ftories affirm, to have landed in Scotland, and to have intercepted fome strengths) at the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt fecretly, and by fit agents with the states of Scotland, for eschewing of imminent mischiefs to become his subjects: he being descended of King David's fifter, and so but two degrees further from the crown of Scotland, than Bruce or Baliol were. This being flatly refused by all, he betook him to his other. design. And first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce. promifing to decern in his favours, if he would take the crown of Scotland holden him, and do him homage for it. But he stoutly refused to subject a free nation to any over-Lord; whereupon. King Edward called for John Baliel, who knowing that he was not fo much favoured of the states of Scotland, easily condescended to King Edward's defire, and being by him declared King of Scotland, the states desirous of peace, conveyed him to Scoon, where he was crowned, Anno 1202, and all except Bruce, fwore to him obedience. Thereaster Duncan Macdust Earl of Fife, was killed by the Lord Abernethey (a man of great power in those times, allied both with the Cummine's and Baliol:) the Earl's brother finding, the king partial in the administration of justice. fummoned him to compear before the king of England in parliament; where being present and fitting beside King Edward (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a procurator; but he was forced to rife, and fland at the bar. This indignity grievnig him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt England and France, King Edward fest ambassadors to the parliament of Scotland to fend aid to him, as now being their over-Lord. There came also other ambaffadors from France. defiring the ancient league to be renewed. King and states of Scotland renewed the league with France, which had remained, inviolably kept, for the space of five hundred years before. The king of England's fuit was rejected, because the pretended furrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately, without confent of the parliament. A marriage also was concluded betwixt Prince Edward Baliol, and a daughter of Charles Earl of Valois, brother to the French King Philip. Edward having foreseen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrich, with his friends, enemies to Baliol, and divers noblemen of Scotland, who held lands of him in England, to bring fuch forces as they could make, to affift him in the French war: but withal taking truce with the French for fome months, he fuddenly turned his forces destined against France, towards Scotland. His navy was vanquished at Berwick. and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet this land-host by the means of the Brucian faction, and the Englished Scots noblemen, took the town of Berwick with great flaughter, and, shortly thereafter, Dunbar, Edinburgh and Stirling. In, and about these castles, he had killed or taken captives the greatest part of the Scots noblemen: so that croffing Forth the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for refistance. Baliol rendered himself to King Edward at Monross, and was sent by sea unto England, where he remained captive, till fuch time as by intercession of the pope, he was fet at liberty, fwearing and giving hostages never to return unto Scotland. King Edward came to-

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Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion of his homager Baliol. He fent for the nobles of Scotland who remained, that they, with such as were his captives, might swear homage to him as to their liege Lord and King, these who resused, were detained prifoners.

King Edward thinking that now all was fure for him in Scotland, left John Plantagenet (some call him Warran) Earl of Surrey, and fir Hugh Cressingham treasurer, and returned to prosecute the French war, taking such of the nobility of Scotland as he feared along with him, with their followers. The great men of Scotland being in this manner either imprisoned by King Edward, or sworn to his obedience, and tied thereto by reason of their lands holden of the crown of England, the rest either sled into the isless and highlands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own while better Time.

But while men of power neglected the public cause of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace a youth of honourable birth, being fon to Malcom Wallace of Ellerslie, but of mean power, having first in private killed many Englishmen of the garrifons as he could overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged, being a man of invincible hardiness incredibe strength of body, and withal very wife and circumfpect, that gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems, divers times cut of great numbers of the enemy: the report thereof drew to him fuch as affected the liberty and welfare of their country, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely the Earl Malcom Lennox, the Lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive, at the winning of Berwick, whered

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of he was captain, and fent home upon affurance) Sir John Graham Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Christ opher Seaton, Sir John Ramfay, Sir Fergus Barclay Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Hugh Hay, Robert Boyd, Ronnald Crawford, younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Frazers, James Crawford, Robert Lauder, Scrimzier, Alexander Auchinleck, Ruthven. Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur Biffet, James and Robert Lindfay, John Cle land, William Ker, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford Thomas Haliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Gerdan Baird, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Hugh Dundass John Scot, Steven Ireland, Mr John Blair, Mr Thomas Gray, and other gentlemen, with their friends and fervants who, after some valiant exploits happily atchieved, an army of ten thousand men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster to the Earl of Warran, defeat by WALLACE at Biggar) holding an affembly at the Forrest kirk, choosed WALLACE to be warden of Scotland and viceroy in Baliol's absence. In which office he so valianty behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the South parts of Scotland to good quiet.

The English fearing the loss of all, subtily took truce with WALLACE for one Year, beginning in February. In June following they proclaimed a justice air to be holden at Glasgow and Air, the 18th of that month, thinking to intrap Wallace, and all his friends, and under colour of law to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men according to the custom, assembling to this court, the Englishmen condemned them of selony, and hanged them presently: among the rest, Sir Ronnald Crawford, sheriff of Air, uncle to Wallace, Sir Bryce Blair, Sir Neil Montgomery,

and many of the barrons of Kyle Cunningham, Carrick, Cliddisdale. These that escaped by slight advertised Wallace who chanced to come later than the rest. He assembling such of the country, as detesting so horribe a fact, extremely hated the authors thereof, in the beginning of the night fecretly entered into Air, fet fire unto the place, where the Englishmen, after that fact, were secure. ly sleeping, and fuffer'd none to escape. The Garrison of the castle issued forth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose entered the house, and made it fure. The next morning Wallace came to Glasgow, where the Lord Henry Piercy had retired from Air the day before him he expulsed thence with great flaughter. The victory he fo hotly pursued, that immediatly thereafter he took the castle of Stirling, recovered Argyle and Lorn with the town of St. Johnstoun, and country about, thence he travelled through Angus and Merns, taking in all the strengths until he came to Aberdeen, which he found forfaken of the Englishmen, who had fled by sea, with the Lord Henry Beaumont, an English Lord, who had married the Heretrix of the Earldon of Buthan, named Cummine. Thus all the north country was reduced to the obedience of Wallace, except the caftle of Dundee: while he lay at the fiege hereof, news came of the approach of the English army, led by John Earl of Warran and Surrey, and fir Hugh Creffingham, with a great number of Northumberland men, and fuch of the Scots as held with England to the number of thirty thousand. Wallace having with him ten thousand men hardened in arms met them befide Stirling, on the north fide of the Forth, which baving no fords at that place, was passible only by a wooden bridge. This he in purpose had caused to be weakened, so that the one half of the host be-

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ing past, led by Cressingham, the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. These who were come over, Wallace charged fuddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part in pieces with their leader Creffingham: the rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The Earl Warran with those that escaped, was affailed by Earl Malcolm Lennox, captain of Stirling castle, and being hotly pursued by Wallace, hardly escaped himself flying into Dumbar, a castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this battle fought the 13th of September 1297, their died no Scotsman of remark, but Andrew Murray of Bothwel. The English garrifons hearing of this discomfiture, fled from all places, so that before the last of September, all the strengths of Scotland were recovered, except Berwick and Roxburgh.

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After these victories. He held a parliament at St Johnstoun, as warden of Scotland, and fettled the whole country, causing the nobility to swear to be faithful to the state, till such time as they might condescend who should be King: Farl Patrick Dumbar refusing to acknowledge the authority of this parliament, was chafed out of Scotland: and because the years by-past the ground had not been manured, and great famine threatned the land, Wallace affembled a great hoft and entered England, where he remained all the winter, and the fpring following, living upon the enemy's, and enriching his foldiers by their spoil. during which time the English durst never encounter him in open field: only at the first entry King Edward with a great army of raw foldiers came against him in the plain of Stanmure : but perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of Wallace's hoft, before they came nearer than half a mile, drew back his army and retired; Wallace for fear of ambush, keeped his foldiers

ward left his country to the mercy of a provoked enemy, and notwithstanding that he promised battle, yet he kept himself closs till a peace was concluded for sive years, Berwick and Roxburgh

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being rendered to the Scots.

Scotland thus enjoying perfect libirty, Wallace being earnestly requested by the French king, to the end that his special captains might be kept in military exercise during the peace, sailed over to France, with fifty of them in his company. was encountered on the way by Thomas of Charters (commonly called Thomas of Longovilel) who with fixteen fail invested the seas, but boarding Wallace's ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him, and king Robert Bruce, for the liberty of Scotland after his landing in France, he was employed in war against the English, who at that time possessed the Duchy of Guyen and Burdeaux, them he defeated in fundry skirmishes. But in few days he was called home by fome of his friends in Scotland, for King Edward understanding his absence, and pretending he had broken the peace in Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, and his friends and with fuch noblemen of Scotland as held lands in England, or envyed Wallace's glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer Wallace, a mean gentleman, to rule Scotland, while any of the blood-royal did remain, so promising his affistance to Robert Bruce, he fent a great army into Scotland and by the help of the Brucian faction and Englished noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths of Scotland, Wallace returned the next fummer, and fecretly amaffing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his back-coming, on a fudden furprized St Johnstoun by stratagem and pursuing his victory hotly chase

ed the English out of Fife. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers came from their
lurking holes by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. Lord Willam Douglas took the
castle of Sanquhair by a stratagem, and finding
the English captains of the nearest garrisons to
come and besiege him, he sent secretly to WALLACE, who coming with his power, not only raise
d the siege, but chased also the whole English
garrisons out of those quarters; from hence he
came to the north parts, which he recovered with
small dissiculty except the strong castle of Dundee,

to which he laid siege.

The king of England grieved at this fortunate fuccess of Wallace, and understanding that he was highly envied by the Earl of March, the Cummines (the greatest furname then in Scotland) and divers ancient noblemen (to whole honour Wa!lace's renown seemed to derogate) he stirred up Robert Bruce elder, his faction, perfuading them that Wallace was Bruce's only competitor for the crown: having fo made a strong party for himself in Scotland, the next fpring he came with an army of forty thousand men, Scots and English, to Falkirk, fix miles beneath Stirling. The Scots army was very great, being thirty thousand strong if they had been all of one mind. For John Cummine Lord of Cumbernald, who (had an eye to the crown) had persuaded the Lord John Steuart of Bute, being tutor and grand father by the mother to the Lord James Steuart of Renfrew, lately deceased, to contend with Wallace for the leading of the van-guard, alledging the same belonged to the Lord Steuart's house by ancient privilege Wallace refusing this, they parted one from another in high chaff, there remaining with him no more but ten thousand of his old soldiers, Cummine with ten thousand of his followers, after a

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mall shew of refistance, fled treasonably, leaving he valiant Steuart enclosed by two battles of the English, by whom after he had fought valiantly for a long time) he was cut off with all his fol-Wallace with his battle defended themfelves valiantly, until they were fafely retired beyond the river of Carron, lofing (befides fome others) the noble fir John Graham, the most valiant worthy of Scotland, next unto Wallace. Bruce, whom the king of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to affift him for recovery of his right from the usurper WAL-LACE, perceiving WALLACE on the other fide of Carron, defired to fpeak with him; and upbraided him with so foolish an usurpation of the kingdom of Scotland, against so powerful a faction at home, affifted by fo mighty a king abroad: I, answered Wallace, intended never to reign in Scotland, but finding my native country abandoned by you and Baliol, who have the right to the crown, have fet myfelf to defend my friends and neighbours from the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the king of England, who fetteth you forth most unnaturally to tear the bowels of your mother with your own hands. After diverse speeches to this purpose, Bruce perceiving the fraudful and tyrannous dealing of King Edward, returned to the hoft. The next morning Wallace understanding that the English army was weakly entrenched, and in great fecurity, amassing with his own army fuch as had escaped, set upon them in the dawning, before they could be arrayed, and killed many: fo that the English King returned at that time without any further exploit. Bruce remembering what he heard of Wallace, defired King Edward according to his former promifes to put him in poffession of so much of the king dom of Scotland at then was under his power: to whom

he answered in the French tongue, "Have we no more ado but conquer kingdoms for you." By this speech the Lord Bruce conceived so great grief and anger that within few days he departed this life, without seeing his eldest son Robert Bruce, afterwards king, being kept for assurance of his father's

obedience, in Calais castle in France.

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After this unhappy battle, WALLACE striving to recover fuch castles and strengths as King Edward had intercepted. found fuch opposition and backwardness by envious emulators, that he returned to St Johnstoun, and in an affembly of the states refigned his charge of warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France; according to a promise at his return therefrom, This fell out in the end of the year 1300. The opposite faction having gained their defire, chused John Cummine governor; the rather because King Edward had promised to affist him to the crown of Scotland, But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to Wallace. For after feven months truce, obtain'd by means of the French King; Edward fent fir Ralph Godfrey with a great army . to subdue the Scots, and to put an end to the war, which they expected should be easy, Wallace being now out of the way, John Cummine joining with the Lord Simon Frafer, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the country as far as Rolling, about five miles from Edinburgh, expecting no resistance, divided themselves into three battles, that they might spoil farther in the country. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battle and easily discomfit them: The fecond also, albeit stronger by the joining of those who fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battle coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being fore

wounded wearied and weakned in the two former battles, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: Hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm their baggage men: And setting forward both with courage and necessity, seeing no escape, after a long and hard sight, they put the enemies to slight.

This was the 24th, of March 1302.

King Edward fore incenfed by this evil fuccefs. fent for Robert Bruce younger out of Calais; whom he perfuaded, that he had for a long time, against Wallace, defended his fathers right to the crown of Scotland; that having put Wallace out of the way, he found the Cummines as great enemies: Notwithstanding, he intended yet once more, to put that enemy out of the way, and so fettle him in his kingdom. The young prince believing him caused all his friends and favourers in Scotland to join with him, and entering the borders, spoiled the country, and took divers castles as far as Douglas. Some report that the lady Douglas, named Ferras, an English-woman, betrayed that castle to the Bruce, who took the Lord William Douglas captive, with all his children and goods. The Lord himself was kept prisoner in Berwick, and thereafter in York, while he died. Mean time, King Edward had prepared a mighty army both by land and fea, with which he entered Scotland, and subdued all before him, while he came to Stirling, keeped then by fir William Oliphant: who after a long fiege, knowing of no relief, vielded the castle upon condition, that himself and all that were with him, should pass with their lives fafe: Notwithstanding King Edward keeped still all the noblemen, together with the captain fir William Oliphant; and fuch as would not swear bomage to him (pretending to be protector of Ro.

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hert Bruce's right) he fent prisoners to London. Having in this castle intercepted divers of John Cummine's friends, he procured them to draw him to a parley with him; in which he fo blinded him with the hopes of the kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing, that he joined himself and his friends to the English; who by this accesfion, easily passed foreward with the course of victory, as far as to the utmost bounds of Ross: and in his back coming, carried away with him into England, all books, registers, histories, laws and monuments of the kingdom: and among others the fatal marble chair, whereupon the former Scots kings used to be crowned at Scoon, on which was engraven a prophecy, bearing, " That where ever this chair should be transported the Scots fhould command there."

He carried also with him all the learned men and professors of Scotland amongst others the samous doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus, thinking hereby to discourage and esseminate the minds of the Scots, and that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty, the memory therof being drowned in oblivion. At his return to England, he left his cousin Sir Aymer de Vallance Earl of Pembroke, viceroy, having sortified all cas-

tles with strong garrisons.

The Scots who stood for the liberty of the country being foresaken by Cummine, sent carnest letters to France to move Wallace to return. He was then making war upon the English at Guyen, but hearing the mischiefs of his country obtained leave of the French king to return: and secretly amasing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers castles and towns in the north, and having greatly increased his army, besieged St. Johnstoun, till it was rendered. But as he proceeded in the course of his victories, he was be-

trayed by his familiar friend, Sir John Monteith, to Aymer Vallance, who afterwards fent him into England, whereby King Edward's command he was put to death, and his body quartered and fent into the principal cities of Scotland, to be fet up

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Notwithstanding, this cruelty prevailed little for the affuring of King Edward's conquest. New enemies arising whence he least expected: for as he returned from his last journey into Scotland, John Cumine and Robert Bruce meeting together, after a long conference of the flate of their country; perceived, that notwithstanding he had promised to each of them a-part of his help to obtain the crown of Scotland, yet his intention was only to use their affistance to conquer and secure to himself, as he well declared, by spoiling the country of all monuments public and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cummine should quite all his right to the crown in favours of Bruce, and that Bruce should give him all his lands for his affistance This contract written and fealed by both parties, Bruce returned into Scotland with the hoft, waiting for a fit time to escape from King Edward: in the mean time WALLACE returning, and recovering many places in Scotland, fent privately for Bruce to come home and take the crown, and to his brother Edward Bruce, a most valiant youth; who coming out of Ireland, took fundry strengths in Annandale and Galloway. Cummine who had kept old enmity with Wallace, not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the crown, revealed the contract betwixt him and Bruce, to King Edward, who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce, till fuch time as he might get the rest of his brethren in his hands.

Bruce advertised of his danger by the Earl of Clocester (some calls him the Earl of Montgome-

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ry) his old friend, who had fent him a pair of sharp fpurs, and some crowns of gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guesting the meaning of this propine, caused by night shoe three horses backwards. and posted away from court with two of his company, on the fifth day (the way being deep in winter) arrived at his own castle of Lochmabane. where he found his brother Edward, with Robert Fleming, James Lindsay, Roger Kilpatrick, and Thomas of Charters who told him how Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Monteith, and the Cummine faction a few days before Immediately thereafter they intercepted a messenger with letters from Cummine to King Edward, defiring that the Bruce should be dispatched in haste; lest being a nobleman much favoured by the commons, he should rife greater stirs. The treachery of John Cummine, before only suspected, washereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that riding to Dumfries, and finding Cumine at the mass in the Gray-Friers, after he had shown him his letters, in impatience he stabbed him with his dagger; and others who were about him, doing the like, not only dispatched him, but also his cousin Sir Edward Cummine, and others who affifted him This flaughter fell out on the ninth of February. in the beginning of the year 1306, as we now account.

The Bruce thus rid of one enemy, found a great number as it were arifing out of his affees, even the whole puisant name of Cummine, with their allies, the Earl of March, the Lord of Lorn, the Lord of Abernethy, the Lord of Brechin, the Lord Soules, the most part of the north, and all Galloway followed the Cummines: The Earl of March and Lord William Soules, commanded the Merse with Berwick and the borders, all which they yielded to King Edward, and maintained a

ginst-Robert Bruce. At that same time his two brethren, Thomas and Alexander Bruce, with Ronald Crawford younger, fecretly landed in Galloway, were taken by Duncan Macdowgal, a great man in Galloway, and fent to King Edward, who caused them all three to be hanged On the other fide, affembled to him, befides these above named. the young Lord James Dowglas (who hearing of his father's death, he returned from France, where he was at schools, and staid a time with his kinfman William Lambertoun, bishop of St Andrews) Earl Malcolm Lennox, Earl John of Athol,) although of the Cummine's blood yet being father in law to Edward Bruce) Sir Neil Campbel, Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir Criftopher Seaton, Sir Thomas Ronald, Sir Hugh Hay, John Somerville, David Barclay, Alexander and Simon Frazer, Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Haliburton, with fundry who had flood with Wallace before. With this company he paffed to Seaton, and took upon him the crown of Scotland in April 1206. After this he gathered an army, minding to befiege St Johnstoun. But finding his power too weak, he retired to Methyen, where he was unexpectedly affaulted and discomsted by Sir Aymer de Vallance, but with fmall lofs of men, except fome that were taken, as Sir Randal Barclay, Frazer, Inchmartine, Somerville, and Sir Hugh Hay, who were conftrained to fwear homage to King Edward.

The commons discouraged with this hard fuccess, fearing the English, forsook the new king; who had a few company of gentlemen about him with whom he travelled towards Argyle, meaning to lurk for a time with his brother-in-law Sir Neil Campbell: but he was encountered by the way, by John of Lorn, cousin to John Cumine, and constrained to siee, albeit with small slaughter of his own folk. After this second discomsture, he of Jo in Pr thi fri

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ed di th fent his Queen (being daughter to Gratney Earl of Mar) with his brother Sir Neil Bruce, and John Earl of Athol, to the castle of Kildrimmy, in Mar. The King of England sent his son, Prince Edward, with a mighty host to besiege this castle. The Queen hearing this, sled to the frith of Tane in Ross; but the Earl of Ross took her, and her daughter, and sent them captives into England. The castle of Kildrimmy was traiterously burnt by one of the garrison; all that were within it taken, and hanged, at the command of

the English king.

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King Robert seeing winter approaching, and finding no retreat in the main land, retired with his most entire friends, to his old friend Angus, Lord of the isles; with whom he stayed a short time in Kentire, and thereafter failed over into the isle of Rauchline, where he lurked all the winter; every man esteeming him to be dead. The next fpring he landed quietly in Carrick, and on a fudden intercepted his own castle of Turnberry. The Lord Piercy flying home out of it to his own country. Sir James Douglas departing thence fecretly, came into Douglas-dale, and by means of Thomas Dickson, an old servant of his Father's, he recovered bis own castle of Douglas, and cast it down once again: therefore he returned to King Robert to Cumnock, shewing him, that Aymer de Vallance, and John of Lorn, with an army, were coming against him. The King with five hundred valiant men kept themselves in a strong place, waiting while Sir Aymer should invade: But took no heed to John of Lorn, who fetching a compass, set upon his back with eight hundred highland men, and had well nigh enclofed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his men in three; and appointing where they should meet at night, sled three fundry ways.

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John of Lorn having a floth-hound, purfued still after the King, who putting away all that were in his company, fave one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficulty escaped the flothhound. Sir Aymer disappointed of this enterprize, shortly thereafter, with fifteen hundred chosen men, very nigh furprized the King in Glentrole wood: But the King with his men taking courage, fo resolutely defended the place, being very strong, and killed divers of the first who affaulted them, that the rest sled back. Therefore, with more courage, he went into the fields, and reduced Kyle and Cunningham to his obedience, Sir James Douglas alfo, with threefcore men, lying in an ambush at a strait place in Cunningham, called the Netherfoord: where Sir Philip Moubray was paffing, with a thousand men against the king, being then in Kyle, killed many of them, and put the rest to slight. On the tenth of May following, Sir Aymer, with three thousand men, came against the king, being then lying at Gauston in Kyle, King Robert hearing of his coming, albeit he exceeded not 600 men, came forth against him, at a place under Loudon-hill, which he fo fortified on either hand with dykes and fousies, that the enemies could not enclose him on the fides; and fo by the flout and resolute valour of fo few, Sir Aymer was put to flight, which he took fo fore to heart, that he retired into England, and gave over his office of warden, or viceroy, John of Britain, Earl of Richmond, being fent into Scotland in his place.

King Robert after this, past into the north, leaving Sir James Douglas on the borders, who taking his own castle of Douglas by a stratagem, razed it to the ground, and in a few days chased all the English out of Douglas dale, Ettrick-Forrest, and Jedburgh-Forrest, and took Sir Thomas Rannald,

the King's fifter fon, (who had followed the English ever since his captivity) and sir Alexander Steuart in Bonkle. Sir Alexander and Simon Frazer, meeting King Robert in the North, shewed him how John Cummine, Earl of Buchan, David Lord Brichen, fir John Moubray and the rest of the Cumminian faction, were gathering an army SWRITE TRACES

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Mean while, by the affatance of his friends in these quarters, on a sudden, he surprized the castle of Innerness, the same of which victory caused many other frengths to yield: all which he overthrew, and greatly increased the number of his friends. In his returning taking fickness at Innerary, Cummine fet upon him. The king, after his friends had for a time defended him, recovering fomewhat, went out to the field, and fo hardly affaulted his enemy at old Meldrum, that albeit their number was far greater, yet they took their flight. With the like success he set upon the king in Glenesk in Angus, where being shamefully put to flight, he fled into England, with fir John Moubray, and died there shortly. Lord David Brechin, fortified his own castle, but David Earl of Athol, forced him to yield it and himself to the king. Mean time Philip Frazer, took the castle of Forfar: And the king pursuing this victory, reduced all the North to his obedience: And joining with Lord James Douglas, returning from the South with his two captives, he took St. Johnthoun by furprifal; from thence he paffed into Lorn, the Lord whereof had ambushed two thoufand men, on the fide of an high steep hill, where the king behoved to enter thro' a narrow paffage: But Sir James Douglas, with fir Alexander Frazer and fir Andrew Gray, climbing the hill, came fuddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled into England by sea; his father Lord Alexander M'Dougal, yielded himfelf, and

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the castle of Dunstaffnage to the king.

By this means all on the north fide of the Forth, was reduced to obedience: Sir Edward, his brother, in the mean time, with long and hard fighting had conquered Galloway. James Douglas by a stratagem surprised the strong castle of Roxburgh on the Fastens-even, while all the garrison (after the customs of the time) were featting and playing the riot. The report however so whetted the valliant Thomas Rendal, newly restored to his uncle's favour and made Earl of Murray, that having befieged the castle of Edinburgh, for fome months he fet himself, by all means to carry the same, which obtained hy a narrow paffage up thro' the rock discovered to him; by which he and fundry flout gentlemen, fecretly paffed up, and fealing the wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themselves master of the place. The garrisons of Rutherglen, Lanerk, Dumfries, Air, Dundee, and Bute, hearing this, yielded up these castles, which were all raz'd. The life of Man alfo returned to the obedience of the crown of Scotland, Sir Edward Bruce having befieged Stirling castle three months, agreed with the captain, Sir Philip Moubray, that if the king of England did not refcue him within twelve months thereafter, the caftle should be yielded to King Robert. Albiet this feemed a rash provocation of so mighty a King as Edward II. (who some seven years before, had fucceeded his father Edward Longshanks, but far degenerate from his valour) having not only England and Ireland, and many englished Scots, with the Dutchie of Guyen, Burdeaux, and other parts of France subject unto him, and also the low countries strictly confederate with him: Yet king Robert prepared himself to encounter him in the fields, and gathered forme five and thirty thousand

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men, few but valiant. The king of England had above an hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse: with which multitude, intending to destroy the inhabitants of Scotland, and to divide the land to his followers, he came to Bannock-burn (some two miles beneath Stirling) where, on the twenty first of June 1314, he was encountered by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting, his great army put to rout : himfelf, with small company, fleeing into Dumbar, was fent by the Earl into England in a fisher boat leaving two hundred noblemen and gentlemen killed by the Scots, and as many taken. The number of the commons flain and taken was incredible, of Scots were two gentlmen of note fir William Wepont, and fir Walter Ross, with four thousand common soldiers.

After this victory, Stirling being yielded, and Dumbarton gotten by Composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Soules, and Abernethy, and others of the Cummines allies, were reconciled to the king, who past into the isles, and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive, who died in prison in Lochleven. Thus Scotland was freed of bondage of England, except Berwick, which was recovered four years thereafter, 1318, and the Scots making divers incursions into England, under the leading of the Earl Thomas Randal, and James Lord Douglas, requited the harms received from them before, and enriched themselves with their spoil.

As for the authority of these two histories, altho' they possibly err in some circumstances of time place, and number, or names of men, yet generally they write the truth of the story of these times, both at greater length, and upon more certain information, than those who have written

30 INTRODUCTION.

our chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous reader) I wish you profit thereby, and all happiness from God, Farewel.



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CHAP. I.

F our ancestors, brave true ancient Scots. Whose glorious scutcheons, knew no bars, nor blots: But blood untainted circled every vein. And every thing ignoble did difdain; Of fuch illustrious Patriots and bold, Who stoutly did maintain our rights of old. Who their malicious, and inveterate foes, With fword in hand, did gallantly oppose; And in their own, and nations just defence. Did briskly check the frequent insolence. Of haughty neighbours, enemies profest, Picts, Danes, and Saxons, Scotland's very pest: Of fuch I fay, I'll brag and vaunt fo long As I have power to use my pen or tongue; And found their praises, in such modern strain. As fuiteth best a Scot's poetic vein. First, here I honour in particular, Sir WM. WALLACE, much renown'd in war: Who's bold progenitor's have long time flood, Of honourable, and true Scottish blood: And in first rank of ancient Barrons go, Old knights of Craigy, barronets also; Which gallant race, to make my story brief. Sir Thomas Wallace represents as chief.

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So much for the brave Wallace father-fide, Nor will I here his mother's kindred hide. She was a lady most complete and bright, The daughter of that honourable knight, Sir Rannald Crawford, high sheriff of Air, Who fondly doted on this charming fair. Soon wedded was the lovely blooming she, To Malcolm Wallace, then of Elerslie; Which am'rous pair, transported with delight, Begot young Malcolm that same joyful night; The William; who by true confent of all, Was honour'd to be the Scottish general: And to the nation's universal joy, At Forrest church, made Baliol's viceroy. Who's martial courage, with his conduct wife, From English thraldom rescu'd Scotland thrice, And preferve the old imperial crown, To his immortal glory and renoun. 'Twas then, then, to the terror of his foes, Our Thiftle, did drive home the infulting Rose. But hear I most beg leave to bid adieu To good fir William, for fome minutes few, Till, like a just, impartial, honest man, As I have heard, tell how the wars began. King Alexander, at Kinghorn in Fife, There, from his horse did lose his royal life, Thro' which arose a grievous fore debate. Some years thereafter who should rule the state. David our Prince, Earl of Huntingtoun, Three daughters had, whom fearch all Britain round, Thro' all its corners, and its different airts, None more excell'd in bright, and Princely parts. Bruce, Baliot, Hasting, from those ladies spring; The Bruce, and Balioi strive who shall be king. Nor did the dispute end, but grew so hot, The candidates in two strong factions got. Which at that time appear'd to be fo equal, Few could forfee, or guess well at the sequel;

Here lay the great diffress and misery, The case at home could not determin'd be; Wherefore, to void a bloody civil war, The Scottish states esteem'd it better far,. The two contendants should submit the thing. To the decision of the English king. Who greedily the ref'rence did embrace. But play'd his cards with a diffembling face: Yea, so politic was the crafty king, For his felf-ends, things fo about to bring, That, agents he did fecretly employ, The Scottish lords with cunning to decoy To his own measures; a pernicious plot Quite opposite unto the trust he got; Thinking to make (fo hig his hopes were grown) The feottish crown pay homage to his own. Which with on voice, flatly the states refuse, In fpite of all politics he could use. The bishop there of Glasgow, sitting by, Said, fir, excuse us, for we do deny, Any other lord, but the great God above. To whom we'll homage pay, or fubject prove. Then to the Bruce, the treason was proposed. Which was by him most gen'rously oppos'd Believe me, Sir, faid he, I'll hang as foon, As I'll refign our independant crown. Therefore leave off, your words are all in vain, Such treachery, true honour does disdain. Unto the Baliol next he did apply, Who did confent, alas! too hastily, To hold the crown of Edward, contrair right, For which he was created king on fight: O base decision ! Shall the guise thus go! Shall ancient Scotland hold of England? No. On fuch base terms, both make a scurvy step, Edward to grant, and Baliol to accept, A thing which is for certain known and fure Was never yet in either of their pow'r,

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Neither could be, without the firm affent, Of the estates of Scottish parliament. Since the Scots crown, our king fo long had wore, Was to be independent as before. An English parliament, within short space. Is call'd, where Baliol fuff'red great diffrace. At which effront, was fo exceeding wroth, He quickly broke his bafe unlawful oath: Repented fore, and curs'd the fatal hour. Wherein he fwore, what was not in his pow'r. Which was much better, as divines exhort. Than to continue, and be damned for't On which King Edward rais'd an hoft with speed And came himself with them, to Warkon Tweed. Unto Corfpatrick of Dumbar he fent. His counsel alks, but on a bad intent, Who, when he came in presence of that King, Avis'd him, and inform'd him ev'ry thing. Then like a rogue, against the light of nature, To his own country, proves a bloody traitor: To Berwick goes the treacherous hellish knave. To undermine, destroy cheat and deceive: Was welcom'd there, with more respect than due. And though, by Scots both faithful, leil and true King Edward follows on with all his hoft. By treachery poor Berwick then was loft. Corfpatrick rose when all were sleeping found, Drew the portculzies let the bridges down. Edward, he enters, bloodily falls on, Eight thousand kills, and fifty spareth none. Then to Dunbar he and Corfpatrick rode, Without remorfe, or any fear of GOD. There did the flout and valiant Scots conveen, With resolution true, and courage keen, To fight King Edward, then the common foe. Who dy'd in blood, did thro' the nation go: But by deceit, and a prodigious force, The Scots are here again put to the worfe.

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The earls Mar, Monteith, and Athol brave, No access to their gallant men could have: Who in the caftle closely were block'd up, And fearcely had, whereof to bite, or fup : So by no means unto their men could get, Corfnatrick had the castle so beset. At last the armies march, and do enclose, Where the brave Scots, ov'r pow'red dy their foes, Rather than fly, or cowardly to yield, Do bravely fight, and die upon the field. Thus to Corfnatrick's everlasting stain; Without all mercy, most of them were slain: For when the battle hottest was, he then Plague rot him; hew'd down all his country men. Great loss the Scots, at Berwick and Dunbar Had in this most unjust and cruel war.

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CHAP II.

How King Edward and Corfpatrick came to Scoon, and deposed the Baliol.

And Scotland now fings a most mornful tune. Few Scots were left, the kingdom to defend, Then for the Baliol to Montrose they send, And to their great and everlasting shame, Do strip him of his royal diadem.

When thus depos'd, Edward usurps the crown, And then, alas, all things went upside down. Was crown'd upon the very self same stone, Gathelius sent from Spain, with his own son. When Iber Scot, first into Scotland came; Kenneth our king, and second of that name, Broughtitto Scoon, where kings in pomp and glore, Were crowned for eight hundred years and more.

The ADVENTURES OF Even in that ancient, Royal Marble Chair. So famous, and fo long preferved there. Which, as a trophy, thence they do transport. To London, where king Edward keeps his court. But yet I'm told that ancient fates decree. Where this stone stands, Scots shall the masters be, Bruce, with eightscore, the flow'r of Scotland then, Were captives led away, with English-men. At last the pow'rs above, beheld the wrong, And let not the usurper reign too long. For at this time, Scotland was almost lost, And overspread with a rude South'ron host. WALLACE his father, to the Lennox fled. His eldest Son, he thither with him led, The tender Mother's also gone at last, And to Kilspindie, with young WALLACE past; Into the pleafant Carfe of Gowrie, where He was brought up, with his old uncle there; Who to Dundee him carefully does fend For education, but behold the end. There he continues in his tender age, Till more adult, then he does ramp and rage, To fee the Saxon blood in Scotland reign, And govern'd by a most unrighteous king. Who wrought great wrong in country and in town, Wasted our lands, and broke our buildings down, Maids, wives, and widows chaftity, they spill Nor could the nuns refift their luftful will. King Herod's part they acted in the land, Upon the children, they before them fand:

The bishopricks that were of most avail.

They gripp'd all, thro' violence of war.

As testify the bloody barns of Air,

Of ev'ry benefice was worth their while,

From bishops, and arch-bishops, they took hail. Nor could the pope, them with his threatenings scar,

They took the rents, left bishops the bare stile.

Our barrons kill'd, without remorfe, or care,

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W. To Where eighteen score were hang'd by Saxon seed, As in the feventh book you shall shortly read, But I go on, with faithful pen and true, And candidly my purpose do pursue; WALLACE, tho young as yet for fword or spear, Did grieve, and groan, fuch injuries to hear; Ah should my country suffer such distress, Said he, and South ron daily thus increase, Ohad I but ten thousand at my back, And were a man, I'd gar their curpons crack. Yet e'er he was full seventeen winters old. He was both feemly, strapping, stout and bold: Was with the South'ron frequently at strife, And sometimes twinn'd them of their precious life. By hewing down, all grew above their neck; A certain token of true Scots respect. Then, left them fwelt'ring in their blood and gore, A full foot shorter than they were before. That they to Scots might give no more offence. Wherewith his priest most freely did dispence: Absolv'd the fin, and did remit the guilt Of South'ron blood; so innocently spilt.

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CHAP. III.

How WALLACE kill'd young Selbie, the conftable's fon of Dundee.

Sprightly and gay, as could be look'd upon, Well shap'd and handsome, cliver neat and clean, Clad with a garment of a gemming green. The constable, old Selbie, liv'd hard by, That crabbed rogue, who most maliciously, Oppres'd the Scots, with great dispute and rage, A son he had, near twenty years of age. Who some young sellows with him ev'ry day, Took to the town: to sport the time away.

This vain young fop to much on folly bent, [went, Young WALLACE faw, then streight unto him And with disdain, said Scot, I pray the stay, What devil clad the in a fuit fo gay: A horse's mantle, was thy kind to wear, And a Scots-whittle at thy belt to bear. Rough roulion shoes, or any common trash, Did ferve fuch whore's fons thro' the dubs to plash, Give me that knife, under thy girdle hings, Nay parden me fir, I know better things; Therfore forbear, Learnestly intreat, It both defends me, and it cuts my meat. Selbie affults him, and would tak't by force, And so the plea went on, from had to worse. Fast by the collar, WALLACE did him take. Made the young squire tremble there and shake, His dagger with the other hand drew out. In spite of all his men so throng about: And boldly without either fear or dread. Upon the spot he stick'd young Selbie dead. The squire fell, of him there was no more, And then his men purfued young WALLACE fore; Who made a pair of cleanly cliver heels, And so escap'd from-all the south'ron chiels. The bloody dagger fast held in his hand. And spared none that did his flight withstand. Unto an inn he formerly did know, Thither he fled, and could no further go. Help, help he ery'd when the good-wife he faw, And fave my life from cruel South'ron law. With ruffet gown, she quickly got him drest, Above his cloaths, which cover'd all the reft; A fudled eureh o'er head and neck let fall. A white worn hat then birfed on withal; And as the South ron came into the inn. Gave him a rock, then he began to fpin. In quist of WALLACE they some time have spent But could not know at what door in he went;

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They fearch'd thro' all the corners of the inn, But he fat still, and cunningly did spin; Tho' at the trade he was not prentice long, He drew a thread, and cron'd away the fong, Away they went, then WALLACE did revive, And leugh, and smirtl'd at them in his sleeve. Like mad men, then, they all ran up and down, Cry burn the Scots; leave none alive in town. Yet the goodwife kept WALLACE until night, Safe and fecure, out of the South rons fight, Thro' a back way she did convey him fast, And quietly he by the water past. Such was his mother's great concern, and care, That she of him did almost now despair. At length she met him, to her great furprize, Bless me dear fon may I believe mine eyes, Is't possible thou hast the danger past; Sure providence is more than kind at laft. There he inform'd her of his doleful cafe; At which she wept and often said alas! E'er thou leave off thy foes will have thee fang'd, Mother, he faid I'd rather fee them hang'd; These English lowns that do possess our land, Methinks we flould most manfully withstand. His uncle knew he had the fquire kill'd. Which the old man with grief and forrow fill'd; Yet did abate when a few days were past, But dreaded mischief to him at the last. The English now most subtile ev'ry way, A ditty great 'gainst Scots prepared they, For, at Dundee, they call a justice air, No longer then durft WALLACE fojurn there. His mother clad herfelf in pilgrim's weed, Then him diffuis dand both march d of with speed: Nought to defend himself he had from foes. But a finall fword he bore below his clothes; Away they went, none with them living more, When challeng'd faid to St Marg'tet we go.

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From Southern folk great friendship thus they found Because St. Marg'ret was of English ground, Closs by Lindores, the ferry o'er they past, Then thro' the Ochle marched very fast; Into Dumfermline lodged all that night, And on the morrow, by the day was light, They travell'd with some English gentlemen, Who had their dwelling in Linlithgow then. A captain's wife, who had a pilgrim been, (feen, Was there, who, when she had young WALLACE Did him admire; because he was so fair, Handsome, genteel, and of engaging air s There merrily they past the time around, Then cross'd the Forth streight to Linlithgow town. Where mutually a compliment or two Was paft, and then to Dunipace they go; There WALLACE friend did dwell a parson great, Wallace by name of opulent estate; A man devout, who bravely made them fare, And share the best, the time they tarried there. For He did inform, and made them understand The troubles great that then were in the land, He Intreating them, in kind and homely phrase, Th There to abide, till GoD fent better days. A WALLACE reply'd, I hasten to the west, W Our kin are kill'd, were I at home, the best For Sir Of South'ron blood, I hope, 'twixt you and me, To To let it out; then I'll avenged be. Wi The parson sigh'd, and said, He much did doubt Dic It would be long e'er that time came about. Come well, come woe, my purpose I'll pursue, In I The Then to the honest parson bade adiew. Ga To Ellerslie he and his mother went, Wh She on the morrow for her brother fent, The Who told her, to her forrow, grief and pain, Ag Her husband and her eldest son was slain. In I That, when Sir Malcom's hough finews were cut Ang South ron, to death, upon his knees he put:

Till with their bloody spears, they bore him down, Then stick'd that glorious knight of great renown, Thus at Lochmabane, for their country's fake, A noble exit thefe two heroes make. To Ellerslie I back again repair, Where good Sir Rannald met his fifter there; Who did befeech, and humbly pray'd alfo. That to Lord Piercy forthwith he would go; For from her house she would no longer fly, But long'd at home for to live quietly. Sir Rannald in his fifters favours wrote, And then to her a fafe protection got; Which the brave WALLACE highly did difdain. Therefore no longer with her would remain. Nor durft Sir Rannald entertain him there. So to his shift away does WALLACE fare. The English had the whole strengths of the land, And what they did, none durft, nor could with stand Yet WALLACE never could with them accord. For be he fquire, be he laird, or lord, That with disdain, durst look him in the face. He got a blow unto his great difgrace. The English clerks, in prophecy have found, A WALLACE, should put them from Scottish Which afterwards provid to be very true, (ground, For thrice he drove away that barb rous crew. Sir Rannald now for him a place prepares, To keep him fafe from English traps and snares, With his own uncle, who at Richardtown Did dwell, and was Sir Richard of renown. In heritage he had that whole estate Tho' blind he was, which chanc'd thro' courage great Gainst English; whom he did daily dare, When he was young, and well expert in war. Then did he burft some veins, and lost much blood, A gentleman, both valiant, wife, and good. In Februar, WALLACE was to him fent And in April, a fishing from him went,

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The ADVENTURES or Which will afford fome sport, as your shall hear, Pray listen then, with an attentive ear.

CHAP. IV.

How WALLACE fish'd in Irvine water.

Reading no harm, nor danger of his foes, WALLACE a fishing for diversion goes. To try what sport and pastime he might get, None with him but a boy to bear his net.

1 ucky he was fish'd most successfully,
Till the Lord Piercy, and his court rode by;
Which did confuse, and much perplex his mind.
Because he had forgot his sword behind.

Tive of that trooping, train in garments green,
Mounted on horse-back, having WALLACE seen,
To him advanc'd, and blustring language gave,
Then damn'd, and swore, Zounds, Scot, thy fish

we'll have,

With modest grace, good WALLACE did reply, I'll share the half with you most chearfully, One of them answer'd, that would be too small; Then lighted down, and from the boy took all. Which in his knapsack speedily he puts, The meikle sorrow be in his greedy guts. Then WALLACE said, I'm sure in modestie. You'll leave us some, if gentlemen you be; An aged knight, that lives in yonder house, Let him have some; pray be so generous. The clown, he boasting, said not one word more, The river has enough behind in store: We serve a lord shall dine on them e'er long, Then Wallace fretting, said, Thou'rt in the

Whom thou sthou here? Faith thou deferves a blow, Poor practing Scot, how darest thou talk so,

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Then at him runs, and out his fword does draw, But WALLACE poult-staff kept the rogue in aw. That trufty tree, as the poor scoundrel found, aid him and fword, both quickly on the ground: WALLACE, the fword, caught fast into his hand, Which did the fawcy fellow foon command; Then a back-stroak, so cliverly he gave, His neck in two, most cleanly there he clave. The other four alighting from their horse, Do him attack with all their might and force; Yet the' they him furround on ev'ry fide, With handy blows he paid them back and fide. Upon the head fo fierce he struck at one, The shearing sword cut thro' his collar bone: Another on the arm, that stood near by, He struck; till hand and fword on the field did ly. Three flew he there; two fled with all their might, Unto their horse, in a confounded fright: reft all their fish no longer could remain, And three fat English bucks upon the plain. Thus in great hurry, having got their cuffs, They scamper'd off in haste, to save their buffs. When Piercy knew, by the poor filly lowns, That three were kill'd, and faw two bloody crowns, He quickly ask'd how many foes might be, They faid, but one, a devil fure was he. Since one has killed three, put two to flight, Cowardly coxcombs, pack you out of fight; Most manfully it seems, the Scots have fought,! For me this day, in faith, he's not be fought. Was't ever heard before? you whore-fons burds, That a Scots poult-staff, foil'd five English fwords To WALLACE I return, who by mere force, Defeat the five and pick't up all their horse: Was better mounted then he was before, Rode to his uncle, fish'd that day no more. The news did so surprize the ancient knight, He almost fainted in his nephew's fight;

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Then bids keep secret, for such fishing sport,
If it be known you may pay dearly for't.
Uncle, said WAALLACE, to the good old man,
I'll push my fortune now where best I can:
Since I no longer may with you abide,
I'll try these English geldings how they ride.
WALLACE kneel'd down and took his leave,
A purse of gold, the knight unto him gave,
When that is done, pray Nephew, send for more,
This ends the first book, here I draw my score.

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BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

How WALLACE kill'd the churle with his own staff in Air.

Toung WALLACE, now cliver of lith & limb, With graceful air appears both tight and trim, Which with his many other youthful charms, Confounds the South'ron, highly them alarms, . His glorious, actions early did prefage, A humbling stroke to crue! South'ron rage, Which did fo many of his friends destroy, As scarce was known since Adam was a boy. Yet the late fishing makes poor WALLACE fond, At Ochter house a little to abscond; Then to Laigland-wood, when it grew late, To make a filent, and a foft retreat. Some little time thereafter, did repair, Unto the pleafant ancient town of Air; Closs by the wood did there difmount his horse. Then on his foot walk'd gravely to the crofs.

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And the whole town did swarm with Englishmen. Which fight, no doubt, did WALLACE much confound,

Yet never dash'd but briskly walk'd around; Tho' fome affirm, which I am apt to trow, He in his heart, curs'd the barbarian crew. And being prompted by his youthful age, Could carce refrain his passion and his rage. But passing over this, I now make haste, To entertain you with a handsome jest. Into the town liv'd a huge English fellow, All overgrown with gutts of t---d and tallow; Who greatly bragg'd of his prodigious strength. Which cost him dear, as you shall hear at length. A greater burden, faid this prince of fotts, He'd bear, than any three good sturdy Scots, And with a staff, like a stage-dancer's pole, For one poor groat, he would permit and thole, The strongest man to beat him on the back; So imprudently did the carle crack. Which story, when it came to WALLACE ear, To fmile and laugh, he fcarce could well forbear. He told the fellow, that he would be willing, For one Scots blow, to give an English shilling. The greedy wretch did freely condescend, Which quickly brought him to his fatal end: Then WALLACE gave him fuch a dreadful thump, Upon his back, closs by his great fat rump, That to the view of all were present there, He clave his rig-bone, and he ne'er spake mair: Thus dy'd the wretch, for a poor price and small, And his great English hurdies paid for all. (flock, With fwords round WALLACE, then the English He no ways dash'd, did his steel bonnet cock, And struck a South'ron with that trusty tree, Out o'er the head, till brains and bones did flee,

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Then cliverly with fuch good will and luck, On the steel baisnet had another struck, Till, the' the noble tree it frush'd and rave, He kill'd the fellow, and turn'd to the lave : Then with an awful grace, he made a paw, And out his fword with majesty did draw; Which clear'd his way, like a true friend indeed, And quickly help'd him to a sturdy steed. Two fouty fellows there, that griev'd him most, He dous'd their doublets rarely, to their coft: His anger kindled, to fuch height it grew, With one good stroke, the foremost there he slew, A blow he got upon the other knave; Till his good fword, down thro' his body drave. Five South'rons, he 'twixt hope and great despair, Kill'd on the fpot; now was not that right fair. Out thro' the town, his way did cleanly force, Made his escape, and then did mount his horse: To ranglands fled, his time he well did use, And left the blades all fleeping in their shoes. Him foot and horse pursue to overtake, But the thick trees his refuge he did make; Provisions came to him from Ochter house, And ev'ry thing that was fit for his use: Such necessaries they to him afford, As do supply him both to bed and board. Good WALLACE then, upon a time, at length Return'd to Air, as he recover'd strength, But, ah! it prov'd a most unlucky day, I wish to Jove that he had staid away, Sir Rannald's servant, for some fish he sent That errand: O! that WALLACE had miskent, For, as you'll quickly understand and hear, The fauce was tharp, and cost him very dear.

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C H A' P II.

How WALLACE kill'd Lord Piercy's steward and was imprison'd in Air.

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THE fish no sooner had the servant got. Then Piercy's steward called, and faid, Scot For whom buys thou those fish thou carries there. Who answer'd, Sir, for the Sheriff of Air. By heaven's King, the steward rudely swore, My lord shall have them, thou may purchase more. WALLACE, incens'd with anger, standing by, Said, why fuch rudeness, tell the reason why? This fired foon the haughty steward's blood, (rude. Who thought what WALLACE spoke, was next to And did his stomach so with venom fill. As might the vileft loathfome spider kill. Go hence, faid he, thou faucy Scot with speed. Thee, and thy sheriff both, I mock indeed. Then with his hunting staff, he WALLACE smote. But he had better kis'd his bum, poor sot. For WALLACE by the throat him quickly caught. And the proud fleward better manners taught. Then from his pocket pull'd a dagger knife, Which twinn'd the foolish coxcomb of his life, But, ah! alas, how quick affembled then, Fourfcore at least, well harnish'd Englishmen: Whose post it was, to watch and guard the town, There fuddenly poor WALLACE they furround. At them he star'd, and never spoke a word, But boldly drew his awful daring fword: And cliverly unto his feet did get, And stick'd the foremost fellow that he met. Upon the knee, another hit he fo, That moment made the bone afunder go.

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Nor can I say the third had better luck, Who got his neck in two, most cleanly cut. Thus WALLACE rag'd and ramped lion like, And made the earles strangely fidge and fyke. No wonder for they got most grievous wounds, So desp'rately he claud their South'ron crowns. And tho' the gate with fword and spears they keep, He hew'd them down like heartless filly sheep: Yea, when they him inviron'd round about, Quite thro' the press, he suddenly broke out, Unto a wall was built by the fea fide, Where, in his own defence he did abide. Till from the castle issu'd one and all, Got on a dyke, and then broke down the wall. No shift he had, but there to fight or die, Great numbers then he hew'd down haftily: So, furiously out thro' the Southrons past, But, oh! his noble fword did burst at last, Broke from the hilt he knew of no remeed, Then stoutly drew his dagger out with speed. One there he kill'd, and other two he fent, To death the same way that the first chiel went. But at the last, his foes on every hand, They rudely rush'd with spears, and him command Such was their, pity they forbid to flay, But starve with hunger, till he'd pine away. Thus they the facred fcriptures verify, The wicked's mercies are mere cruelty. With English, now he's prisoner gone at will, Had he got help, he would have fought them still; To fpeak of ranfom that was all in vain, Because that day, so many he had slain. His trouble here, I scarcely well can tell, His prison much resembled that of hll. Such meat and drink as they to him allow, Would kill and poison even a very fow. But here I leave him in this doleful case, Till Providence shall order his release.

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The woeful weeping, and the piteous moan Was made for him, would rent a heart of stone; No comfort here to dissipate their fears, Nought to be seen but pale cheeks stain'd with tears. Alas! said they, can life endure to see, WALLACE imprison'd by the enemy: The slow'r of youth, in sweet and tender age, Made subject to the cruel Saxon rage. Living this day, a Christian, there is none Like the young WALLACE; for its he alone, That's capable of Scotland to take care, But now he's caught into the woeful snare.

CHAP. III.

How WALLACE was imprisoned in Air, and escaped.

Errings and water for his nourishment, And fuch fad stuff, to WALLACE they present Instead of what was wholesome cleanly food, Got the refuse of ev'ry thing was good. Thus in the prison, languishing he lay, Till death was pictur'd in his beauteous clay. His vital spirits almost spent and gone, Then to Jehovah made his piteous moan: Confess'd his fins, most humbly then implor'd Mercy thro' CHRIST, his Saviour and LORD. Then faid, my God, O please for to receive My foul and body, I thee humbly crave. For if relief thou do not quickly fend, My days in prison here I'll shortly end. Please to prolong my days. O God, to me, Since my belief is wholly upon thee: Which by thy grace, thou graciously hast wrought, And me from hell, by thine own blood hast bought.

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Why wilt thou give thy handy-work to those. Who are our nation's, and my mortal foes. And who maliciously this land abhor Would me destroy, with many others more. O bruckle fword! thy metal was not true. Thy frushing blade, me in this prison threw; To English men, o'er little harm thou's done, Of gallant Scots, who kill'd so many a one. Of us indeed, they have not kill'd a few. My valiant father, and bold brother too, Were at Lochmabane kill'd by South'ron; But death refifted, fure can be by none. This ancient kingdom, LORD, do thou relieve. From English thraldom, and deliverance give, Tho' now, O LORD, my power be gone indeed, Yet King of kings, help thou and fend remeed. Of worldly comforts, now I take my leave, I shall be shortly where I shall not grieve: Thus heartily, to all I bid adieu, None other gift have I to leave you now. Adieu, WALLACE that was both strong and stout. Long in this prison thou must ly, no doubt: Now all thy noble kindred, brave and bold. Thy freedom purchase cannot, no with gold. Thy tender mother, that in pain thee bore. In her foft arms, shall ne'er inclose thee more; How feemly was thou, with thy fword and shield, When thou kill'd numbers on the bloody field. Complain ye poor, with rev'rence tell your tale, Complain to heaven, with words that cannot fail: Lift up your voice, to the great God above, That's full of mercy, pity, and of love. Complain for him, that fits in difmal cells, And in the melancholy dungeon dwells; With grief and pain, which he scarce can endure, Pray for's relief, to the great God of pow'r: Complain ye birds, that once were blyth and glad, Now change your notes, and hang the drooping head,

Complain ye lords, complain ye ladies bright, Complain for him, that worthy was and wight: Complain ye men of war, in mournful fong, For him of Saxon's fons that fuffers wrong. Complain for him, who lyes both day and night, In prison, for maintaining Scotland's right, Complain for him, who did most frequently, Sound up the triumphs of our victory. What shall I say of the brave WALLACE more, A cruel flux in prison, and a fore; Did then almost reduce him to last breath, And left him gasping in the jaws of death. The jailors now commanded with great awe, To bring him to the fentence of their law. Who, when he view'd him to his great furprize, Thought death already had shut up his eyes. In hafte returns, and does report the news, That he had paid, both law and prison-dews, Perfuaded thus, that he was very dead, For WALLACE now, there was no more remeed, Being concluded, by confent of all, To throw him quickly o'er the caftle-wall. But providence, which interposes oft, Directs his fall into a place was foft. His nurse who liv'd in the New-Town of Air, Hearing the news, in hafte came running there. And on her knees, with face as pale as clay, Did purchase leave, to bear his corps away. With forrow him unto her house she bore, Then with warm water, bath'd his body o'er. His heart she found to flighter to and fro. His eyes at last sey did cast up also. Then on a bed she laid him fost as filk. And fuckled him with her own daughter's milk. Her love to him, and tender care was fuch. In a fhort time he did recover much. Thus fecretly, the did him nurse and feed, And made the word still pass that he was dead,

She weeped fore in ev'ry body, s fight, Till he became both able flout and tight. Thomas the Ryhmer, at that very time, Who prophecy'd, in ancient Scotish ryhme, In vulgar estimation not the least, Did pay a visit to the parish priest: Whose servant had just at the mercat been, And what befel poor WALLACE there, had feen. The priest does on his servant quickly call, What news faid he? Sir, few or none at all. The priest said, that he never yet did know, The Scots and English part without a blow. (head Good WALLACE, (quoth the lad;) and shook his I faw them cast him o'er the wall for dead ; The priest replied with a heavy heart. For that I hope to fee the South'ron fmart. WALLACE was wight, and come of gentle blood Thomas he faid, the tidings were not good. The priest faid, furely they would foster feud, But Thomas faid, That WALLACE was not The fervant told he faw a woman there, That did belong to the New-Town of Air: Upon her knees, from South'fon purchase leave, To carry WALLACE, somewhere to his grave. Pensive a little, Thomas in his thought, By Gob, faid he that hath this world wrought. And brings to pass, each thing for his own glore, If he be dead, Thomas shall live no more. The honest priest hearing him speak so plain, He charg'd his fervant to return again, To view the woman's house, and earefully, To look about what he could hear or fpy. The fervant thus in hafte is gone away, Streight to the house and place where WALLACE Who's this lies here, he did demand, in plain, The woman role, in forrw, grief, and pain; The worthy WALLACE, Oh! replied the, Then weeped fore, and very piteoufly.

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She on her knees did pray for Jesus sake; He would conceal, and no discovery make. The fervant answer'd with a fearful oath, That he to harm him, would be very loath: Might he on life but fee him with his eyes, He would rejoice or curs'd might he be thrice. She to good WALLACE, led him up the stairs, There faw him gladly, and back repairs; To Thomas, and his mafter, who attend, To hear the story all, from end to end. He told them, the first tidings were a lie, Then Thomas faid, before that WALLACE die. Out of this land, he shall the South'ron fend, And thousands on the field, make their last end, He Scotland thrice, shall bring into great peace, And Southron ay be frightned at his face, Then chear up Scots, cast from you care and sloth, And pray believe, what Thomas fays, is truth. When WALLACE actions we to light produce; We'll find him not inferior to Bruce: But 'cause the Bruce, was of our kingdom heir. WALLACE therefore with him we'll not compare. Yet by his courage and his conduct wife, As we have heard, he refened Scotland thrice. Unto the nation's universal joy, The time he was the Baliol's viceroy.

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C H A P IV.

The Battle of Loudon-Hill.

Since I for WALLACE, need no longer Who when he found himself in case to ride, Thought it not safe, in New-Town to abide. Then to the cruel South'rons great surprize, Once more appears, them frights and terrifies:

The ADVENTURES OF His nurse, her daughter, child and family, He first dispatch'd away to Ellerslie. When they were gone, no weapon could he find, There, that could fuit and please his anxious mind, Except a fword that in a nook did stand, O'er grown with ruft, which he took in his hand, He drew the blade, and found it well could bite, Which pleas'd his fancy to a very mite. Then blythly faid, faith thou shall go with me, Till with a better, I provided be. To fee his uncle, good Sir Rannald then, Fain would he go but that the English-men; Who cunningly for him had laid a fnare, He fear'd, might catch him on his journey there. At Richard-town then longed for to be, To get some horse and armour quietly, With all precaution, WALLACE ventured fair, Yet met three South-rons, riding unto Air, I ong-caftle bold and with him yeomen two, WALLACE drew back & would not with them go At him they ride, and faid despitefully, Thou Scot abide, for fure thou art a fpy: Or else some thief that does not show thy face, But WALLACE answer'd with a modest grace, Sir, I am fick, for God's love let me be, Tong-castle said, by George that shall not be,-Thy countenance prognostick's something odd, To Air with me thou shalt travel the road. Pull'd out a fword that was of noble hew, His rufty fword, WALLACE also drew.

Then with a fingle, but a dreadful blow,

He clave his neck-bone cliverly in two.

Which to the craig a clean incision made,

A brave performance, by the rufty blade.

The other fled and durst no longer stay, He scar'd at blood that was the reason why,

The yeomen then, in haste soon lighted down, The first miss'd not a clink out o'er the crown. Th: An His Wi

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But WALLACE quickly brought the culzeon back, And there gave him the whiftle of his plack. Along his ribs; he gave him fuch a rout, Till all his intrails, and his lungs hang out. Then took their horses, and their armour bright, Their noble weapons, cliver clean, and tight. And all their coin, fyne on his horse he cocked, With gold and money Jingling in each pocket. Then in great haste, he rode to Richardtoun, A merry meeting was at's lighting down. Sir Richard he was there, that noble knight, . Who mourning for him, almost lost his fight. And his two fons, who never were fo fain, As now, to fee WALLACE alive again. Sir Rannald also came to see him fast, The woman told, by Crosby as they past, (hews How WALLACE scap'd: Sir Rannald changed He wanted faith to credit the good news. Till he him faw, he thought the time was long, But when they met, who can express with tongue. How him he hass'd and kiss'd so tenderly Till's very foul was in an extafy; The tears of joy which from his eyes did flow, E'er he could speak, a long time held him so; But at the last, most lovingly, said he Welcome dear nephew, welcome home to me. Thanked be God, that hath this wonder wrought. And fafely out of prison, hath thee brought. His mother came, and kinsfolk not a few, With joyful heart, to know those tidings true. To Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wight. WALLACE, he was a blyth and welcome fight. from every different airt, they crowd and come, To visit and to welcome WALEACE home. Phanks be to Goo, who did to him dispense, so happy, kind, and good a providence. Here ends my fecond book, I fay no more, But quietly I draw, a fecond fcore.

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BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

How WALLACE reveng'd the Slaughter of his Father, and of his Brother on Lowdon-hill.

TOW July deck'd in all her trim array, On hill and dale did fruits and flow'rs difplay Blyth was each beaft, that breaks the tender blade Of grafs, or nibbles in the green-wood fhade, And store of fish came in at ev'ry firth, Most dainty chear, and got with mickle mirth, But Scotland all this while, fad skaith of wars, Oppress'd with want, in doleful case appears. For many a day throughout this hurry'd land, No plough was drawn, but labour at a ftand; So that by August came, with lack of meat, Our folk with thin chaft-blades, look'd unco blate. But English-men, who wanted not for gear, Were well-hain'd Callans, and had ay good chear For to them duly, in good waggons came, All things to guft the gab, and cram the wame. Well fed were they; nor wanted to propine, Among their friends; but tifted canty wine. So cruce they grew, might no man them withfrand But as they lik'd they rul'd o'er all this land. Till tidings came, that WALLACE flout and fa Had broke the prison in the town of Air: Which, when they heard, they fuddenly were call Into the dumps, and flood right fore agast. Earl Piercy too, when he had heard this tale, E'en thol'd the loss, as he had tint his kail;

And this he spoke, I meille dread that we, My merry men, this doleful day shall dree. For if so be that WALLACE is not fast, From Edward's yoke, he'll seee this land at last. So prophesies of old, long time have said, As they inform, how antique legends read, And tho' of legends we, and spells might doubt, Yet we'll the lown I ken, and ken him stout. And think it better since better may not be, To sleech him off, with gold and land in see. Might he stand stedsaft for king Edward, then Might all the land be rul'd by English-men. By sorce, his late escaping let's us see, Not to be dung or vanquished is he.

Thus they forfooth, to WALLACE we return; Sore thrawn was he, and did with anger burn. In Richardtown, no longer would he bide, For friends advice, or ought that might betide. So when they faw their council all was tint, They let him take his will, and forth he went. To venge him, if he might upon the plain, On South'ron blood, that had his kindred flain. Sir Richard had three fons, as has been told, Adam, Richard, and Simon, brave and bold: The eldeft, Adam, might no man him flee, So flout, tho' aged but eighteen was he, Of person large, right hardy, wife and wight; Thereafter, good King Robert made him knight. For in the Bruce's wars his trufty arm, On English-men had often wrought meikle harm. This valiant squire with WALLACE forth did ride Into the field, and fo did Robert Boyd, A caunty carle, who fcorn'd, he was fo cruce. The English yoke, nor with their king made truce Cleland was there, who was of WALLACE blood And had with him full oft in perils stood. And Edward Little, his fifter's fon fo dear; A goodly gang, all graith'd in armour clear.

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Accouter'd thus, from Richardtown they rode. To Machline-muir, but short time there abode: For friends inform'd them, that in bondage were, How Fenwick streight was coming on to Air, With waggons load of victual and rich spoil, And good purvey, they brought them from Carlifle, This WALLACE heard, a blyth man then was he And inly gran'd at bloody game to be. To Lowdon then, they trysted straight to ride, And in a shaw, a little there beside, They lodg'd them, and feeing it was night, Kept watch from gloming, till the morning light, A good true Scot, who kept a stabling there, By Lowdon-hill, a true Scot late and air, Frae be't he faw them, came within a blink, And brought them wealth of meat and tofie drink, Syne told them, how the carriage-men in hafte, Had fent fore-riders, who to Air had past, Leaving the rest with pow'r of great avail, Who were by then, he trou'd in Annandale. Then WALLACE faid, we most not sojourn here, Nor change our weeds, but wear our ilk-day gear, For ay fince from his prison he got free, A fummer weed, was all the weed had he. Harness except, which still he wore for life, To work his will in case of sudden strife: A good habergion cover'd with his gown, Was in his hand, a fteel-cap on his crown. Two gloves of plate, his hands did guard full wells Close was his doublet, and the collar steel. His face when he came in among strange folk. He held it best to hide within his cloak. Else in the battle, it was ever bare: On foot no champion might with him compare, So strong he was, so terrible and sture: His dreadful dints were gruesome to endure. More did they fet, if WALLACE had been tane, Than if a hundred South'ron lowns were flain,

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These worthy Scots, would now no longer stay, To Lowdon-hill they past by break of day, Devis'd the place, and loofe their horses turn, And thought to win, or never home return. Two feouts they fent, to vifit well the plain. But they right foon returned in again, Reporting how the foes were coming fast. Then quickly on the ground they all them caft. Praying with humble heart the God of might, Them to protect and Scotland's broken right. In harness bright they grath'd them readily, Nor flinch'd there one of all the company. Said WALLACE then here was my father flain, And brother dear, which doeth me meikle pain; So shall myself or veng'd be on that head, The traitor here that caus'd the fellon deed. No longer tarrying now with hearty will. Incontinent they hy'd them up the hill. Fenwick the knight, the convoy did command; And meikle dole had he wrought in the land. The fun was up and dight in bright array, When English men saw them upon the brae. Them as he faw, faid Fenwick to his men, Yon WALLACE is for well the lown I ken. Tho' he fo lately did our prison break. Soon gripp'd again he's no have leave to crack. His head, I ken would better please our king, Then gold or land, or any earthly thing. With carriage he, his fervants bad bide still. Then with the leave he thought to work his will. Ninescore he laid, in harnish burnish'd bright, And fifty were with WALLACE in the right, Unrebuted the South'ron were in weir. And fast they came, full awful in effeir. A dyke of stones they had quite round them made And proudly there, with great rampaging rade. The Scots on foot, the pass took them before, The South'ron faw their courage was no more.

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In prideful ire, they thought o'er, them to ride. But not as they did wish it chanc'd that tide. For Scots on foot, great room about them made. With prancing spears, and foreupon them laid. The South'ron, who were arm'd in plates of steel, That day did reckon to avenge them well, And rudely on their horse about them rade, That scarce with ease upon their feet they bade. WALLACE, the foremost met fo fell and keen, The wayward spear went thro' his body clean. Then fwords were drawn both heavy sharp & lang On either fide, full cruelly they did dang. A fore affailzie then there might be feen, Of horse and men, as e'er was on the green. The English-men who were expert in weir, Thought by main force the Scots quite down to bear, And with their horse environ'd them about. That of the day they made no longer doubt. But our men stoutly to their orders stood. And dv'd the field that day with Southr'on blood. Fenwick, their captain dight in glitt'ring gear, Did on a prancing fleed that day appear; Forth to the thickest fight he hies him fast, And fyne his dreadful fpear with fury caft. A cruel chiel he was and unco' keen. Of WALLACE father he the death had been, His brother also whom he held so dear, Who, when he faw the traitor knight was near, Outrageous as a hungry lion grew. He at full speed, to claw his noddle flew: Syne at the lown, a fearful fleg let flee, That from his rumple shear'd away his thigh. Ere he was dead, a throng came in fo faft, Poor Robert Boyd, was almost smor'd at last. WALLACE was near and turned in again, To rescue him, then chas'd them thro' the plain; The remnant follow'd after them full faft, He drove the South ron, till till they were aghaft

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There Adam Wallace, heir of Richardtown, And Beaumont strake a fquire of much renown, Right belly-flaught, fo that withouten mair, The burnish'd weapon him in sunder share. Some English yet, altho' their chief was slain, Them still abode, as men of meikle main: Where WALLACE was, their deed was little ken'd, Tho' they did all themselves for to defend. For he behav'd himself so worthily, With Robert Boyd, and all their chivalry, That not a South ron ere even-tide, Might any longer in that flour abide. But thought their part was plainly for to flee, Which ev'n as many did as could win free. An hundred at this brulliment were kill'd; Three yeomen WALLACE left upon the field. Two were of Kyle, and one of Cunningham. Who left to follow WALLACE their own hame. Of English men fourscore escap'd that day, Leaving their convoy to the Scots a prey, Who there got wealth of gold, and other gear, Harness and horse, and other things of use in weir. The English knaves they made the carriage lead To Clyde's green wood, till they were out of dread, Syne fair and fast with widdies they them band. To boughs of trees, and hang'd them out of hand, None did they spare that able was for weir: But priefts and women they did ay forbear. When this was done, full blyth they went to dine: For they no feant of victual had, or wine. Tenscore of harnest horse, they got that day, Befide good provender and other prey. The South ron now, who from the field did fly, With forrow to the town of Air they hie.

With forrow to the town of Air they hie.
There to Lord Piercy, dolefully relate
Their fad difafter, and unfonfy fate,
What skaith he got, and who were flain in fight,
Andhow his men were hang'd by WALLACE wight.

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Said Piercy then, if WALLACE long we bear, Out of this land he shall exile us clear. Certes, when lately he our prisoner was, O'er slothfully our keeper let him pass. Not safe ev'n in this fortress shall we be, Since now our victual, we must bring by sea, Besides, it grieves me, for our men so true, Our kin, the day that we came here, may rue.

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How the English-men made peace with WALLACE.

Hen WALLACE now, had vanquished in the field The traitor false, that had his father kill'd, And brother, alas! that brave and worthy knight, With many more, that all were men of might; He caus'd provide, and distribute their store, To go on new exploits, and purchase more. In Clyde's green-wood, they did fojourn three days; No South'ron might adventure in those ways. Death did they thole, durst in their gate appear; And WALLACE word did travel far and near. When it was heard, he living was again, The English men thereof had meikle pain. Earl Piercy streight to Glasgow did him fare, And of wife lords, a council fummon'd there. And tho' they had ten thousand men, or moes Would yet no chiftain out on WALLACE go, So did they dread the carle. Then did devise, How they by wylie gates might him furprize, Sir Aymer Vallance, that false knight and strong, In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among; He faid, My lords, my counfel I'll propone, Which if ye take, ye meikle skaith shall shun;

Peace must be made withouten more delay, Or he more wicked pranks than these will play: Lord Piercy faid, with him no truce can be, A carle fo haughty. and fo fell is he. More mischief he will do before he blin; For South'ron blood to shed, he thinks no sin. Reply'd Sir Aymer, truce ye forely need; Thereafter ye may find out some remeed. I think 'twere best, so gentle he's and true, To try what good his kin with him can do. This matter bid Sir Rannald take in-hand With his nevoy, or forfeit all his land, Until fuch time as he the work hath wrought. Sir Rannaid streight was to the council brought. Where him they charg'd with WALLACE peace

to gain,

Or he in London, prisoner should remain. Sir Rannald faid, My lords, ye know right-well, For my advice he will not do a deal, His worthy kin ye cruelly have flain, And caus'd himself in prison thole much pain. How think ye then, he'll do this thing for me, Now he's at large, altho' you caus'd me die. Lord Piercy then did speak Sir Rannald fair; Make but this peace, thou sheriff art of Air. And if the bus'ness can accomplish'd be, Under my feal, I shall be bound to thee, That English men shall do him no distress, Nor any Scot, withoutten due redrefs. Sir Rannald knew, he could not them gainstand. So undertook what Piercy did command; Piercy, who true and valiant still had been. And mild in peace, altho' in battle keen. Hy'd then Sir Rannald to the woods of Clyde. Where WALLACE wight did with his men abide With whom forgathering, as to dine he went, He fat him down, and thar'd their merriment,

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And feafted was with dainties rare and fine; King Edward's felf, drunk never better wine. Then after meat his errand he declar'd. And how, unless he came, he would have far'd; Nevoy, faid he, part of my counsel take, And for a feafon, truce with South'rons make: To bear their voke, that would indeed be fin, Who are fo fet to ruin all thy kin, Then WALLACE faid, unto his men shall be No peace, unless ve better like than me. Said Boyd, before this worthy knight fhould fall, I think, 'twere best make peace, tho' fore it gall. For that advice, Cleland pat in his word; And Adam, heir of Richardtoun concur'd: As they agreed, did WALLACE peace proclaim, In hopes within few months to gain his aim. Then leave they took full fadly on the plain, Praying they might in fafety meet again; Each went his way; and WALLACE bound to ride To Crosbie with Sir Rannald to abide. In August's pleasant month, was cry'd this peace; And Mars and Juno their contentions cease, Saturn grew mild; and all the stars above. Gave place to Venus gentle queen of love.

CHAP. III.

How WALLACE slew the Buckler-player in the Town of Air. (breast,

DUT WALLACE wight, still tholing in his His country's wrongs, at Crosbie could not refu Much did he grane in travel for to be, And forely long'd the town of Air to see, So with Sir Rannald passing on a day, Fifteen he took, and to the town went they.

Difguis'd they went, and in the gate they faw, An English fencer at the weapon shaw, There as he stood, his buckler in his hand, WALLACE-near by, a looker-on did fland. Lightly he faid, Scot dar'ft thou 'fye a stroke? Ouoth WALLACE yea, gin thou darft with me Smite on, he faid, thy nation I defy; Tyoke. WALLACE therewith, a fleg at him let fly, The fword fo fell was on the buckler caft, Clear thro' his harns it to his shoulders past. Lightly returning to his men again, The women made a din, our fencer's flain. The man is dead; what need's of words mair. Fell men of arms then round him 'fembled there. Eight score at once, upon fixteen they set, But WALLACE quickly with the foremost met. And lent him with good will a fearful blow. That thro' the helmet shatter'd all his pow. Syne strake another so, the breast aboon, The fword went clear throughout the unfonfy lown Great room he made, fo did his trufty men, Till many a feckful chiel that day was flain. For they were wight, and well train'd up in weir, On English-men right boldly did they bear. Great flaughter of the enemies they made; Their hardy chief fo well about them laid; Till from the castle new recruits they spy'd, Which WALLACE feeing, wifely turn'd afide. Thinking it fafest to evite surprize; For he in war, was not more wight then wife. Then thro' the throng, as by main force he past, Their harns and heads affunder hew'd he falt. Himself return'd the hindmost in the rear. Till he had brought his men quite out of fear, Then to their horse they went, thereafter rode For better fafety to the Laglan-wood. Twenty and nine they fell in that days feed, Of South'ron men, that nevel'd were to dead?

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The remnant to the town did flee amain, Curfing the peace with WALLACE they had tane, Earl Piercy at the heart fo forely griev'd, To find his men thus wofully mischiev'd. Three of his kinfmen, whom he held full dear, Were flain that fatal day in armour clear. Great moan he made, then to Sir Rannald fent. A herald charging him in continent, WALLACE to keep from market, town, or fair, (Skaith to prevent) where South ron did repair. The South'ron knew that WALLACE was alone, That them on this mischance had overthrown, And therefore kept the truce made on their word. And liv'd with other Scots in good accord. Now WALLACE on a night from Laglan rade, To Crosbie, where the knight his uncle bade. Upon the morn e'er it was peep of day, Came in Sir Rannald where wight WALLACE Shew'd him the writ Earl Piercy to him fent, And did entreat that he would give confent. To do no skaith to any English born, Untill the truce was ended which was fworn. Said WALLACE nought of harm's be done by me That you may grieve while I abide with thee. His uncle with him then accorded was. And bad him welcome there his time to pass. There did he bide the space of nineteen days, Obey'd in ilky thing that might him pleafe. But in his mind remain'd another thing, Nor could he rest him tho' he were a king. Till he his friends and native land might fee. From thraldom, and proud English-lowns set free

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BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

How WALLACE won the Peel at Gargunnock.

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was now September crown'd with fruits and corn, For fustenance of every creature born. When many English peers of high renown, In council did conveen in Glasgow town. Behov'd Sir Rannald Crawford then be there, For he of right was sheriff born of Air. With him his nephew Wm. WALLACE went, And only fervants three, that there intent, Might not mifconftru'd by proud South'ron's stand And thereby bring new mischiefs on the land. But long they on their journey had not been, E'er Piercey's baggage passing by was feen. Five men that were his convoy march'd beside, Of these, two walk'd on foot, and three did ride. With tedious journey now there horse were tir'd, So they Sir Rannald's from his men requir'd, Which mildly when refus'd with might and main, Theyrobb'd these honest Scots upon the plain. This WALLACE faw, and forely griev'd was he, Such mischief, wrought upon his men to see. But mindful how his uncle did engage His word, he now restrain'd his deadly rage, Yet from his party, prefently withdrew, Burning with anger and revenge in view, To ly in wait for the rapacious breed, Who thus had perpetrate, this foul misdeed.

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Near to Cathcart he did them overtake, And rudely straightway in among them brake. A burnish'd blade that tide did he unsheath, Which none provok'd that e'er evited death, The foreman first with fuch good will he gave, That hat and head together off he drave. Syne on the ground two of his comerads laid. The others fled discomfit, and afraid, While WALLACE feizing on their gold and gear And paffing Clyde got into Lennox clear. Leaving his friends his absence to lament. With WALLACE to pass on is our intent. To Malcom then of Lennox, mighty Earl, His way took this great chief the Scottish pearl. The Earl receiv'd him in a courteous way, And much entreated still with him to stay, Off'ring that he his men should all command ; But Wallace grieving for his native land, Refolv'd what store of men he might raise. To combat in the field for Scotland's praise. Stephen of Ireland, exil'd from his home, Did there into a league with Wallace come. So did Faudon, a man of dreadful fize, Of threatning aspect, and iniquous eyes. Seldom he smil'd, was gruesome to the fight. And blood and batt'ry, was his fole delight, With these and fixty more went WALLACE forth Their valiant march directing to the north. Full in their way upon Gargunnock-hill, The South'ron bands had fortify'd a peel. With chambers meet and halls commodious built, And strength of men and store of victual fill'd. WALLACE this piece determin'd to take in, Could it be flily done withouten din. Spies having fent and finding all was right. Refolv'd on th' enterprize that very night, His hardy men at arms were fent before, To break a bar that held the utmost door.

But they in vain to break it did effay, Till WALLACE fretting at the long delay, Came on himself and with a furious shock, The bar and staple both in splinders broke, Then open drove the gate and therewithal, Came tumbling down three ell breadth of the wall Much marvel did his men, who faw this storm, And him do more then twenty could perform. The passage clear'd into the house they rush'd, And all that did oppose before them push'd, A watch-man had a fellon staff of steel. Wherewith he WALLACE thought at one to kill But he recoiling with a little pains, Soon reft it from him, then dang out his brains, The captain fyne he in the throng did meet, And with the staff foon laid him at his feet. His men pursuing, slaughter'd all the leave, No man at arms they order'd were to fave. Women and bairns he would not doom to die. But let them fafely pass, unhurt and free, The gold and wealth the foldiers prey became, But WALLACE fought for Scotland and for fame Sojourning here four days the val'rous crew,

Upon the fifth, northward their march pursue. The Teth they cros'd, and the clear running Ern, The motion of their South'ron foes to learn. In Methwin forest chus'd their next retreat, And for the hunting there had store of meat. WALLACE was pleas'd he now a place had found Where for his men, provisions did abound; Where now at rest refresh themselves they might, Nor more at once be forc'd to fast and sight. Yet for himself no dainty fare he sought, So did his country's care possess his thought. But wet or dry was still with him the same, And cold and hunger welcome when they came. So did he grieve for Scotland's woeful case, And such his hatred to the South'ron race.

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CHAP II.

How WALLACE past to St. Johnstoun, slew the Captain, and won Kinclevin.

Refolv'd at length Sr. Johnstoun for to see, Seven men went with him greath'd in armour clear The rest he lest to Stephen of Ireland's care. Changing his name he entrance soon obtain'd, Oft heard himself miscall'd and sore distain'd. Rut well disembling his intent he chose, At a young maiden's mansion to live close. A genteel loving creature, mild and meek, Who often squeez'd his hand and clap'd his cheek, From her he learn'd, how things with South'rons

went; For ay to do them skaith his will was bent. Butler he heard an aged cruel knight, Kinclevin kept a castle wondrous wight, Glad of the tale, he straight way did repair, To Methwin-wood, among his comrads there, Syne drew them up and march'd in good array, Along the green and bonny banks of Tay. Approach'd the castle filently and flow, That of his coming South'rons might not know. But they within, fearful of sudden harms. Were quickly all a ftir, and up in arms. Then did a fierce and cruel fight enfue, As ever was maintain'd among fo few. But WALLACE still the foremost of the fray, Soon gave the English lowns right Scot's-man's play Oft did he pierce their battle thro' and thro' At each onset, many hack'd and slew. Butler himself, came Wallace to withstand, But who could grapple Wallace hand & hand.

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Sore did the knight the rash adventure rue, For with one stroke his head in sunder stew. Their chistain stain, the remnant English sted, Behind them leaving threescore soldiers dead. The castle yielding, after some short stay, They set on sire, then brought their gear away. Syne Wallace wisely all his men withdraws, And lodges safely in the Short-wood-shaws.

CHAP. III.

Short-Wood Shaws.

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THE English then that in St. Johnstoun lay. Soon hearing of this fierce and fatal fray. Vowing revenge, a thousand men of war, Sent towards the wood, right awful in effeir. These partly, Sir John Butler did command, A valliant chief, as any in the land. Seeking on WALLACE well aveng'd to be, Who at Kinclevin caus'd his father die. The like fought Loran, who from Gowrie came: From th' umquhile Sir James Butler was his aim. Into the Shaw their men came pouring in. Archers and spear-men, with a dreadful din. But WALLACE undifinaid fo plac'd his crew. Best to defend themselves for they were few. Then did a fell and bloody flour begin, As scarce before on Tay was ever seen. Such deeds were wrought, as truely 'twere a crime Them to describe in our unlearn'd rhime. How arms met arms, and fwords went cliffy clash. For rural lays to fing would be too rash. Of Wallace is my chief intent to speak, Much did he toil and oft their ranks did break. Upon young Butler lighted at the length, Against him sole he guided all his strength.

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A manful stroke at him then letting flee, Defended underneath a bowing tree, The branch came down so weighty on his head, As in an instant fell'd the chiftain dead. Lorn to fee his friend fo fall was woe, So flew on Wallace an enraged foe. But he defending with his awful blade, Dead at his feet the daughty younker laid. The worthy Scots did nobly all that day, And drove away their foes at length with shame. Seven of their number, fell in fight no more, But of the fouth ron race at least fix score. Now fearing least their foes should gather new Recruits, and them with numerous bands purfue, To Methwin-wood they went e'er it was dark, And then retreated into Elchoke-park.

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C H A P IV.

How WALLACE was fold to the Englishmen by his Leman.

Into his head that maiden for to see;

Of whom he spoke before a friar's gown,
He to disguise his personage puts on.
Then hies him to St. Johnstoun might and main;
To meet the dame, he was so wondrous fain.
There having past a night in wanton play,
He made a tryst to come another day.
Mean time the South rons did corrupt the maid
With gold, to have him, when he came betray'd.
According to his tryst he came in haste,
Incontinent into her chamber past.
What they did there, who reads may rightly spell,
And certes' twere unmeet for me to tell.

Their dalliance past, it smote the damsel's mind, To lose a love so trusty and so kind. With bitter wailings, then to him made known The case, and pray'd him quickly to be gone. Her crime he pardon'd, with a loving kifs, Wipt off her tears, nor took her fault amiss. Then streightway putting on her female weed. Betakes him to the gate with utmost speed; Past unsuspected by all the watch but twain; Who wonder'd much at fuch a furdy queen. Him they purfu'd, till getting out of cry, He faces him about, their strength to try Pulls out a brand, was hid beneath his weed. And laid upon them, till they both were dead. Then haftes him to his men he left behind, Such hazard is in trufting woman-kind.

BOOK V

How WALLACE escaped out of St Johnstonn, past to Elchoke park, and killed Faudon. Past to Lochmabane. How he won the Castle of Crawford, and killed the Captain thereof.

COLD winter now, his hoary aspect shows,
Frost bound the glibe, whilst Boreas siercely
Sweeping the snows along the rising hills, [blows:
Which ev'ry glen, and slanting hollow fills:
Cold grew the beams of the far distant sun,
And day was done, ere it was well begun,
Long, dark and hateful, was the gloomy night,
Uncomfortable, to each banish'd wight:
Who durst not trust a roof to hide their head.
But sculk from hill to hill, with cautious dread.

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Brave Wallace having plac'd his centries right. Deem'd it not fafe to leave his hold that night: For after his escape, full well he knew, His disappointed enemies would pursue, And so it happen'd. After they made search, Finding him gone, they arm'd, and made their march Amidst the throng, his subtile miss, with speed, Convey'd herself away, and sav'd her head; Whilst they enrag'd, the South-Inch way have tane, Where their two men, they found by WALLACE slain.

Six hundred strong they were, well arm'd and bold, Who round befet our Champion in his hold. A hound they had of wondrous bloody fcent, Would trace the flayer's steps, where e'er he went A guard she had. The rest the wood beset. Looking on Wallace now as in a net; Around the strength, Sir Gerard Heron lay, While with three hundred, Butler made his way, Into the wood, where valiant WALLACE stood. In shining arms, few were his men, but good: Not one to feven. Now past their pow'r to fly, Refolv'd to cut their way, or bravely die : The hardy Chief, unsheath'dhis conqu'ring fword, Befought the aid of heav'n, then gave the word. Fiercely he met his bold attacking foes. And quick as lightning dealt his fatal blows: With horrid din, the temper'd edges clash. On coats of steel, whence hasty sparkles flash. But maffy armour, and defensive shield, Most to the nervous arm of WALLACE yield. Like a swoln current, rushing from a hill, Which does with wreck, the lower valleys fill. Thus thro' the martial prefs, he made a fane. Who durst oppose, no sooner did than slain: Forty of which infatuately bold, With gaping wounds, upon the earth lay cold;

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Thrice five there fell of Scots men, brave and true. Too great the loss, when good men were fo few.

Our martial Hero, thus cuts out his way, His men with hafty strides made towards Tay, Thinking to pass, but the attempt was vain, Rather, faid he, let's die upon the plain, Than fink one fingle drop of Scottish blood, Without revenge, in the relentless flood. Then with new courage, in defence they stand, For Butler in array, was near at hand. Bathed in blood, and panting for revenge, Hastily they meet again, and deaths exchange: The youthful captain of the Scots, in ire, Us'd to the wars, exerts his glorious fire, Runs thro' the croud, mows them down like grafs, Whilft he unvulnerable stands like brass. But many of his few with grief he fpy'd, Whose gushing wounds, their shields and coats had No way he thought on, could bring them relief, Unless the downfal of the South'ron chief: (place. Him keen he fought, thro' throngs, from place to Butler, tho' bold, declin'd to fee his face, Amidst strong guards, beneath an aged oak, Evited, at this time, the fatal stroke. Stephen Ireland here, and faithful Kierly shew'd Their valour brave, and firm by Wallace stood: Upon the ground, at this bout, fixty more Of English slain, lay welt'ring in their gore: Nine more of fcots were of warm life bereft, And only fixteen now with Wallace left. Who got clear off, whilst Butler's wearied rout, Confus'dly fled, 'twixt parties they got out. The English men not knowing where they went, Set the fluth hound upon the bloody fcent, With nose a-ground, closely she did pursue, Till foon both parties were in others view; The enemy pursued on coursers fleet, While the brave Scots depend on nimble feet?

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Of rifing ground, they had two miles in length, Before they could arrive at any strength, Good hope they had, for day was nigh expir'd, But to their grief ill-fated Faudon tyr'd: Wallace was loath to leave him on the way, Lest to approaching foes he'd fall a prev, Urg'd him t' exert his strength with words of love, But all in vain no further could he move; The Chief enrag'd, his fword with fury drew; And at one stroke the lagging traitor slew; Backward, a lifeless, headless lump he lay, While the twinn'd head babled its life away. Just was the act, he was a villan found, Useful in this. His blood would stop the hound. Sure proof of falshood, short way had they gone, In prime of years, strong muscles clad each bone, Him this dispatch'd, Wallace his followers cheers, Then fprung the mountain swift as bounding deers.

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Ireland, mean time, and gallant Kierly stood, Eastward of Dupline, in a scroggy wood, By this the stars were twinkling from on high. From every opining of the cloudy fky Soon as the English came where Faudon lay. The blood-hound ceas'd to track the flyer's way, Nor further mov'd, her fcent now being funk, In this new steam of blood her nose had drunk; And now they deem,d, that the despairing Scots, Had fighting been, and cut each others throats. Kierly and Stephen, unknown, mixt with the croud, That pres'd about, and Foudon's body vew'd, And as Sir Gerard bow'd to take a look, Kierly a dagger in his bosom struck, Beneath his armour, upward gave the wound, And brought this leader stagg ring to the ground. Soon as his men the accident espy'd, Treason around, with mournful shricks they cry'd. Juffly convinced that this audacious blow. Was giv'n by Wallace's felf or fuch a foe

Midst their confusion, aided by the gloom, The two brave Scots escap'd impending doom.

With grief and madness, Butler's colour chang'd While he faw gasping, Heron unreveng'd. Part of his hoft he fent, t' inter the flain, Some to the woods dispatch'd, some to the plain. Whilft he himself, with a strong party lay, To guard the passes, till returning day. Good WALLACE ever careful of his train. Milling his two brave men, was fill'd with pain, For much he fear'd, they taken were or flain. After vain fearch, into the wood he past, And fafely at Galk-hall arriv'd at laft: Flint gave 'em fire, and hunger made him bold. To take two wedders from a neighbouring fold, On which they supp'd mean while they heard a blaft Of a loud horn at which they stood aghast; Two were dispatch'd, to learn who blew this horn. And long they waited for the fpy's return. The noise continu'd still and drew more near. The horrid din, disturb'd the Chistain's ear, Two more he fent but none return'd again, Which fill'd his doubtful mind with rage and pain, The other nine he fent them one by one. To find the rest. Thus he was left alone.

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The awful found increas'd still more and more, Louder and louder swell'd the dreadful roar, Which made him tremble, who ne'er shook before But soon his dauntless soul he did collect, Then sword in hand, with daring front erect: Mov'd to the gate, where, to his odd surprize, The frightful Faudon stood before his eyes. Holding his bloody head in his right hand, Soon WALLACE drew a cross, and made a stand. At him the apparition threw its head, Which Wallace caught up by the hair with speed. And threw it back, but dreadful was the fright. For well he knew it was some hellish spright.

Which mock'd his fword Strait up the strairs hessew, And soon himself out at a window threw. Thence up the river hastily he ran, Never so affrighted since he was a man. Backwards he turn'd his eyes from whence he came And thought he saw the tower all in a slame, While on the top, did frightful Faudon stand, With a prodigious rafter in his hand.

But whether vested with compacted air, In Faudon's shape, some Dæmon did appear, Or if the ling'ring soul expell'd with pain, Strove to reanimate the corps again.

Leave we to those, who with unweary'd eye, Explore the latent depths of dark Philosophy.

And now his follow'rs loft, the mournful chief, Stood wilder'd in his thoughts, o'erwhelm'd with Darkling he took his way, depriv'd of rest. (grief, While black ideas rankled in his breaft. His foul was in amaze, nor could he find; What heaven, by this mysterious scene design'd. Yet still his rage, the distant en'my fought, And fierce revenge boil'd up in every thought. As thus he roam'd, with clashing doubts opprest, That tore his foul, and battell'd in his breast: Gay morn awakes, and with enlivening ray, Smiles on the world, and guides the rifing day. Butler, invited by the smiling scene, Forfook his bed, and fought the plains unfeen. There view'd how pensive Wallace all alone, Inceffant figh'd, and made a piteous moan; And rightly guesting that he was a foe, Demands his business with contracted brow, Nor stop't. But spurring quick his fiery horse, With rapid hafte precipitates his courfe. Wallace unmoy'd, the impetuous shock fustains, While awful joy his gloomy brow ferenes. Streight rising to the blow, he aim'd a wound, And brought his en'my stagg'ring to the ground.

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Now seiz'd his horse, mounted, and with loose reins, Forsook the place, and shot across the plains.

With ardent eyes, and kindling into hate:
Wing'd forth his spear, that whistled in the wind,
Drove o'er the knight, and miss'd the mark assign'd,
But now the en'my with superior might,
Beset the roads, and intercepts his slight.
Collecting all himself, brave WALLACE stood,
Saw how they rag'd, and panted after blood;
And drew his sword, that with tempestuous sway,
Dealt fate around, and cut a sanguine way.
Three prostrate on the plain, of sense berest,
And stiff ning unto death, the victor lest;
The tainted grass imbibes the slowing blood,
That gush'd amain, and ting'd the ambient slood.

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But as a torrent with impetuous pride, From fome steep mountain pours its rapid tide. Then fwell'd by meeting riv'lets rowls amain, With tenfold roar, and swallows up the plain; So with fuccessive troops, the foe renew'd, Condense apace, and thicken to a crowd. The chief retires, intrepid and ferene, While twenty foes unfoul'd, adorn the fatal fcene Fearless, he inches back. His fword on high, Refulgent, flaming, adverse to the sky, Still ey'd his enemies with greedy view, And Parthian like, still wounded as he flew. And now the foes no more inflame the war, But roar in fainter founds, and menace from afar. The panting knight now ceas'd from warlike care, Reclines supine, and breaths the cooling air. Now had the night affum'd her still command, And spread her fable conquests o'er the land; Darkness alone sat lowring all around, And more than midnight horror cloath'd the ground Dur Hero, weak and faint, pursues his way, avolved in gloom, without one glimple of day.

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The dreary wilds, with fens and mire o'erspread, Retard his passage, and his steps mislead. His horse grown restive, and o'ercome with pain, Fell giddy to the ground and press'd the plain Wallace on foot toils out his lonefome path, Now plung'd in fens, now lost in rising heath. Revived by Heaven, at length to Forth he came, That thro' the country rolls its awful stream, Circling it runs, and with majestic pride, Into old ocean, difembogues its tide. Upon the gloomy margin, Wallace stood Alone, and fearless, plung'd into the flood. With nervous arms, he stems the furging waves. Dashes the tide, and all its horrors braves. His well-try'd fword cuts out a liquid path, And guides his course thro' watry scenes of death. Fainting, he made the land; his veins all chill'd With numbing colds, that thro' his vitals thrill'd; For winter now had tempested the air, And with bleak aspect froze the aged year: While the far distant sun, with slanting ray, Obliquely shone, and scarcely litt the day.

The Knight from towns and cities keeps aloof, Secure beneath a widow's lowly roof; Who with a liberal hand, reliev'd his wants. Fonded his breaft, and footh'd his burfting plaints. To needful rest he now applies his head, But first the maid dispatch'd, with cautious dread, To view Gaskhall, that burning seemed of late, To trace his followers, and learn their fate. Now coming fleep, spreads all her balmy charms, And clasps the Hero in her filken arms, Within a darksome wood securely laid, The shrubs his pillow, and the grass his bed: Attending, the kind widow's fons flood near, And guard his flumbers with officious care. A priest beheld the Chief composed to rest, Drew near, and thus his puny fears express:

Behold the patriot now, whose puissant hand Most rid us of the foe, and free our land! Alas! good vent rous youth, how weak he lies Expos'd to raging florms and wintry fkies, Trembling he fleeps, and verging on despair. Obnoxious now to every female snare. The chief wak'd at the found, flung up, enrag'd I'm not, he cry'd, fo feebly equipag'd. My arm and fortitude affert my right, And all my honest actions dare the light. While Scotland's wrongs, edge keen, my well try'd I'll never poorly own a foreign lord. And thou, inglorious priest untouch'd remain. And owe thy life alone to my difdain. He faid, and with his nephew turn'd afide. Recounting how he plow'd the foamy tide, Dark and alone; while his poor ebb of blood That flow'd amain, distan'd the crystal flood: And how to finish all his other woes, His men had fallen a prey to cruel foes. The priest o'erhearing, cry'd, Dear son, behold How Heaven confirms what I but now foretold. Thy friends are loft, thyfelf aloof from aid, To all the affaults of fortune open laid, Forbear to tempt thy fate, give up thy fword, And own great Edward for thy rightful lord. No more. Fierce Wallace stern'd his brow, and My life alone shall the long strife decide (cry'd Thy tainted words venum the ambient air: Cut thro' my foul, and aggravate my care. My country's wrongs, cry for revenge, aloud, And this good fword is keen. It thrifts for blood And only can be fated with a flood. But while he spake, with hasty strides drew near Ireland and Kierly, still to Wallace dear. As forrow late a fovereign fway poffest, Smiles kindle in each cheek, and joy in every breaft While the vast pleasure that each aspect wears Too big for words, now vents itself in tears;

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The chief beheld the scene of grateful woe,
And now his kindly show'rs with theirs united flow.
The wond'rous friends their dubious fate review,
And with amusing talk prolong the interview.
How they had mingled Heron with the slain,
And, unobserv'd, escap'd the fatal plain.
By this came back the servant, and reveal'd
What dismal scenes she every where beheld.
How goary corses strew'd the purple ground,
And death in bloody triumph stalk'd around.

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No longer here the Hero would remain,
But left the wood, with his small faithful train.
And here the widow merits endless fame,
Who chearful with her sons to Wallace came,
Both in the bloom of life and sprightly youth,
Endu'd with courage, loyalty and truth:
Then she made over to his guardian care,
To bear fatigues, and learn the arts of war.
Brave Heroine, with manly virtue blest,
Her country drove the mother from her breast!
The chief, set forth adorn'd with arms and horse,
And held that night, to Dundass-heath, his course
Graham then possess, dtheselands; an aged knight,

Who with reluctance, own dtyrannic might,
But now, alas! in his last ebb of life,
He liv'd aloof from glorious feats of strife,
His arm no longer could the faulchion wield,
Nor shine in sulgent arms, and sun the field.
A son he had, with every grace endu'd,
Youth, honour, gallantry and sortitude
His country's welfare triumph'd in his breast,
Tinctur'd each thought, and all his soul imprest,
Him the old fire with ceremonial care
On his good sabre drawn, oblig'd to sweat.
The sugged paths of honour still to tread,
Wherever Wallace and his virtue lead.
Three times the night renew'd her gloomy reign.
While here the gallant Warrior did remain.

As the fourth morn her purple charms displays And paints the cheek of day with orient rays. The Chief fet out, his pupil by his fide, Propos,d among his friends with him to ride. Wallace yet conscious of his recent fault. How into jeopardy hismen he brought. Deny'd the suit, until his better care, Could with newforce of arms revive the war. Now to Kilbank, he bent his courfe apace, In martial pomp, and quickly reach'd the place. The Knight, to every foul a welcome guest, Enjoys the love of all, and fills each breaft. His nephew here, resides in bloom of years, And chearful gladness in his aspect wears. Mean while the unwelcome news to Piercy came; Of our young Hero's acts, and growing fame, How with a run of conquests, he had flain. His foes, and all their cities storm'd and ta'en: Afper in speech, and swell'd with vengeful spite Piercy demands what shelter held the Knight? And fure, cry,d out, wou'd he his warfare cease, Acknowledge Edward, and accept of peace, Soon might our king with unrefifted fway, Thro' Scotia's bleeding vitals urge his way, Wallace would quickly tame the rugged north, Inspire our men, and call their courage forth. But still his rage, a cruel rancour feeds, And bursts in winged thunder on our heads. Sages illumin,d with interior light, Who fearch the depths of fate, immers'd in night, These have foretold, how Wallace, great in arms. Shall fill our plains with war, and fierce alarms. The Chief, mean while, with active thoughts em-A messenger dispatch'd to Blair and Boyd. (ploy'd Fame catched the news, and spread the welcome In buzzing whispers, quickly all around: (found His friends conveen a pace, in gath'ring fwarms, laur'd to war, and bred to feats of arms.

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But Blair, above the rest, for learning sam'd, 'The first place in our Hero's bosom claim'd, With early infancy their love began,

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And grew as ripening youth shot up to man.

Thus danc,d the rosse minutes, and the chief,
Securely liv'd at large, remote from grief:
His transports now run high, his cares decrease,
And every hour is mark'd with smiling ease.
His friends with chearful looks his orders wait,
And all his wants well pleas'd anticipate.

But now far diff'rent cares engross his foul, And all the manly rage of war countroul. Love bound the Hero in his flow'ry chains; For over all the god unbounded reigns. In Lanerk dwelt the fair. Well known to fame. For matchless beauties crown'd the charming dame Now in her fpring of life, she grew apace, Spreading to bloom, and crown,d with every grace. The Syrens with perfuafive eloquence, Charm'd from her lips and beautify'd her fense, While piety adds lustre to her name. Wallace beheld and own'd the pleasing flame, The print of love new stamp'd his ductile breast. And with foft characters his foul imprest. As waves, impell'd by waves, his mind is toft. And in the spreading sea of passion lost, Love tears his bosom, shoots along his yeins, And a wild anarchy of thought maintains: Now with fresh warmth his martial slames awake. And he th' ignoble chain attempts to break. The fair arises now in all her charms, And with foft fires his languid bosom warms The youthful Knight impatient of his wound, With strange disorder rowls his eyes around; Tries every mean, and strives to quell the smart That tore his breaft, and stung his bleading heart. Now maz'd in doubts, and with strange tumults fill'd 'The lover thus his fecret pangs reveal'd.

"What shall I then give up my breast to joy, And all my schemes of future wars destroy? Shall I thus lofe myself in pleasing dreams, While Scotia's welfare all my bosom claims? No. Thus I stifle the inglorious slame, And raze the image of the beautious dame. Rife glory, rife! affume thy wonted charms, And take me panting to thy fanguine arms, I,ll drown each thought of her in war & loud alarms." Kierly beheld how the young Warrior strove In vain to quell th' unruly pangs of love, How obstinately good, he scorn to know, All but the dear unhappy country's woe. No cheering bless gilds o'er his gloom of cares, No fprightly joys his anxious bosom shares, Fain would the friend his dreary cares beguile, When thus he answer'd, with an artful smile. And what can wound the strictest patriot's name, By wedding vertue in fo fair a dame? Since all your thoughts, imprest by love arise, Enjoy the maid, bound yours in nuptial ties. She's chafte and vertuous, innocent and good; Nor can her lineage ever stain your blood. " Ungen'rous man, reply'd the wondring Chief, And wouldst thou have me dislipate my grief? While Scotland weeps, weeps out her dearest blood, And floats to ruin, down the crimfon flood. Th' important now, decides her future state, And fee the scales are hung to weigh her fate. While we're the only friends that she can boast, To counterpoize a hardy numerous hoft. Our every thought, in fuch an enterprize Or big with conquest, or with death should rife. And fure while Scotia's enemies remain, Unnerving love should ever sue in vain. And what is love?

Nothing but folly, glaring emptiness, Effeminate and frothy all its bliss:

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A fleeting joy. Sure then it cannot be. That love and war, at once should reign in me. Yet love, they fay, our brutal rage difarms, Refines our ardour, and our courage warms, But that is only when the fair one's kind, When blooming hopes diftend the lover's mind. When blefs, and beauteous conquest stand confess'd. And life redoubled, heaves within his breaft. But when the virgin, nought but frowns bestows, Nor hearts his am'rous plaints, or dying vows: 'Tis then, his very manhood melts away, In tears by night, and mournful fighs by day. No more his breast the sprightly trumpet charms, No more he joys in war and shining arms. Our nation groans beneath a load of woes. And calls on us, against her cruel foes: And could fuch conduct fuit a warrior's mind, (For women are unconstant or unkind,) Who, before man, and heaven's all-feeing eye, Most bravely conquer, or as bravely die." The Warrior spoke, with indignation spoke; While anger from his eyes like lightning broke. Yet in his bosom, love the tyrant play'd, And laugh'd fecure, at what his fury faid. The Chief at last, perceiv'd with anxious pain. That still imperious love maintain'd his reign. What could he do? With outmost care he strove, Now to oppose, and now to fly from love, The god still with the angler's skill, Or mock'd his force, or play'd him to the full.

Kierly beheld how love his strength defies. Battles his foul, and triumphs in his eyes. And whil'ft the Chief, who ne'er before had figh'd Groan'd with a load of grief, he fondly thus reply'd Why does my lord create himself this pain? Why strive with love? yet ever strive in vain, Give up thy conquest, distipate thy care, Make way for blefs, and for the lovely fair.

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The fair makes all the Hero's rage refin'd. New-strings his arm, and chears his drooping mind, While in his foul the awful goddess reigns, A double life his bosomknows, a double life his veins. This faid, th' advice with tender zeal express'd. With poison'd steps, stole filent to his breast, And joy unbidden, all his foul posseft. Mean while, with ebbing force, as thus he strove. To stem the rage of sierce prevailing love. A maid approach'd, who from the fair one came, (For love had fir'd her breast with hidden slame) And brought this meffage from the beauteous dame. " Miranda fends, to honest fame well known, Fond to behold her country's bravest Son." The Chief amaz'd, impatient of delay, " I go, he cried, and bade her urge the way." Thro' fecret paths they went, and shunn'd the town. And reach'd the house, secure, perceiv'd by none. While she severely good, and wond rous kind, Wish'd for his safe approach with anxious mind. The lovers met, and now a modest kiss. Lifts up the Hero's foul to laughing blifs. Love feels the alarm, ftarts up in fond furprife. And thro' his veins, a new impetuous flies, Inflames his foul, and sparkles thro' his eyes. His fparkling eyes, that gently rolling, play'd, In hers beheld bright virgin-love betray'd. And whilst a blush that redden'd on her face, Paints out a modest flame with rosy grace. Screw'd to the highest strain of bless, his foul Could scarce the impetuous tide of joy controul, But all was still, and all was calm around, When thus the Syren fpoke in nectar'd found. " I own indeed, I love, nor blush to tell, The man that loves my country's peace fo well. And would be fond, e'en with my life, to pleafe, The Chief that bravely fcorns inglorious éase. While Scotia calls,

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Alas! how much she needs, unhappy now; So good a Warrior and a friend as you. Her bravest sons by cruel foes are flain, middle And few her friends, ah! hapless friends remain. Even while I speak, I scarce can boast an hour, Or of my life or honour in my pow'r" The loving Chief return'd, " Oh! maid divine, Your bleeding wrongs the glorious cause shall join And whilst the thundring battle loudestirings, And thousand deaths appear on fatal wings; Inflam'd with am'rous rage, and aiding love, will Like death himfelf, thro groaning bands I'll move, And while the thoughts of thee wing every blow, How while I love the gasping wretch shall know. But by you awful Heavens, had not my mind, With hoples Scotia, 'gainst her foes combin'd. I'd never leave thee, by the immortal powers; My foul would mix, and lofe itself in yours. Yet next to God, and to my country's care, You all my thoughts, and all my breaft shall share With fond discourse, thus talk'd they out the day, While hours, well pleas'd to hear, croud hours away Till WALLACE faw the night on high diplay'd, And with reluctance, left the weeping maid. but With heavy heart he held the dreary way, And join'd his friends, that wondred at his stay. Now from the fair remov'd, our hero strove, By warfare, to divert the pangs of love. Individual Fir'd with the thought, he chokes the rifing figh, And fondly hopes the distant enemy; Who in Lochmabane, lorded it fecure, and hard Full grown in arrogance, and flush'd with power. Clifford, inhumane youth bore chief command, And spread his cruel conquests o'er the land. Now Wallace scarce had reach'd the guilty town, (Conceal'd his name, his country only known) When swell'd with malice, Clifford fought the plate And brands the Scots, and loads them with difgrace 1.

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Appriz'd, the Knight purfues the haughty lord, Th' affront lent weight and fury to his fword; Urg'd home, the thirsty faulthion sought his side. Transpire'd his heart, and drunk the vital tide. Sated, the Chiftain left the town. And now, Wing'd with revengeful spite, his foes pursue; The Knight serene, thus warn'd his faithful friends. " Behold the raging en'my this way tends, Leave we the plains, and yonder thickets climb, Trufting th' event to providence and time." His friends reluctant, hear the first command, Sternly retire, and eye the approaching band. By this, with hafty stride, the foe drew near; Their burnish'd arms reflect a gleam severe: With fulgent light they shone. The steely blaze. Shot full against the sun with mingling rays. Their arrows now with certain speed they aim'd, And wounded Blair, for wit and valour fam'd. WALLACE beheld him bleed, and fir'd to rage, Turn'd instantly, in order to engage. His little band in dubious war well tried. Rush on the num'rous foe with gen'rous pride. And now, with adverse shock, the warriors met, Each urg'd the fight, nor thought of base retreat; The South'ron army, thinn'd with num'rous flain. In multitudes lay grov'ling on the plain. But still, in gath'ring crouds, now troops advance, The fields refound, the neighing courfers prance. Moreland, the flower of arms, moves to the field. Lightning his eyes, his arms keen splendor yield. His waving plume, nods terribly from far, And whitens with its foam the tide of war. With boiling rage, his heaving bofom glows, And martial terror glooms upon his brows. The English rais'd to hope, their chief furvey, And meditate the ruin of the day.

Closs wedg'd they stand, resolv'd to win or die.

In vain the dauntless Scots attempt to fly,

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And now both fides affault, and proudly vie; Thickens the combat, and refounds the fky, WALLACE diffinguish'd by his orby shield, Rode thund'ring thro' the tempest of the field. Where Moreland rag'd; and with a pond rous blow: Full on his neck, divides the bone in two. No more the joints the dizzy head fustain, The haughty chief rush'd head long to the plain. Seizing his horse, the Knight, with active care, Revives again the thunder of the war: Inspir'd from Heaven, with more than human might His arm alone, inclines the fcale of fight. Around, the verdant grass, is sanguine dy'd, And heaps on heaps expire on every fide. The English now, their chiftain lost, give way, Dead'ned with fear, and fall an easy prey: Now to the town, their rapid steps they bend, Throng to the castle, and in haste ascend. Their hagar'd eyes their inward fears disclose, And look a voice, and speak their direful woes. Graystock, their gen'ral here, at ease resides, Who scorns their terrors, and their fears derides, And now his foldiers arm'd, the fort he leaves, And with fresh powers the fainting war revives. WALLACE, mean while the bloody fcene had With victory, nor of one friend bereft, And clad in arms, he shot an iron light: The en'my faw, and curs'd the unwelcome fight, " Oh! don't they cried, our doom anticipate, Return, nor brave th' impending burst of fate Yonder! behold the valiant god-like Knight, Whose mighty arm alone lays waste the fight." " Ha dastards! cried the gen'ral, with a frown, His strength owes being to your fears alone." And spurr'd his horse. Now Wallace from afar, Beheld the increasing tumult of the war; Nor could he tempt the florm, that with new roat, Rowl'd dreadful, menacing his fcanty pow'r, And now o'ercome with toil, his horse gave o'er

Mean time dispatch'd by heaven the immortal Gra-Back'd with his friends a brave retinue came (ham Thrice ten he led a small but faithful train, Each could mark red the field with num'rous slain And the whole tempest of the war sustain. The battle joins. And clamours shouts and cries Ring thro' the plains and tear the vaulted skies. Graham now with ardent eyes his friend furvey'd. And fent to every quarter timely aid. Himself, mean while from place to place engaged, Where the storm roar'd & where the thickest rag'd Rush'd thro' the war that bled in every vein, Like some fiercetide and sweep'd the standing plain WALLACE on foot, cuts out a fanguine path, And stems the flood of war, and brave impending death.

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Restless he fights with blood and dust beforear'd, Reaping the field where nought but fate appear'd And thus th' entrepid sew still urge their course,

Each in himself a war and army's force.

But now the foe repuls'd with fowl difgrace, Their champion in the front, retreat apace, While WALLACE yet unwearied urg'd the chace Before him Graham, active as lightning flew, Mix'd with the crowd and all promiscuous slew. The knight beheld, and check'd his vulgar rage, That stoop'd with the low rabble to engage. "Away, he cried, nor thus difgrace thy fword, Yon flying chiefs will nobler stores afford." The youthful heroes shoot along With rapid hafte, and reach the diffant throng. Fierce Graystock, now abandon'd by his pride, Nought but despair appear'd on ev'ry side. Craham fought the haughty chief. And now on high. His fword that flam'd and lighten'd in the fky. With whirlwind found descends, and cleaves hishead No force of motion could the stroke impede: The yauning chaim well'd out a purple flood, Forth ruth'd the foul effus'd with guthing blood.

WALLACE, mean while, dealt ruin all around; And with dead corfes strew'd the blushing ground I he enemy still experienc'd his pow'r, (more, And those who felt his arm harass'd the Scots no

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The chace now finish'd, the brave warriors meet And with kind intercourse of souls unite. The Knight well pleas'd, his panting friends espies With joy his bosom glows, with transports glut his His visage roughn'd into frowns e'er while, (eyes Assumes the softer beauties of a smile, Fair victory fat blooming on his head, And all around her facred bleffings shed. But now the fun rowl'd down the fading light, Red Vesper took his post. Arose the night. On hills of flain the scarlet heroes fate, Pondring new toils of war in closs debate. Pale Scotia still her bleeding veins display'd And pointing to the foe, and call'd aloud for aid. Fir'd with her wrongs, and with new anger fraught They steel their hearts and bar each milder thought Nor fated with the vengeance of the day, To Lochmabane directly take their way. And now to aid their rage a night of shades, Muffles the fky, and the pale moon invades. No stars appear'd in the dark firmament, And if their everlasting oil were spent: Long midnight filence quell'deach whifp'ring found And spread his gloomy pinions all around. Conceal'd the wary spies rode on before, The destin'd town in order to explore. With darkness velop'd, soon they reach'd the gate, Where watching all along the keeper fat. With filent rage they aim'd a random wound, And left the felon prostrate on the ground. The following band came on with hafty pace, Breathing revenge, and quickly made the place. The gleanings of the field they here furprise, Refounds the house with clamour shreiks and cries

While terror wildly peeps forth from their eves,

93

Nought but the groans of wretches now is heard, Where mirth and ill-tim'd riot late appear'd.

Twas now past ebb of night, and dawning morn Appear'd on infant smiles, and blushes born; The victors now quite spent with toils of war, Give o'er, and, panting breath the fragrant air. Reclin'd, they gladly take a short repast, To fatiate nature's call, not pleafe the tafte. That done, with gen'rous wine they brim the bowl, Each quaffs and fucks the nectar to his foul: The dancing tide rowls thro each languid vein, And fwells them with o'erflowing streams again. Sated, at length, they leave the humbled town, The fortress taken, and their foes o'erthrown, And bent their course to where impetuous Clyde, Thro' precipices pours its foamy tide. With many wandering rowls, the circling stream; The pride of rivers, and the poets theme. Now grateful flumber creeps o'er all apace, And fonds their fenses with a foft embrace. Within a darksome vale, retir'd, they lay At ease from all the busy toils of day: Thro' every limb the foft infection crept, And guardian angels watch'd 'em as they flept.' A fort remain'd, where fill'd with rage and spite, The en'my rul'd and triumph'd in their might. While thus fecure the flumbring warriors lay, Wild fancy now affumes internal fway: Still to their fleeping thoughts the fort arose.

And hag'd their dreams, and shook them from repose. Th'inverted scale of heav'n now weigh'd up night, Sunk was the sun, and saded was the light. Walking at length, unseen they leave the vale, The sated place determining t'assail.

WALLACE before the rest went forth alone,
With eager speed, and reach'd the guilty town,
And here a hideous noise insults his ear,
Of drunken mirth, unlike the voice of war.

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Enrag'd the chiftain gave the order'd fign, His friends throng in, and all their powers combine, With active care the gates they first possest, Then guard the paffes and the strength invest. Wallace first sought the house, inslam'd with hate, When funk in luxury the captain fat. Unsheath'd his sword, and aim'd a certain blow, That hurl'd to shades of night th' abandon'd foe, With equal rage he gave to fate the rest, And mingled with their blood their horrid feaft. Their mangled bodies strew'd the fanguine floor, Grinning in death, and welt'ring in their gore. Mean time, without, Graham plies the lofty fort, Built up of beams, and fortify'd by art. Streight flung triumphant from his thund ring hand Full to the steepy roof, a staming brand; The red contagion, blazing, flew along, With crackling roar, and feoarch'd the trembling. And now the ruddy ruin whirls on high, (throng Swells in the wind, and triumphs on the fky. A blended horror! rends the midnight air. And now the turret, ground, and all around, With burst of thunder, tumbled to the ground; It fell, and crush'd the wretches underneath. With wild destruction whelm'd and fiery death, Soon as the radient morn renewed the day,

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The victors, on each fide the place furvey, That now in smoking heaps and rubbish lay, The works that stood they levell'd with the ground,

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And spread a gen'ral ruin all around.

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BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Winter being past, and the summer advancing, WALLACE returns again to Lanerk to visit his mistress. An account of the first beginning of his passion, is to be found in book V. where meeting with a kind reception he matries her.

But the English during that time he had spent in his courtship, having occupied and taken posession of all the forts and towns in Scotland, obliged him to rise again in arms to vindicate his country. But before he took the field, he thought it necessary to remove his wife from the hazard of the war, which oocasions a moving colloquy betwikt them, she earnestly imploring him to take her along with him, and he declaring to her the ill effects of it.

The morning arriving WALLACE goes out to the fields, where having implored Heaven for the fuccess of his undertaking, he blew his horn, to call his followers he had with him together; where discovering his intent, they all with one consent agree to the war, and make preparations for it.

The English perceived their intent, and under the command of Hesilrig and Thorn make head against them, & the Scots overpower'd with multitudes retreated to Cartlane-craigs. The night approaching Hesilrig insulting Wallace's wife most barbarously kills her, when behold Wallace after expressing his forrow for her loss,

refolves to revenge it, and coming back in the night time flew Thorn, Hefilring, and the English men, in Lanerk. This being told King Edward, he gathered a great army, and came to Bigger, were WALLACE being now joined with a confiderable number met him, and encouraging his men, fought and defeat them, but the English being told by spies, that the Scots had intoxicated themselves with the wine left in the camp, returned and were again defeat. After this WALLACE took in a castle on a rock and with continued debates fo weakned the Engo h, that they were contents at Rutherglen kirk, to conclude a peace for a year; that both should rest from committing any hostilities. the anglish during that time he had thent in

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And Boreas rushing blasts offend no more No more the hurricane embroils the deep, And driving winds on its smooth surface sleep: No more the plains and standing lakes appear, And March had spent the winter of the year.

Now April, joyous month; its course begun,
And hoary snow now melted to the sun,
A springing verdure crown the happy land,
And smiling nature own'd the Summer's hand.
While thus the earth smiles in its gaiety,
And summer weeds adorn each springing tree;
The busy Nymphs renew their annual toil,
And build their grott's persum'd with balm & oil,
Each blythsome hour, in thanks they dance along,
And the pleas'd hunter listens to their song.

In this bleft June, when all conspir'd to move, His manly foul, with the lost flame of love, 9

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Our knight to Lanerk went of new again, Seiz'd with the pangs of his returning pain, He runs with joy to meet his lovely fair, Nor reck'dhe of his English foes fince she was, there: The fubtile flame fierce roll, d within his breaft, Hot in his pain, he thought ne'er one fo bleft, Sometimes the thought of conquest wou'd return, And fierce ambition in his bosom burn; His country's glory rife before his fight, And love's foft joys, yield to the toils of fight; At other times, love would usurp again, Fair glory's charms decay, and war fubfide again. Shall I no more hear the fierce battle's rage, No more in bloody fields my foes engage, Shall love's imperious powers thus controul My easy heart, and move my pliant foul: What plague is this? This bane of mortal's love? That me from arms and glory would remove. My honour calls, and nothing e'er shall make Me lose my honour, for my pleasure fake; To war I will, and shine in arms again, And love shall spread its filken chains in vain,

While thus the Hero spent his anxious life,
And love and honour held the doubtful strife
Alternate passions rul'd his wav'ring mind,
And now to this, and now to that inclin'd.
At last resolv'd to finish all his grief,
And give his mourning soul a sure relief:
To wed with holy love, the beauteous dame,
Give loose to his desire, and quench the facred slame.
And now the morning its fair beams display'd,
And music wakened into bless, the maid.
Conubial Hymen wav'd his torch on high,
And bad their future life, completest joy;
Now live in strictest unity of love,
And from all jarring dissonance remove.
Let wing'd with pleasure, the softest minutes slow.

And lafting bless no interruption know.

A rifing joy, now dawns within his breaft,
Of all that heaven could bestow, possest:
With pleasure now he runs his dangers o'er,
And fortune's various face, offends no more;
In her alone, he places his delight,
And joy arises from her only sight:
While with like heat, her faithful bosom warms,
For in his time he was the flower of arms:
Thus blooming love, extends his soft command,
And joyful Hymen reigns with equal hand.

While now the Hero, far from war's alarms, Enjoys all pleasure in his confort's arms: His former love of glory fires again His martial foul, and prompts him to the plain; To bear aloft again the patriot shield, And vindicate his country in the field: His burning breast, glows yet with fields unfought, And future triumphs rife upon his thought, Now leave thy mirth, and feek thy country's foes, Tho' round thy head, the gath'ring battle glows, Go leave thy love, or glorious freedom lofe. Which ne'er on earth shall be redeem'd again. Go live in war, go live in cruel pain: And then just GoD, who does this world fustain, Let not this thirst of vengeance be in vain. Let heaven with due success still crown the just, And lay the proud oppressor in the dust.

Expos'd to all the common ills of war;
Should he by adverse fate be forc'd to yield,
And to the foe give up the vanquish'd field:
A thousand sad corroding cares infest,
And fate hangs gloomy on his anxious breast.
Far from the hearse noise of thund'ring war.
He would remove the object of his care;
But sad with grief relents his bleeding heart,
And his thoughts shrink, at the dread word, to patte

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'Twas now the time, when all to rest repair, And weary wretches laid afide each care: When with fond arms, the fair Fidelia prest, Her panting Hero to her fnowy breast: With grief, she found the rising tears bedew His manly face, and heard the fighs he drew: With frequent fobs her heaving bosom rose, And catch'd the dear infection of his woes: On her pale cheeks, does livid paleness rife, And forrow speaks in filence from her eyes; Then with a groan, thus he, "Long I've supprest The struggling passion in my labouring breast; But now all fad restraints at once give way. Fierce forrow bids me speak, and I obey; Behold our native country drown'd in tears, Around, one general face of woe appears, In vain we're bleft with kind indulgent kies, And funs in vain with genial ardour rife, In vain a yellow harvest crowns the plain, And nodding boughs their golden load fustain: The peafant comfortless repining stands, And fees his harvest reap'd by other's hands. See the fierce foldier rages o'er the land, The flames wide spreading from the hostile hand: Those shining spires who lately pierc'd the sky, Now equal with the ground in ruins lie. O dire and curst effects of slavery. Yet once I nobly durst affert her right. Bold in her cause, and dauntless in each fight: But now the useless sword is laid aside. And my once faithful helm, long been untry'd. But now the tyrants pow'r we dare restrain, And liberty shall rear her head again; With fell revenge, another war prepare, (spear. Bend the long unstrung bow, and launch the rusty But various cares folicitate my breaft, Invade my heart, and rob my foul of reft;

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While to my drooping mind's prophetic eyes, A thousand griefs in fatal prospect rise: Methinks I view the cruel raging foes, End that dear life to finish all my woes. Methinks I fee that facred blood now spilt, To fill up Hefilrig's black scene of guilt: And now to fave thee from the coming blow, And shield thee from the malice of the foe: I have prepar'd, of youth, a chosen band, Ready to march where-e'er thou shalt command; Some well built tow'r, a hospitable seat, Shall prove from war's alarms a fafe retreat; There, nor the battles voice shall wound thy ear, Nor the fierce spoiler, black with guilt, appear. There may thy constant prayers bless my fword, And waft thy kindest wishes to thy lord; Till circling time bring back the happy day, When Scotland shall be free from English sway; Till her extended plains be call'd her own, And yet a Scottish king ascend a Scottish throne." He faid, and ceas'd, nor groan'd, but deep supprest, Each rising passion, in his manly breast: But fiercer grief, her tender heart affail'd, She wept, and the frail woman all at once prevail'd. "And will thou, then, the faid, and wilt thou go, Where thunders call thee, and where battles glow, And leave me here expos'd to every foe. See Hefilrig with luftful rage appears, Derides my passion, and insults my fears. With hasty steps he comes to be posses'd. Or stab his poinard in my hated breast; In vain with piteous shrieks, I fill the air And flung with forrow, my bare bosom tear, When he that should revenge me is not near. Hast thou forgotten how his ruthless sword, In my dear brother's blood has deep been gor'd. Fir'd with bright glory's charms both met the foe And funk beneath the mighty warrior's blow:

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Ar W To 'Tis true, that fighting for their country's right, They glorious dy'd nor recreant left to fight; That thought indeed shou'd flowing grief restrain, But nature bids me, and I must complain. But fay, in vain is all this flow of tears, Fantastic passion, a weak woman's fears; No. Hefilrig, red with my kindred's stain, No friends destroyed, and no brothers slain. Yet with her WALLACE, let his confort go. Join with his ills, fad partnership of woe! Or if propitious heaven shall deign to smile. With faithful love reward my Hero's toil. What tho' my tender nerves refuse to bend, The twanging yew, and the fleet dart to fend; Round thy distinguish'd tent, yet will I stay, And wait impatient for the decifive day: When freedom on thy helm shall crested stand. Nor fortune linger with her doubtful hand. But car I thou, thou wilt fay, endure alarms. Hear war's rough voice, & the hoarse sound of arms When the big drum, and sprightly pipe prepare, In dreadfull harmony to fpeak the war. Then shall thy breast with trembling heaving rife, And female forrow gather in thy eyes. But let the war's rude shock affault my ears, The woman WALLACE shall thro off her fears, On this weak breaft, shall love new force empress, Nor let that doubt repel my happiness. But whether can I go or where retreat, From following vengeance and impending fate: Even should I go, where dreary caves forlorn. Horrid with night, exclude the joyious morn: And lonely hermits never ceafe to mourn. Yet would keen Hefilrig find out the place. And in my ruin finish all my race: What tho' the bounding vessel wast me o'er. To lands remote, and some far distant shore:

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What tho' extended tracts of land and fea,
Divide the war and my dear lord from me.
The wife of WALLACE can't be long conceal'd,
But foon by babling fame shall stand reveal'd;
Then take me with thee, what-e'er chance betide,
Firm to thy cause and honest I'll abide:
Nor let me mourn alone when I am left,
Of thee, and ev'ry joy with thee bereft.

She faid, and wept, nor yet his forrows rife, But awful grief fits decent in his eyes:

" Ceafe, ceafe he cry'd, nor urge a vain relief,
Nor by thy lingring doubts increase my grief.

Now if kind heaven shall bless my enterprize,
Nor fate look on me with her envious eyes:
In flowing ease shall end our hated strife,
And joy conduct us to the verge of life.
But if just heaven should otherwise ordain,
'Tis heaven that wills it, why should we complain.

Thus while the faithful pair their grief express, And sooth'd the passions in each others breast. The beautious morn disclos'd its early ray, And the gray east shone with the future day. The Hero rose and with becoming art, Feigns a salse joy, at the same time his heart, Was sill'd with grief, which touch'd each tender part.

Then to the fields he went with forrow fraught, While thousand woesfurcharg deach rising thought With patriot groans he fills the morning air, And spreading both his hands to heaven this was

his prayer.

Hear me kindheaven, if still my feet have trod,
In virtues paths, nor devious from my God:
Since first with floods of fear and constant prayer,
My weeping parents gave me to thy care.

When round my head the guardan angels slew,
And conscious heaven approv'd my little vow;

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That if propitious fate, increas,d my span, And length ned tender childhood out to man. My country's foes should always feel my might, And my fword sparkle in another fight: Thence foon commenc'd my woes and hateful strife With war embroil'd my tender years of life. Oft has the foldier under my command, From flav'ry base, redeem'd his native land: But now opprest with foes, we droop again, And panting liberty forfakes the reign. Yet bold in virtue's cause, we nobly dare To raise the sleeping embers of the war: No impious itch of empire fires our mind, (clin'd Nor are our thoughts to those base thoughts in-But our fierce breafts glow with a holy rage. Thine are the fields we fight, and thine the war we But if alas! Some unforfeen offence, Lies latent in the book of providence: For which the trembling Scot shall shameful-fly, And leave the field to his fierce enemy; Then let me die, preventing all my foes, And close these eyes, nor see my country's woes. He ceas'd when he observ'd thro' the sky, Astrange prodigious meteor to fly; The chief beheld it kendling as it flew, And from the fight a happy omen drew: And does confenting heaven yield, he cryes. " And better hours from better omens rife. Now, now the English shall the danger fear, And trembling fly before the Scotish spear. And now a growing hope fprings in my mind. And leaves vain jealoufy and fears behind." Then blew his horn, well known in wars alarms, To call the hardy foldier to his arms. To the shrill notes heav'n answers all around, And Scotia takes new vigour from the found. Spread wide the noise, and undulates on high. And reach'd the foldiers where dispers'd they ly, inflaming ev'ry breast with love of liberty.

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Now all around the chief they lift'ning stand, Each his keen fabre threat'ning in his hand, and eagerly devour his last command. " Enough my friends, enough has Scotia born, The foes infulting and her fons forlorn. The trembling peafant, wild with dread, affright, Shrink from the war's rude shock, & ruthless fight, Refigns his riches to the oppreffor's hand, And fees another's fickle reap his land. And long we not to urge our fate again, Glows not each breast and swells not ev'ry vein? Does not our heart with love of freedom burn, And once again our excil'd fouls return: Where are those trophies by our fathers won. Triumphs related down from fon to fon. Where is that crown that first fam'd Fergus bore, And that fierce scepter stain'd in Pictish gore. Should these old rev'rend forms again arise, In mystic vision dreadful to our eyes. What fad repoaches juftly would they give,, To those who chuse in bondage thus to live : How would their cheeks blush with a kinder shame And thro' us back the hated father's name. And are we fo degenerate from our race, Such fons begotten of our fire's difgrace. That thoughts like these shan't force us yet to arm, And liberty thus want the power to warm. Let the pale coward own a pannic fear, Of unknown war and distant triumphs hear. Let this heart startle at the trumpets voice, And thrink unequal at the battle's noise. Can fouls like thefe, alas! affift us now, Or rife to dangers which they never knew; But we whose courage bids us pant for fame, And be destinguished by the patriot's name. How should our breast with facred fury glow, And rush undaunted on the guilty foe.

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The lawless rage of tyrants to restrain,
Nor let fair liberty thus court in vain.
He said. A generous ardour stood confess'd,
And a fierce patriot twin'd in ev'ry breast.
Revenge alone employs each warrior's care,
Bends ev'ry bow, and sharpens ev'ry spear.
Some scour the slying horse along the plain,
And bids his haughty neck obey the rein.
With goring rowels urge him in his speed,
And stop in sull career the bounding steed.
WALLACE beheld the auspicious sury rise,
And rage redoubled slushing in their eyes.
With joy he hears this omen of success,
And saw just heaven decree his happiness.
Nor do the English with less studious care.

Nor do the English with less studious care, Observe the growing progress of the war, And for the fierce encounter all prepare. Keen Hefilrig, arms all their glitt'ring bands. A thousand swords shine in a thousand hands. A favage fury brandishes each dart, And reeking flaughter steels each impious heart. But oh! ye Gods, shall you weak bands prevail. When hot with rage more numerous troops affail. May righteous heaven still blast the lawless might. And the just patriots vanquish in the fight; But now advancing near, they other meet, And with no friendly falutation greet. Stern vengeance, lowring, frowns on ev'ry brow, And hate arms ev'ry vifage like a foe. Behold what diff'rent passions now excite. And join two nations in the toils of fight. Here pride, ambiton, arms each guilty foe, And tyranny attends on ev'ry blow. Here patriots stand, and boldly dare restrain, The tyrant's growth and check th' oppressors reign, And the fair cause of freedom to maintain. Now all the plains with arms are cover'd o'er,

And the bent bow unloads its feathered store."

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From well ftor'd quivers, but declining light, And ruddy vesper led the starry night: WALLACE withdrew where Cartlane rocks on high, Frect their flaggy tops and threat the fky. Safe shelter'd, there the Scottish heroes stay, And wait impatent for the rifing day. Mean while, Fidelia, with fad care opprest. Had funk into the filken arms of reft: A thousand spectres dance before her sight. And add to the pale terrors of the night: Sword, flield and belms, in mix'd confusion rife, And blended horrors stare before her eyes. Even in that time when all should be at rest, When not one thought should discompose her breast, Even then the thakes at Hefilrig's fierce hate, And her foul shrinks, as precious of her fate. Now fierce with rage the cruel foe draws near. Oh! does not heaven make innocence its care! Where fled thy guardian angel in that hour. And left his charge to the fell tyrant's power? Shall his fierce fteel be red'ned with thy gore. And streaming blood disdain thy beauties o'er? But now awakened with the dreadful found,

The trembling matron threw her eyes around,
In vain, alas! were all the tears she shed,
When sierce, he waves the faulchion o'er her head.
All tyes of honour by the rogue abjur'd,
Relentless deep, he plung'd the ruthless sword:
Swift o'er her limbs, does creeping coldness rise,
And death's pale hand seal'd up her fainting eyes.

Now born upon the mournful wings of fame,
To WALLACE the unhappy tidings came,
The rifing woe fore thrill'd in every part.
And fought its painful paffage to the heart, (flow,
Graham and his mourning friends with tears o'erAnd join fociety of great grief and woe.
When WALLACE them beheld, he hush'd in peace,
And kindly bade their growing forrow cease,

"This waste of tears, alas! he cry'd, is vain, Nor can recal the fleeting shade again, Could that vain thought afford the least relief. How would I mourn; but impotent is grief: Then let those tears, to wars rough toil give way. And the fierce fword perform what words would fav. Hear me, brave Graham, companion of my arms, Whofe foul alike is fir'd with glory's charms. To thee I fwear, this fword I'll never sheath, Till I revenge my dearest, dearest's death. Heavens! what new toils of war and death remain? Rivers of floating blood and hills of flain. But, steel'd with rage, to slaughter let us fly, And for her fake there shall ten thousand die. When men thus weep, their courage grows the less, It flakes the ire of wrong they should redress, But let us hafte while yet the dusky night, (light." Extends her friendly shade, and drowns the infant He faid, The melancholy troops around,

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With pleasing anguish catch the mournful sound. A sierce revenge, bends ev'ry warrior's bow, and steely vengeance sends him to the soe:
For now the armed warrior's careful tread, And march undaunted thro' the murky shade:
No light in the high sirmament was seen, And like their vengeance low'ring was the scene;
To Lanerk swift, they shape the destin'd way, The town defenceless, all before them lay;
Opprest with sleep, the weary English ly,
Norknew, sad wretches! that their death drewnigh.

Now in two bands, they part their hostile force, And to these sleeping tyrants bend their force; Where Hesslrig, the cruel murd'rer lay, Eager on slaughter Wallace wings his way, A thousand ills the traitor's mind insest, And warring suries combat in his breast; There, slaughter, rage, rapine together roll, And guilt sits heavy on his dreadful soul.

Full on the gate a stone the Hero threw; Swift to the stroke the rocky fragment flew. Bars, bolts, and brazen hinges foon were broke, And tumbled down before the sweepy stroke. Surpriz'd he stood, and list'ning to the noise, With beating heart, he heard the warrior's voice, Anon, beheld the distant beaming lance, And trembling faw the injur'd man advance: "And thought'st thou traitor, fierce the Hero cry'd, When by thy murd'ring steel she cruel dy'd; When thy fell hand her precious blood did spill, WALLACE tho' absent, would be absent still." Furious he spoke, and rifing on the foe, Full on his head discharg'd the pond'rous blow; Down finks the head-long felon to the ground, The guilty foul flew trembling thro' the wound. Mean while, enraged, Graham, from his flamy Full on the roof directs the hostile brand. Inclos'd within, Thorn faw with dire amaze, The spreading ruin, and the rolling blaze. Confum'd in flames, he-yields his lateft breath, And finks into the fiery arms of death. But now the morning rais'd her beamy head.

Around them lay vast heaps of slaughter'd dead,
Freed Albion's ensign glitter in the wind,
And a new hope exults in ev'ry mind.
The soldier views with joy the sanguine plain,
And Scotia well redeem'd with heaps of slain.
The willing nation own him for their lord,
And joyful croud to his auspicious sword.
With grief, fierce Edward heard his mighty name,
And burns, invidious at his growing same.
He bids his haughty soldiers come from far,
Blacken the field, and calls forth all his war.
None can the dictates of his soul controul,
While his high conquests urge his rapid soul.
Swift to fair Scotia's plains he bends his way,
By sate reserv'd for Biggar's glorious day.

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C H A P. II.

The Battle of Biggar.

Tow Biggar's plains with arm'd menare crown'd And shinning lances glitter all arround, The founding horn, and clarions all conspire, To raife the foldier's breaft, and kindle up his fire. The Hero tir'd of Lanerk's luckless land, Swift now to Biggar, leads his conquering band: Each heaving breast with thrist of vengeance glows And in their tow'ring hopes already flay their foes. The careful warrior on a rifing ground, Encamped, and faw the dreadful foes around, Streach'd out in wide array along the plain, And his heart biggens with the glorious scene. But now the morning in fair beams array'd, Rose on the dark and chas'd the nightly shade. Each eager foldier seiz'd his ready shield, Draws the fierce blade and strides along the field : In blackning wings extend from left to right, Condense in war and gather to the fight, Thick beats each heart, waiting the least command And death stands lingering in the lifted hand. WALLACE then threw around his skilful eyes, And faw with joy their eager passions rife, "To day my friends, to day let's boldly dare, Each doubtful hazard of the uncertain war; Let our fierce swords be deeply drench'd in gore, And then our toils and labours shall be o'er. See round our heads the guardian angels stands. And guide the javlin in each eager hand. To Edward shall they bear the flying dart,

And with the pointed javlin pierce his heart;

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Let glorious liberty each foul inspire,

Raise ev'ry heart, and rouze the wariors fire."

He said.

And kindling into fury rose each breast, With love of virtue all at once possest. Eager they thicken on the mountain's brow, And hang impendent on the plain below. The foe furprized, look up and fee from far, The progress of the swift descending war. They run they fly, in ranks together close, And in a steely circle meet their coming foes; But now the Scotish heroes bend their way, Where in his tent the royal monarch lay, There rose the battle, there the warior's tend, And thousand deaths on thousand wings ascend; Swords shields and spears in mix'd confusion glow The fields is fweept and leffens at each blow, WALLACE's helm diftinguish, from afar, Tempests the field and floats amidst the war, Imperious death attends upon his fword, And certain conquest waits her destin'd lord: Fierce in another quarter Kent employs, The wrathful spear, nor fewer foes destroys, Where-efer he conquering turns, recedes the foe, And thickn'd troops fly open to his blow. His boundeing courfer thundering o'er the plain, Bears his fierce rapid lord o'er hills of flain; Scarce can the weak retreating Scots withstand. The mighty fweep of the invader's hand. WALLACE beheld his fainting fquadron yield, And various flaughter spread along the field, Furious he haftes, and heaves his orbed fhield: Refolv'd in arms to meet his enemy, Bofore his spear they rush, they run and fly. And now in equal battle meet the foes. Long lasts the combat and resound their blows. Their dreadful faulchion brandishing on high. In wavy circles heighten to the sky.

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W Re With furious ire they run the field around, And keen on death explore each fecret wound. They heave, they pant, they beat in ev'ry vein. While death fits idle on the crimfon plain. Long in suspense the uncertain battle hung. And fortune, fickle goddess, doubted long, On whom the should the laurel wreath bestow. Whom raife as conqueror, whom depress his foe: At last the hero tyr'd with forc'd delay, At his full stretch rose, and with mighty sway, Bore from the foe his shield's defence away. Now high in air the shiny fword he rear'd, Ponderous with fate the shiny fword appear'd: Descending full, it stopt his stiffled breath. Gidey he turns around and reels in death. The stringy nerves around are wrapt in gore. And rushing blood distain'd his armour o'er. Now all is death and wounds, the crimfon plain. Floats round in blood, and groans beneath its flain Promiscuous crouds one common ruin share, And death alone employs the wasteful war. They trembling fly, by conqu'ring Scots oppreft, And the broad ranks of battle ly defac'd. A false usurper finks in ev'ry foe And liberty returns with every blow; Before their prince, the mangled subjects die. The flaughter fwells, and groans afcend the fky: The king beheld with fad aftonish'd eyes, The havock of the various battle rife: Unable to fustain, fain would he stay, And yet again retrieve the vanquish'd day. At last, behind his back he threw his shield, Spurs on his rapid steed, forfakes the field. The Scots pursue, and follow fast behind, The ratling noise swells dreadful in the wind. With grief, Long-Castle faw the foul retreat, Restrain their slight, and durst prolong their fates

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Whence does our hearts this coward terror know, Defeat near stain'd our conquering arms till now; Stay recreant, flay, nor thus ignoble fly, But bravely conquer, or yet bravely die.' Scarce had he spoke when quivering all with fear 'Scap'd from the foe, two fugie-friends appear: Stop, stop, they cry'd, your hasty flight restrain, And with fwift vengeance meet your foes again: Opprest with wine the Scotish Heroes ly. And feel the fost effects of luxury: With eafe we may return again, and spread, The crimfon plain around with heaps of dead." Long-Caftle took the word and led them on, Resolv'd to fight, with ardent haste they run. The Scotish watch-men from a far descry'd, The rallying foe, and fwift to Wallace cry'd: He feiz'd his horn, and gave the fignal found, The fummon'd foldiers gather fast aroud; A fiercer fury kindles in their eyes, And once again their madding passions rise: So Triton when at Neptune's high command, He neaves the swelly surge above the land. When with full breath he bids the tempest roar, And dash its founding billows to the shore: His angry waves the wrinkled fea deform, They rife they roar and blacken to a storm, A marsh now does either host divide. Eager they view, and frown from either fide, But the fierce duke, unable to restrain, This rifing passion, gave it the full rein. And first encouraging his troops around, (ground, He spurs his thundering steed & dares the faithless All plunge at once, refound the affulting skies, And thousands fink doom'd ne'er again to rise : The thundering courfers roar, and neigh aloud, And then with foamy rage o'erlay the croud. While those who struggling with the miry tide, And with strong sinews gain the further side;

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Tho' landed only meet a change of death,
By the fierce Scots depriv'd of fleeting breath.
But now Long-Castle gain'd the dryer land,
And plunging stood upon the shoaly strand:
Graham soon perceived & hast'ning rais'd a blow,
And with his sword received the rising soe,
Back sinks the soundering courser down again,
O'erlays his lord, he tumbles 'midst the slain.
Thus Edward the important day has lost,
And to his kingdom leads his remnant host;
While the glad nation smiles in liberty,
And send their humble thanks to heaven with joy.

Now where the Cree rolls down its rapid tide, And fees the herds adorn his wealthy fide, A towering rock up rears its bending brow, And throws its frowning terror down below, Deep in the earth is fix'd its ample bed, And murky night involves its airy head. Their alder and tough oak conspire with art, To raise on high the rock, a steepy fort; Where a great gate its brazen arms oppos'd, And from the victor's rage, defends the inclos'd. Safe in their planky tower, they shelter'd ly, And from the oaky wall the Scotish power defy: WALLACE beheld and eager to obtain, The airy fort, he fwell'd in ev'ry vein. And when the night o'erfpread the filent ground, And on black wings dark vapours fweem around. Eager he bids the weary foldiers rife. And with flow heavings labour up the fkies. Himself and Kierly led the airy fight, Strain up the steep and toil with all their might. The centinel lay fleeping at the gate, Doom'd ne'er to wake, and confcious of his fate. Deep in his breaft was plung'd a shining sword, The ruthless freel his bleeding bolom gord; Then entering in, they flay each foe they meet, The trembling wretches groun'd beneath their feets

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They all give way and thundering down the steep Shout in the waves, resounds the parted deep. But O how quickly alter'd is the case! The English now, must humbly sue for peace, Worn with defeats their stubborn passions yield, Nor dare appear within the bloody field. The hoary fenators, whose early care, Wou'd ftay the fatal progress of the war. In fuppliant words the Scotish hero greet, And lay their laurels low beneath his feet. At Ruglen church it was where they did meet, The hero to the terms of peace agreed. And with an oath the truth is ratify'd: That either nation shall from battle cease. And death shall hang his weary wings in peace. But soon these vows shall all dissolve in air. And the returning year bring back the war: The thundering battle fpread along the plain, And the brave hero shine in arms again.

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BOOK VII.

C H A P. L

How WALLACE burnt the Barns of Air, put Bishop Beik out of Glasgow, and killed Lord Piercy.

But mark what treachery it does produce:
The English faith, the great seal they append
In February; yet March doth scarcely end,
When they of new, contrive a hellish plot,
Do break their faith, and murder many a Scot.

The English king takes journey in April, And holds a mighty council in Carlifle. To which the English captains hastned fast, And privy were to every thing that past. None other to be present thought he good, But fuch as were of true born English blood. Except Sir Aymer Vallance, as I'm told, Who to the Scots a traitor was of old. The South'rons here confult him, how and where They might cut off the barons bold of Air. Who, when he had, in Pluto's myst'ry div'd, Gave fuch advice as hell and he contriv'd. "Four barns he faid built by the king's command At the head burgh of that old county stand. Where at one time none but a fingle man, May enter in or fee another can. That is faid he pox on his bloody face, Ithink the only and the proper place: To call the barons to a justice air, And then dispatch them at your pleasure there." To which they all with spite and malice fill'd. Consent and vote them basely to be kill'd. Except Lord Piercy, who, the curs'd defign, And villany, pretended to decline. "The Scots faid he have keeped faith fo long With me, I'll not be witness to such wrong, But at the time appointed will withdraw. To Glasgow town, from such a bloody law. Fy on thee, Piercy that was so unkind, Not to reveal the barbarous defign. Where were thy bowels of compassion then? That might have fav'd four or five thousand men: Of Scots and English that no harm did fear. As by the tragic story shall appear." A cruel justice then they chus'd and fierce. Whose bloody acts a heart of stone would pierce: Lord Arnulf, whom Beelzebub scarce could match He undertook the barons to dispatch.

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Another aire in Glasgow order'd thev. For Clydsdale men upon the felf same day. I hus they like devils lit in human shape, And charge that WALLACE by no means escape. For well they knew, if he were overthrowh, They might possess all Scotland as their own. Thus they conclude, to other give the hand, And fet their feals to this black hellish band. To Air the justice speedily comes down, And Piercy marches off for Glasgow town. The justice air, on June the eighteen day Was fet, proclaim'd, no baron was away. The Scots they wonder'd, in a peaceful land, Why English-men should rule with such high hand Sir Rannald did appoint before this aire, At Monkton kirk his friends to mee him there. WALLACE was prefent among fith of egentlemen. He warden was of Scotland chosen then. Good Sir John, who furnamed was blair. Discharg'd his friends from going to that aire: And did suspect since Piercy left the land, He was no friend to Scots did then command. WALLACE from them, went to the church with There faid a Pater Nofter, and a creed. (fpeed. He lean'd him down upon a place hard by, Then in a deep fleep fell immediately. Into that flumber WALLAGE thought he law, A Stalwart man that towards him did draw. Who hastily did catch him by the hand, " I am (he faid,) fent to thee by command," A fword he gave him of the finest steel. "This fword faid he fon may thou manage well." A topas fine the plumet he did guels, The hilt and all did glitter o'er like glass. " Dear fon he faid we tarry here too long. Shortly thou must revenge thy country's wrongs. Then led he him unto a mountain high, Where he at once might all the world fee.

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Where left he WALLACE, contrair his defire, To whom appear'd a very dreadful fire. Which fierely burnt and wasted thro' the land, Scotland all o'er from Rofs to Sulway fand. Quickly to him defcended their a queen, A shinning bright, and with majestic mein. Her countenance did dazle fo his fight, It quite extinguish'd all the fire light. Of red and green, gave him with modest grace. A wand, and with a faphire crofs'd his face. "Welcome, the faid, I chose thee for my love, Thou granted art by the great God above, To help and aid poor people that get wrong, But with the now I must not tarry long. To thine own hoft thou fhalt return again, Thy dearest kin in torment are and pain. This kingdom thou redeem it furely shall. Tho thy reward on earth shall be but small. Go on and prosper fure thou shalt not mis. For thy reward the heaven's eternal blefs. With her right hand the reached him a book. Then haftily her leave of him the took. Unto the clouds afcended out of fight. WALLACE the book embrac'd with all his might. This book was writ in three parts and no lefs. The first big letters were and all of brass. The fecond gold, filver the third most fine. At which he greatly wond'red in his mind. To read the book he made great hafte, but as He did awake, behold a dream it was. Quickly he rose and there a man he found. Who did his dream and vision all expound. The Stalwart man who gave the that fine fword. Was Fergus king of Scots upon my word. The mountain does prognosticate no less, Than knowledge how our wrongs thou must redress The fire halty tidings doth perfage, The like of which was not heard in our age.

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The bright and shining queen whom thou dift see Was fortune which portends great good to thee. The pretty wand which she unto the fent, Betokens pow'r, command, and chastisement. The colour red, if I rightly understand, Means bloody battle shortly in our land. The green, great courage to thee does portend, And trouble great before the war shall end. The faphire stone she blessed thee withal, Is happy chance, pray God it thee befal. The threefold book is this poor broken land. Thou must redeem by thy most valiant hand. The great big letters which thou faw of brafs. Prognostic wars that shall this land oppress. Yet every thing to its true right again, Thou shalt restore but thou must suffer pain. The gold betokens honour worthiness. Victorious arms, manhood, and nobleness. The filver shows clean life and heavenly blifs: Which thou for thy reward shall never-miss. Then do not fear nor in the least despair. He shall protect thee, who of all takes care. He thanked him, then committing all to God. Home unto Crofby with his uncle rode. Both blyth and glad all night they loged there, And on the morn made ready all for Air. WALLACE he asked Sir Rannald at Kincafe, Where was the English charter of the peace: At Crofby, faid Sir Rannald in the cheft. Go feek it their thou'll find it if thou lift. None but thyfelf where it does lye doth know. Then by good luck he back again did go. Sir Rannald he rode on, and rested not Then came to Air, knew nothing of the plot. Into the town he did not tarre long, Went to the bloody barns, dreading no wrong, A bauk was knit with cruel rops and keen, O | fuch a flaughter-house was never seen.

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Strong men to keep the entry they prepare, And none but one at once, most enter there. Sir Rannald first, that ancient knight comes in : And then the bloody murder does begin. A running cord they flipped o'er his head. Then to the baulk they haled him up dead. Sir Bryce the Blair, after Sir Rannald past. The cruel dogs to death him haftened fast No fooner enters, but he's in the fnare: And on the bloody baulk, was hanged there. A gallant knight, Sir Neil Montgomery. Was hanged next, which pity was to fee. Great numbers more of landed men about. Went in, but none alive at all came out The Wallaces and Crawfords, stout like steel. Great cruelty from barbarous South'ron feel. The Kennedys of Carrick flew they also. And the kind Campbells that were never falle. Nor did rebel against the righteous crown, (down. For which the South'ron hang'd and hew'd them The Barclays Boyds and Stewarts of good kin, No Scot escap'd, that time, that enter'd in. Unto the baulk they hang'd up many a pair. Then in some ugly by-nook cast them there. Since the first time that men did war invent. To so unjust a death, none ever went. Thus to the gods of their most cruel wrath. They facrific'd the Scots, and broke their faith. Such wickedness each Christian's foul most own Was ne, er before in all the world known. Thus eighteen score to death they put outright. Of barrons bold; and many a gallant knight. Then last of all with great contempt and fcorn, Cast out the corps naked as they were born. Good Robert Boyd with twenty gallant men, Of WALLACE's house, went to the tavern then. Brave stout and bold, the choice of all the land. He them in WALLACE's absence did commands

The ADVENTURES OF 120 Kierly who did the Sonth fron often mall. Cleland and Boyd were all upon a call: And Stephen of Ireland, who upon the fireet With a good woman and a true did meet. He asked at her what news there was in Air? " Nothing faid the, but forrow dole, and care." All frighted like, the look'd him in the face: Then afk'd for WALLACE in a litle space. Who told, his uncle, the good ancient knight, Had fent him home but would be back on fight. " Pray charge his men faid the to leave this place I'll WALLACE watch as he comes from Kincale. And him acquaint with every thing that's past, The fad barbarities from first to last. Now quickly together call your force, Get all together and quickly mount your horse, He with the woman would no longer stay, But to his comrades posted fast away. Told the fad news; who without speaking more March all to Laglan-wood, with hearts full fore. Now with the charter, Wallace haftes to Air, But little knew the massacre was there. Then loudly on him the good woman calls, " Nothing but breach of faith within those walls Our barrons bold thro' horrid treachery, Are kill'd and hang'd like beafts upon a tree. Most basely murdered as they went in. Then Wallace wept for loss of his good kin. Unto the woman up he gallops fast, To understand the truth of all was past. "Is my dear uncle dead, or how befel The case, good woman pray make haste and tell. " Out of you barns, with great contempt & fcon I faw him cast naked as he was born. His cold pale lips with grieved heart and fore, I kiss'd, then spread a cloath his body ofer. His fifter's fon, thou worthy art and wight, Bevenge his death, I pray with all thy might

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Istall affift, as I'm a woman true." Then he enquir'd at her if she knew Good Robert Boyd, and if the faw him theres Or William Crawford; if he living were: Or Adam Wallace, a good friend indeed: Both true and trufty in the time of need. "Call them to me, with little noise and din ; Then cunningly fly out the justice inn. See what discoveries thou of them can make, And then I'll fee the next best course to take." This in great hafte he fpoke, and faid no more, Then wheel'd about with grieved heart and fore To Laglan woods, then pleafant, fweet and green, Which off his refuge had, and fafety been: Therefore his friends did mourn' with grief and woe Till his proud breast was like to burst in two. Lord Armulph, quickly after him does fend, Fifteen hand-wail'd well mounted English men: A macer also, to bring him back to law; Who, furinofly, towards good WALLACE draw: With fword in hand, among them foon he went, And paid them foundly to their heart's content. One thro' the middle there he cut in two, Unto the fecond gave a deadly blow: The third he struck, down thro' the body clave, The fourth, unto the ground he quickly drave: The fifth, he fmote in fuch great wrath and ire, He on the spot did prefently expire. Three men he had that killed other five, With much ado, the rest escap'd alive, fled to their lord, told all the passage o'er, low ten of fifteen men, were kill'd by four: And had it not been for their horse, that they, The other five, had gone the felf same way. A right Scot's stroke, none of us sooner got, Than, without mercy, we lay on the spot. offerce they fought it, and fo furioufly, At every Aroke they made a man to die.

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Then thought they all, it must be Wallace wight. To whom, reply'd an ancient English knight: And faid, if Wallace hath escap,d this aire, All that is done, is adding grief to care. Then spoke the justice, when this rumour rose, "What would ye do if there were many foes? That for one man, so frighted seem to be, And are not fure as yet if it be he. And tho it were, I count the matter light: Each gentleman who stays here shall be knight. And fo foon as the morrow comes, I'll then Deal the Scots lands to true born English men." Thus fpoke that cruel, indefiderate beaft, But was mistaken, faith, for all his haste: Which minds me of a faying, fage, and wife: Whom counts before the roft, he counteth twice." The South'ron to their quarters now repair, Four thousand strong, that night did lodge in Air. And in the bloody barns, without the town, Where the proud justice caus'd proclaim around; The walls and garrison, on every side, That no Scotsman within them should abide. By Providence that night it happen'd fo, The justice to the castle would not go: Lodg'd in the barns, knew not of Wallace's plot, Who long ere morn, gave him a wakining hot, At supper, they eat a prodigious deal, Then plenty drank, of wine and English ale. No watch they fet, having no fear or doubt: Of harm from Scots, who lodged all without. The great fatigue and toil, that bloody day The rogues had got, and too much wine which they Drank off in bumpers, lull'd them so asleep: They quite forgot that night a guard to keep: Thus all fecure, they fnorting lay like fyrne, Their chiftain was great Bacchus god of wine. So foon's the woman faw them lying fo, Some men the warned, and made to Laglan go.

Foremost the went, her faithfulness was fuch. At which, good Wallace was comforted much. He thanked God when as he faw them there, (Air." "What news good woman hast thou brought from "Yon bloody hounds (faid she) are all so drunk With wine, they're now all in a deep fleep funk; When I them left, could not fo much as fee, One fingle Scotfman in their company." "If that be true, it's time to steer my stumps, And fet a fire to their English rumps." To him refort three hundred chosen men. Willing and ready, their best blood to spend. Out of the town their came good ale and bread. And each thing elfe whereof they stood in need: They ate and drank, and welcome were, for nought. The gentry then, Jop unto WALLACE brought, " Alas! faid Wallace, my dear friends you fee, Our kin are flain and murd'red barb'roufly; Therefore, I pray, for our poor country's fake. Let's now advise what course is best to take. Your Warden, tho' I chosen was to be. Yet in the place fince I fo many fee: Of as good blood, and ancient, Scot's descent. And ev'ry way on honour as much bent. Foreward and brave, in all good likelihood, As ever I; then let us here conclude, To choose us five of this good company, And then cast lots who shall our captain be." WALLACE and Boyd, and Crawford of renown, And Adam then the Lord of Richardtoun, And Auchinleck, in war a skilful man; To cast the lots about these five began. On Wallace still, unto their great furprize, The lot did fall, tho' it was casten thrice. Then WALLACE rose, and out his sword he drew. And folemnly did to his Saviour vow, And to the virgin Mary, that e'er long, He shou'd aveng'd be on the South'ron.

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" I do protest, he said, to all that's here, For my brave uncle's death, they shall pay dear. And many more of our good worthy kin, Who's blood they shed and did not mind the fin. For which I'll play them such an after game, Shall make them all pass throf the fiery flame, Before I either eat, or drink, or fleep; This folemn vow, most facredly I'll keep." Then all most humbly, and with one accord, Receiv'd him as their Chiftain, and their Lord, Fine chalk the woman quickly does procure, Wherewith she chalked every English door; And all the gates which led unto the streets. Where South rous fleeped fecurely in their sheets, Then twenty men he caused widdies thraw, No fooner spoke, than's word it was a law. With which the doors they inftantly make faft, To hasp and staple with a sicker cast. Boyd to the castle past, the safest way, With fifty men, and there in ambush lay. That in revenge of his poor flaughter'd kin. None might escape of all that were within. The rest with Wallace, all the barns surround, And noble fervice from the woman found. Who flax and fire, brought unto their mind, And all combustibles that she could find. WALLACE commanded all his men about. On pain of death no South'ron should break out, Nor rescu'd be, tho' he were of their kin, From the red fire, or they should burn therein. The conflagration shin'd so clear and bright. " Is not, faid Wallace, this a pleafant fight. Cur former wrongs this will in part redrefs, When these are gone their pow'r will be the less." Then Wallace call'd with majefty and awe, Brave Justice, Sir, come execute your law, 'Gainst us that live, and are escap'd your aire, Deal not our lands, for, faith that were not fair.

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Thy cruel bloodshed now confess and mourn, And take thy choice whether thou Il hang or burn. With that the fiery flames ascend aloft, To leeping folks fuch wakning was not foft. The fight without was terrible to fee, Then guess what cruel pain within might be. Which to the bloody monsters there befel, Next to the torments I may fay of hell. The buildings great were all burnt down that night None there escaped squire lord nor knight. When great huge roof-trees fell down them among Ofuch a fad and melancholy fong. Some maked burnt to ashes all away, Some never rofe but smother'd where they lay. Others atempting to get to the air, With fire & smoke were burnt & chocked there, Their nauseous smell none present could abide, A just reward for murder will not hide. With forrow thus and many a grievous groan, They languish'd till their finful days were gone. Some fought the door endeavouring out to get, But Scotimen them fo wifely did befet, Out of the burning flames whoever got, Immediately was cut down on the fpot. Or driven back with fury in the fire, Such wages got these hangmen for their hire. A friar, Drumlaw, who prior was of Air, Sevenscore that night upon himlodged were. Of South'ron lowns for he an inn did keep. But watch'd them well till they fell all affeep. The smoke and flame no sooner their arose, Then he contriv'd revenge upon his foes. Unto his brethren feven the fecret told. All stately fellows sturdy brisk and bold. Who foon the English armour do command, And a choice fword each one takes in his hand. In harness thus they do themselves infold. And then the friar leads on the brothers bold.

These eight brave friars to fundry places go, With fword in hand to every house went two. Wherein the bloody drunken South'rons were, And them dispatch'd as they lay sleeping there, Some did awake into that doleful cafe, Who naked fled and got out of the place. Some water fought confusedly thro' their sleep, Then drown'd in the Friar's well both large & deep Thus flain & drown'd were all that lodged there, Men call it fince the friar's bleffing of Air. Few in the castle that were men of note, Remain'd alive but burnt were on the spot Some when the furious fiery flames were out, In haste came forth, not having the least doubt, Of harm from Scots by either lass or lad, But far less from good Boyd, his ambuscade: Who like a foldier prudent wife and doufe, Let them alone then streight march'd to the house, And won the port enter'd with all his men, Where only left were keepers nine or ten. The foremest foon he seized in his hand, Made quite of him, then flew the rest he fand. Arnulph who did refuse his lodging there, Was burnt to ashes in the barns of Air. Provisions in the castle there was none, Not long before, from it was Piercy gone. Boyd, there made twenty of his men to stand. Then went and waited Wallace's command. Who kept the town, till nothing left was there, But raging fire, and brave buildings bare. Of English men, in spite of all their might, By fword and fire, five thousand died that night. When Wallace men together all were met. "Good friends, he faid, you know an aire was fet That Clidsdale men to Glasgow shou'd repair, To Bishop Beik, and the Lord Piercy there. We'll thither haste, therefore, tho' we be few, Of our good kin, some killed are e'er now.

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The burgeffes he caus'd unto him call, And gave command in gen'ral to them all. Safely to watch and guard the house of Air, With utmost caution diligence and care. To which they all consented and did fay, With chearful heart they'd his command obey. WALLACE's men refresh'd themselves and so, For Glasgow town prepar'd in haste to go. Choice of good English horses to their mind, They took along and left the bad behind. In hafte away rides that brave cavalry, Three hundred strong was that brave company; To Glafgow town march these good men and true, And pass the bridge before the South'ron knew. Lord Piercy foon with diligence and care, His men conveen'd all in good order there. Who do conclude that it must WALLACE be, Prepare for fight either to do or die. Then Bishop Biek and Piercy upon fight, Led on a thousand men in armour bright. WALLACE views their force then back does ride. And in two fquadrons did his horfe divide. Harnish'd his men who were in number few. Then call'd on Auchinleck both stout and true. "Uncle he said e're we these men assail. Whither will ye bear up the Bishop's tail. Or with the foremost will you gallop on, Kneel down and take the prelate's bennison." Quoth Auchinleck, "I'll not ambitious be, Yourself may take his bleffing first for me. That is the post of honour and your right, shall bear up his tail with all my might." Since we must part you'll be much in the wrong Good WALLACE said if you stay from us long, Your men will not regard their number vast, for God's fake then march on your squadron fast. Our parting I would not the South ron faw, March ye behind in thro' the north east raw.

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Good men of war are in Northumerland." Thus parted, and took other by the hand. Quoth Auchinleck, "We'll do the best we may Twill not be right if we flay long away. There's be a reel among us speedily, But to the right almighty God have eye. Then Adam Wallace and good Auchinleck, With sevenscore men of note and good respect; Brave cliver boys frout able hail and found, March brickly up the backfide of the town: Till they were fairly out of South'rons fight, The other fquadron dress with all their might. WALLACE and Boyd up thro' the plain street go. The English wondr'ed when they saw no moe. An enfign was with Beik and Plercy there, Who baldly call'd and challeng'd what they were. A fierce encounter then and sharp between, The Scots and English as was ever seen, Quickly enfues, with fueh a dreadful dint, Till from their fwords the fire flew like flint The hardy Scots most manfully they fought, And to the ground heaps of the South'rons brought Pierced their plates with pointed fwords of fteel, At ev'ry blow they made them their to kneel. The stoor like smoke arose among them fast, Dark'ned the fun and to the clouds it past. Honour to gain each Scotiman did his best, Tho' with great numbers they were fadly prest. Yet gallantly they fought and pushed on, With fword in hand, and charg'd the South ron. Lord Piercy's men, expert in war I wot. Most fierely fought and flinch'd ne'er a foot. Then Adam Wallace and good Auchinlecks Their duty next in truth do not neglect. But like true foldiers do obey command: And boldly enter all with fword in hand Amidft.the contest hot and fierce dispute, At which some South rons bravely fac'd about.

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Who stoutly charg'd the Scots, and very fast, But were oblig'd to yield their ground at last. This fresh relief so eager sought and keen, And made fuch flaps as never yet was feen. 'Mongst English men, that to their very will, The Scots got room to fight and flay their fill. Then WALLACE' mids that cruel bloody throng. With his good fword, that heavy was and long, At the Lord piercy, fuch a stroke he drew, Till bone and brain in different places flew. Whom, when his men perceiv'd that he was dead. With Bishop Beik all marched off with speed. By the friar church, out thro' a wood they throng, But in that forrest durst not tarry long. Thus in a hurry, all to Bothwell fcour, The Scottish swords were sharp for to endure. So cruel was the skirmish and so hot, The English left seven hundred on the spot. WALLACE he follow'd with flout men and tight Altho' fore-foughten marched all that night, Many he flew into the chase that day, But yet with Beik three hundred got away. The traitor Vallance he escap'd also, To all true Scotimen still a mortal foe. Five thousand South' fons WALLACE burnt at Air At Glasgow town seven hundred killed there. The Soth'rons chas'd to Bothwel that strong place Then did return within a little space. Thus with fatigue and want of fleep opprest, Rode to Dundaff and there took him some rest, Told good Sir John of all befel in Air, Who did regrate he was not with him there. WALLACE he sojourn'd in Dundaff at will, Five fummer days with pleasure there until; He tidings got from good men all forlorn, Buchan was up, Athol, Monteith and Lorn; That on Argyle a furious war they make, All for king Edward's cruel bloody fake.

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Campbell the knight that witty was and fmart, Staid in Argyle in spite of Edward's heart. And keeping still his heritage Lochow, In spite of the M'Fadzean's sword and bow. Who cause he had unto King Edward sworn, Gave him Argyle and all the lands of Lorn. False John of Lorn to that gift did accord, Because in England he was made a lord. Duncan of Lorn he stood up for the land, Who when o'ercome by the M'Fadzean. Did join himself to Campbell that brave knight, In war he was both worthy wife and wight. M'Fadzean now with diligence and care, His five new lordships bout him 'femble there. That tyrant to the land no fooner comes, Than he packs up an army of vile fcums. Full fifteen thousand curfed rogues indeed, Of omne-gat-hums after him does lead. Many of whom he had from Ireland got, Man wife nor child, these monsters spared not. Wasted the land where e'er they came at will, Nothing they knew but burn destroy and kill. Into Lochow they enter fpeedily, Which when the good knight Campbell did espy, In Craighmuir three hundred men he puts, And holds that strength in spite of all their guts. Then broke the bridge that o'er they might not pale But thro' a foord that deep and narow was. Securely there and fafe made his abode, Aufe did defend him that was deep and broad. M'Fadzean was on the other fide, And there per force obliged was to bide. Till twixt a rock and a great water-lide, Where none but four in front could either march of M'Fadzean has a little passage found, Where he o'er what he thought all was his own Where plenty he of cattle for no coft, Might get to maintain his favage hoft.

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Duncan of Lorn, unto his travels got, In quest of WALLACE to prevent the plot: For speedy succours to the knight's relief. Against M'Fadzean, that false traitor thief. Gilmichael then, a footman clean and tight, With Duncan went, to guide his way aright. Thus cliverly away the couple trudg'd,, (lodg'd. Till they came streight where the wight Wallace There, they tho' weary, all fatigu'd and faint, Against M'Fadzean table their complaint. When Earl Malcolm, he the tidings knew, To Wallace hastes, with his men stout and true, Sir John the Graham, there does him also meet, M'Fadzean wars fo griev'd his noble fp'rit. Richard of Lundie, came the felf fame day, Who all with WALLAGE boldly march away.

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C H A P. II.

How WALLACE flew M'Fadzean.

Hen Wallace march'd to view M'Fadzean,'s host.

Of savages and knaves, made up almost. By Stirling castle held to the south hand, Which that great rogue old Ruickby did command. To Earl Malcolm, WALLACE looking back, What would you think this fortress to attack. And it reduce by some new stratagem. All good, said he, so said Sir John the Graham. WALLACE his men then he divided so, That his true strength the English should not know The Earl lay in ambush, out of sight, Wallace with him, took good Sir John the knir.

A hundred brave bold Scots do him attend, Who never turn'd their back on English men, Thro Stirling town streight to the bridge rode they In noble order and in good array. Whom when old Ruickby narrowly did view, Caus'd sevenscore archers presently pursue. And them engage, but Wallace void of fear, Into his hand holding a noble spear. He fiercly towards those proud archers drew, And on the fpot the first that met him slew, Sir John the Graham none could him there with-Who also had a good spear in his hand. - (Stand The first he met to present death was sent, His spear in pieces on the second went. His gallant fwordthen drew he out with speed, A noble friend to him in time of need. Fresh English archers round about him drew, And with their arrows his brave horse they slew. When Wallace faw that good Sir John was put, To fuch diffress and that he fought on foot. He with some others from their horse alight, And quickly put the South rons all to flight. Who to the castle back thought to repair. But Earl Malcolm baulk'd their fancy there. Betwixt them and the castle gate he got, Where he kill'd many English men of note. Into the throng Wallace with Ruickby met, Of the old rogue there fuch a stroke did get; As made his head upon the field to dance, But his two sons by accident and chance. Into the castle whence they came before, With thirty men escaped and no more. The Lennox men both flour and bold alfo, There from the castle would not stir nor go, But carefully belieg'd it round about, As knowing well it could not long fland out. fiege goes on unto the Earls mind, Vallace he purfues his first defign.

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To fight M'Fadzen, that most bloody rogue, Who for his villany did bear the vogue. Against him Wallace vow'd and swore revenge, From which his mind ne'er alter fhou'd nor change. That till he had the honour to put down, That wicked tyrant he should ne'er sleep found. At Stirling bridge, affembled to him then, Two thousand brave and valiant Scotsmen. Who to Argyle in noble order ride: Duncan of Lorn, he was their trufty guide. By this time, Ruickby's fons did fancy that It was time for them to capitulate. And with the Earl Malcolm for to treat, Who were both destitute of men and meat. That on condition he their lives would fpare, And mercy grant to all the rest were there: And give them fafe guard to their native land. They would refign both caftle and command. The articles were fign'd that very day, Then bag and baggage, they march all away. Now Wallace he is gone, with all his force, Against the rogue M'Fadzean foot and horse. Duncan of Lorn, Gilmichael, as a fpy, Has fent, who knew the country perfectly. Scarce by Strathfillan was the army gone, Till horse and foot were like to faint each one. Brave lads faid Wallace, it's not time for us. In broken ranks to meet the en'my thus. The feebler fort let them still following be. The rest shall march into divisions three. Five hundred first unto himself he told, Of Westland men, all sturdy stout and bold. Five hundred next, Sir John the Graham he got, Lundie five hundred more, all men of note. 'Mongst whom was Wallace stout of Richardtoun. Who at a pinch a flurdy friend was found, Five hundred of the weak was left behind, The' crofs unto, and fore against their mind.

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Thus WALLACE host began to take the height, Then o'er a mountain march'd out of fight, Into Glendocher, they met with their fpy, And good Lord Campbell who couragiously, Led now three hundred valiant chosen men, A merry meeting was betwixt them then. " Chear up, he said, and never dread your foes. Yon filly beafts, have neither arms nor cloaths, Soon shall they fly, and shortly we pursue," Then to Lochdocher speedily they drew. Where Wallace said, "one fate to all shall be, Since here is none will from his fellow flee," Upon the moss, an out spy does appear, To see if roads and passes all be clear. M'Fadzean for that purpose had him sent, Who shortly after thought his time ill spent. Gilmichael at the rogue nimbly did make, With a good fword and did him overtake: Thro' fear the fellow there, beshit his trews, And ne'er return'd to tell his master news. The cavalry are forced now to light, And quit their horses, tho' both fresh and tight. The moss and craigs them to their shifts did put. " Let's fee quoth WALLACE who walks best on foot."

Out thro the moor his men does bravely lead, Into a strength, which service did indeed. Enlong the shoar, three in the front they past, Till all the men march'd safely up at last, "Yon folk, Lord Campbell said, I'll pawn my neck, Shall get a meeting they do not expect. I see no way they have from us to sly, But waters deep, and craigy mountains high. Then eighteen hundred valiant scots indeed, Attack M'Fadzean's numerous host with speed. Upon their front great havock soon did make, The frighted soes surpriz'd with terror shake.

Yet boldly ralzie, and together rush, Till Wallace does them with fuch fierceness push, That furiously, with dreadful strokes and fore, He drove them back five acres breadth and more: In modest speaking; with good swords of steel, He made them dance a fore and bloody reel. Whom e'er he hit no longer there could stand, Made room about him a large rood of land, Sir John the Graham, did show his warlike art; Lord Campbell alfo, and Lundie plaid their part. Stout Adam Wallace, and good Robert Boyd. Where-e'er they came, cut down, and all deftroy'd-The conflict grew fo very fharp and hot, And the M'Fadzean, fought fo on the fpot: With Irish men that hardy were and stout, The victory for fome time stood in doubt. The bloody streams from front to rear did run, And many a man lay gasping on the groud. For two long hours, they fought it hand to fift, Until the very stoutest gladly wish'd For some respite, their wearied arms to rest, As yet none knew which of them had the best. So fiercely fought M'Fadzean's cruel curs; But WALLACE men together stuck like burs. So hardy were, fo valiant and fo good, Made great effusion of the en'my's blood. With fword in hand, they fiercely forward throng, Made fearful flops their cruel foes among. Numbers of Irish sleep'd in a cold bed. The rest wheel'd to the left about and fled. O'er craigy rocks, some fell thro' great despair, And in the water drown'd two thousand were. M'Fadzean's Scots-born men flaid on the field, Threw down their arms, and on their knees they kneel'd:

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On WALLACE loudly cry and mercy crave, Who gen'roully them gallant quarters gave.

"They're our own blood, he said, both man & boy Such penitents can any heart defroy?" Then order'd all Scotimen that were found, To fave alive, but foreigners cut down. M'Fadzean fled, and is with fifty gone Under Craigmure, unto a cave of stone. Dancan of Lorn, from WALLACE asketh leave, To pay a vifit to this ancient cave. Which Wallace grants, then quickly does him With a detatchment of some sturdy men. Who foon dispatch'd the sifty, kill'd them dead, And then brought back the rogue M'Fadzean's head Thro' all the field, they show the villain's face Upon a spear, unto his great disgrace. High on Craigmure, Lord Campbell made it stand, Upon a pole for honour of Ireland. The best men there that were of Scotland born, To WALLACE they fidelity have fworn. He did protect all came unto his peace, So pitiful he was and full of grace. Then after all streight way to Lorn he went, And rul'd the land unto their great content. A council at Archattan did proclaim, Where many came, fo foon's they heard his name, From ev'ry art: and humbly thanks they gave, With joyful hearts unto their Warden brave. All Lorn he gave to Duncan flout and wight, Who always acted what was just and right. Brook thou this land, as thy true heritage, And for thy brother's fon, that taketh wage From Edward; if he will return shall have His lands, I'll lose no man that I can fave. Of worthy Scots, to Wallace not a few, Unto Archattan, from their strengths withdrew. Brave Sir John Ramfay, who with heart and hand Did still stand up for his true native land: Of noble blood and ancient pedigree, To Wallace there with fixty men came he

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Who 'gainst the English did great danger risk, And was fo flout, couragious, and brisk: He from his faith was never known to flinch, Nor to King Edward ever yield an inch. Into Strochane, a long time there did ly, And fought the South ron always valiantly. Who, him and his did griveously oppress, His fon was call'd the flow'r of courtliness: Who otherways dare fay, do him traduce, If they'll but read the history of Bruce, They'll find recorded there his glorious fame, Brave Alexander was his Christian name In peace and war, he always ruled well, Such was his courage, conduct, and his skill: In time of war honour did contest, Of the crown's friends, was thought one of the best, In time of peace he never had a peel, So courteous he was, and fo genteel. Ambitiously, each' his acquaintance fought, Of manners, he was quintescence thought. Freely and truly at all times he fpoke, And what he promis'd never ru'd nor broke. Roxburgh he won, and held it faithfully, Till traitors thro' their treason caus'd him die. But in what curfed way and manner how, It is not proper to relate it now. And on that subject we shall talk no more. His father came, as I have told before: Who cheerfully, great willingness did show For to affift against the common foe. Each man did him esteem, and highly prize, In war: for fober, vigilant and wife, A prelate next, unto Archattan came, Who of his lordship nought had but the name. He worthy was, both prudent, grave, and fage, Of Sinclair blood, not forty years of age. The Pope, to fave poor finful fouls from hell, Did him create Lord Bishop of Dunkell.

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The ADVENTURES OF But English men thro' greed and avariee, Depriv'd him basely of his benefice. Not knowing then to whom to make his fuit, To fave his life, dwelt three full years in Bute. During which space he was kept safe and found, And under the Lord Steuart shelter found. Till Wallace, who won Scotland back with pain, Restor'd him to his livings all again, With many more, who were all overthrown By English, and restor'd unto their own. Wallace's fmall hoft, of whom I spoke of late, Having the rogue M'Fadzean now defeat: Return'd unto the field where they had fought. Got arms and spoil, behind them left they nought, Thro' Lorn they march, as handsome as they can, And of their number scarce had lost a man. On the fifth day, unto Archattan went, Where they found Wallace blyth and well content. His men he welcomes, highly founds their praife, Who did behave themselves so well always. "Take all the spoil, said he, falls to my share,

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CHAP. III.

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I fight for honour, and for no more I care."

How WALLACE wen St. Johnstoun.

HEN WALLACE quite had clear'd the highland cost,
Kill'd the M'Fadzean, and defeat his host:
And wisely settled all Argyle and Lorn,
In spite of all that rogue's contempt and scorn.
Nothing he long'd so much to see on earth,
As sweet St. Johnstoun, now the town of Perth,
Ramsay he calls, both trusty, true and kind,
And there to him discloses all his mind.

Sonny St. Johnstoun on the river Tay, Where South ron rule with arbitrary fway. There captive Scots I've fet at liberty, And made ten English for one Scotchman die. But yet methinks I want sufficient mends, Till I kill thousands more, instead of tens. IH make them know they have no right to rule, And cause them shortly all sing up port-yeull. That town, faid Ramfay, long they cannot keep; The walls are low, altho' the ditch be deep, Which our good men can very quickly fill. Then we may march a thousand at our will. The South'ron pride perhaps we then may quell, Wallace was pleas'd, and both rode to Dunkell. There, three full days away their time they past, And all their projects wifely did forecast. Ramfay caus'd make great big machines of tree, By the best workmen cou'd be had for fee; And down the water in a little space, Does carry them to the appointed place. Then all the host unto St. Johnstoun past, With earth and stone fill'd up the ditches fast. Flaiks there they made of timber fresh and tight, Then to the walls a paffage made on fight. Bastalies strong they suddenly up rear, Then do advance with glitt'ring fword and spear. Sir John the Graham and Ramfay, that bold knight, The turret bridge besiege with all their might. Wallace himself, with his good men around, Doth take his post at midside of the town. The South'ron much perplexed in their minds, Defend themselves with new and strange engines. Wherewith they furiously, and very fast, Great numbers of prodigious stones do cast, Yet the brave Scots, that hardy still had been. With fwords and spears that cliver were and keens At handy blows no fooner with them met, Than in their blood their weapons all were wet.

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Tho' English there, like gallant men and brave. Into that conflict boldly did behave; Yet fuddenly they were put to the worfe. The Scots upon them enter in by force. A thousand o'er the wall got speedily, Then in the town rose a prodigious cry. Ramfay and Graham, fuch was their lucky fate, Soon gain'd, then enter'd at the turret gate. A squire true, who Ruthven was to name, At that affault was with Sir John the Graham, And thirty men who laid about them well, As to their smart the South'ron there did feel. Then the true Scots came in upon all fides, And bravely curry'd all their English hides. Two thousand there they kill'd upon the street, And in the kennel tread beneath their feet. When Sir John Stewart faw the town was loft, He like a coward fled and left his host: Then fixty men in a light barge, and he, Scour down the water, streight unto Dundee. WALLACE abode till the fourth day at morn, But left none there that were in England born. Great riches got, and every thing was good, And then the town repeopl'd with Scots blood, Ruthven he left, their captain there to be, That post by right, full well deserved he; He fundry gifts got more in heritage, His fervice so did WALLACE heart engage, Thus after Wallace fettled matters fo, He to the north prepares himself to go. In Aberdeen, he caus'd proclaim and cry, That Scotimen there should meet immediatly. To Couper rode to view that Abbacy, From which, the Abbot he thought fit to flee. Good Bishop Sinclair, without longer stay, Met with him at Glams, and travell'd on the way To Brechin, where, they lodged all that night, Then on the morn, Wallace by it was light,

Caus'd noblemen in all their rich array, The Scotish banner fairly there display. Then instantly proclaim'd upon the spot, Tokill all South'rons where they might be got. In battle rank then thro' the Merns they march, And diligently after South ron fearch. Who frighted all before the host they flee, Unto Dunnotter standing in the sea. To that great strength in haste they all do throng. Their number then made up four thousand strong Some in the church their fanctuary took, The rest march'd up all to the craigy rock. With whom the bishop fairly treated fo; To spare their lives if from the land they'd go. Like fools they on his word would not rely. Therefore a fire was brought speedily; Which burnt the church and all those South'ron Out o'er the rock the rest rush'd with great noise. Some hung on craigs and loth were for to die, Some lap some fell some flutter'd in the sea. And perish'd all not one remain'd alive, (thrive. What man could think fuch rogues could better When WALLACE men faw them all dead & gone They ask'd the bishop absolution. WALLACE he thought their fault it was but small Then leugh and faid I do forgive you all. Remember our brave barons hang'd at Air. What pity did the South'ron flow us there. To Aberdeen then WALLACE quickly paft, Where English men were flitting very fast. Numbers of ships refembling growing woods. Lay in the harbour to truse off their goods. At an ebb fea the Scots did make a trip, And feiz'd the fervants there of ev'ry ship. Took out the goods the ships they fet on fire, The men on land they burn'd both bone and lyre. The priefts and children maids and married wives They fav'd and freely let pass with their lives

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To Buchan next, good WALLACE he does tide, Where the Lord Beaumont was order'd to abide. Earl he was but short time made before, And after bruik'd it very little more.

When he got notice WALLACE was in view. Unto the Slains he privately withdrew.

Took shipping and return'd to England back, Had little of his government to crack.

WALLACE rode on both over hight and plain, At Cromarty hath many South ron slain.

And then return'd back to Aberdeen,

With his blyth host upon the lambas even.

Where to his friends a welcome sight was he,

Then with his army march'd unto Dundee.

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C H A P. - IV.

How WALLACE laid Siege to Dundee, and gave Battle to Kirkingham, Treasurer to King Edward, and the Earl of Warran, at Stirling Bridge.

Most vig'rously the castle to besiege.

Wisely disposes all no time is lost,
And to each man assigns his proper post,
By this Sir Aymer that unnat'ral foe,
In haste for England does prepare to go.
Like to b—sh—t himself with pannic fear,
Packs up his baggage all his goods and gear.
Among the South'ron like a poor exile,
To lurk, and to abscond himself a while.
There WALLACE actions all he doth relate,
Which did oblige the English to regret.

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Ne Th Their fad misfortunes, and unlucky chance, Which now had put their measures to a stance. Edward to Scotland could not go that time, Yet-still the more to aggravate his crime. He Kirkingham his treasurer does command, And Earl warrand with a numerous band. Of horse and foot on Scotland for to fall, To worrie WALLACE and deferoy up all. This numerous hoft do march with all their speed, The Earl Patrick them receiv'd at Tweed. Inveterate malice who 'gainst WALLACE bore, As like a rogue he always did before. And to his native country now does strive, To work all mischief that he can contrive. The English now a muster do intend, And find their hoft full fixty thousand men: Then march they all streight unto Stirling-bridge, And in their way the castle do besiege. When to those news Wallace had got some taste, He then indeed bestir'd himself in haste. A captain plac'd with vigilance and care, For to command the fiege was lying there. Two thousand good in number they would be. North-country men and dwellers at Dundee. Then march'd his men all cliver young and tight, And in St Johstoun quarter'd that same night. At Sheriff-muir them up in order drew, Where narrowly he did them all review. Then with brave air spoke Sir John the Graham. The glory of that noble ancient name. " Great fates we have performed in the field, With smaller force and stronger foes made yield." "Who fight faid WALLACE for just righteous God unto them affiftance always fends, Then tho' the enemy were ten thousand more, let's up and beat them as we've done before. Near Stirling bridge. I purpose for to be, there to contrive force subtile jeopardie.

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The ADVENTURES OF Wl. ein we may our South'ron foes enfnare, So foon as the fat lugged lowns come there. We'll keep the bridge with our good men and flour They're not acquainted with the way about. WALLACE fends Jop to tell on Tuesday next, To fight the South'ron was the day prefix't. On Saturday unto the bridge they rode, Which was well join'd with good plain boards and Watches he fet about them every where, (broad. That none might know what they were doing there A cunning carpenter by name John Wright, He quickly calls and falls to work on fight. Caus'd faw the boards immediately in two, By the mid treft that none might over go. On cornal bands caus'd nail it very foon, Then fill'd with clay as nothing had been done. The other end to stand directeth there, On wooden rollers with great art and care. When one was out, that all the rest might fall, The carpenter below he caus'd withal. In a closs cradle cumingly to fit, And loose the pin when WALLACE thought it Which by one blaft he of a horn would know, Then to be fure to let the roller go. The day of battle does approach at length, The English then advance with all their strength. And fifty thousand march in battle rank, Full fix to one yet WALLACE never shrank, The reft they lay about the castle-hill, Both field and castle thought to have at will. The worthy Scots together closs did bide, In the plain field upon the other fide. Hugh Kirkingham the van-guard on led he, With twenty thousand likely men to see. The Earl Warran thirty thousand had, It all were good the number was not bad. Thus fifty thousand filly South ron fors,

Proudly march up against nine thousand Scots.

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When Kirkingham his twenty thousand men, Had past the bridge, quite to the other end: Some of the Scots in earnest, without scorn, Thought it high time to blow the warning horn, But Wallace he march'd foutly thro' the plain, Led on his men, their number did disdain. Till Warran's hoft, thick on the bridge did go Then he from Jop, did take the horn and blow: So loud and shrill, he warned good John Wright Who foon ftruck out the roller with great flight, Then all went down, when the pin was got out, At which arose, a fearful cry and shoot. Both men and horse, into the river fell, Honest John Wright did act his part so well. The hardy Scots, with heavy strokes and fore, Attack the twenty thousand that came o'er. WALLACE, and Ramfay, Lundie, Boyd, and

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With dreadful strokes, made them retire, fy shame; The South'rons front they fought, all face to face, Who, to their ignominy and difgrace, Did neither stand, nor fairly foot the score, But did retire five acre breadth and more. Wallace on foot, with a great sharp sword goes. Amongst the very thickest of his foes. On Kirkingham, there fuch a stroke he got, In spite of all his armour and mail-coat. That killed him dead : none durft him there refcue, Then to that valiant captain bade adieu. When Kirkingham dead on the fpot do ly, The South ron faw, then they began to fly. Who, they had fought it most bloody hot, Ten thousand loft, and left dead on the spot. The rest they sled, was none durst stay behind, Succour they fought, but none at all could find. Some east, some west, and some fled to the north, Seven thousand flutter'd all at once in Forth:

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Who from that river, little mercy found; For few escap'd, and most of all were drown'd. On WALLACE fide, no man was kill'd of note, But Andrew Murray, a true hearted Scot. When Warran's men, faw all was lost and tint, They fled as fast as fire does from the flint, Ne'er look'd about, nor once a Scotsman fac'd, But to Dumbar, march'd in a dev'lish haste. Thus thirty thousand English, in a word, Like cowards fled, without one stroke of fword. Then Wallace hoft pursu'd with all their might, Took up the bridge, and loos'd good John Wright? The Earl Malcom from the castle past, And with his men purfu'd the South'ron fast. Thro' the Tor-wood, the Earl Warran fled, Where many of his men got a cold bed. He had the rogue Corspatrick for his guide. With whip and spur, they both away do ride. Streight to Dumbar, and left their scatter'd hoft, Who in their flight, were all cut down almost. The Scottish horse, they had pursued so, Were fo fatigu'd, no further could they go. WALLACE and Graham who still together rode, At Haddingtoun, a mighty flaughter made, Ramfay and Boyd, Adam of Richardtoun, Richard of Lundie, are all lighted down: With them three hundred brave Scots cavalrie. Which WALLACE was extremely glad to fee. The Earl Malcom, he was also there, Where, blyth and glad, all fumptuously fare. The Earl Warran, and Corfpatrick are, By this time, fafely got into Dumbar. Whom Wallace did most hotly there pursue, But missing him, had little more to do, Having at least, full thirty thousand flain, In the pursuit, and upon Stirling plain. In Haddingtoun, he quarter'd all that night, Then back for Stirling, march'd by morning light

On the affumption day, this battle's fought, Where the brave-Scots, have wonders wrought. Then after all, fure ficker work to make. Of all the barrons he an oath does take. That as Scots Warden, they would him respect, And he with all his power, wou'd them protects Sir John Montieth, who was of Arran Lord, Most readily unto it did accord. And faithfully, himself by oath he bound, . To ftand by Wallace and defend the crown. All those who freely would not thus comply, He caus'd be punish'd with severity. Some put to death, and some to prison sent: His glorious fame thro' both the kingdoms went. Soon after, by a tyrant got Dundee, And yet the men fled all away by fea. The English captains that were free to stay, Their castles left, and then stole all away. So that in Scotland, when ten were gone, An English captain there you could fee none. Except in Roxburgh, and in Berwick town. Which to reduce, Wallace intended foon.

That time, there was a barron of great fame, Who Chrystal Seaton was unto his name: He with the South'ron often did contend. And did in Jedburgh wood himself defend, From the Scot's faith, to swerve he never would, No for a million of King Edward's gold, Heabottle, who did Jedburgh, then command, When he the South'ron faw expell'd the land: He fuddenly did from the caftle flee, With all his men, fevenscore in company. Chrystal with forty Scots, does him pursue. Most of the men and captain there he slew. Great store of riches, gold and houshold stuff. From South ron got, and purely fwing'd their buff. Jedburgh he took, plac'd Ruthven captain there, Brave Seaton' then to Lothian did repair:

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Of him hereafter, greater fates, and more, You'll hear, then what he did to the fevenfcore. And whoso please the Bruce's book to read. Will see him fam'd for many a valiant deed. WALLACE does now confider and advise, Where to find out good faithful men and wife. Who by experience did understand, Rightly to manage and govern the land. Captains he made, and theriffs very good. Some of his own, and some of other blood. His cousin crawford, governor to be, Of Edinburgh, and the castle order'd he. Now Scotland's free, lives in great peace and eafe, And South'ron are fled home to toast their cheese. Wallace much like a prince, doth rule and reign, Waiting a time to get his lawful King, From Edward, who keep'd him in London town, Most wrongfully from his own righteous crown.

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BOOK VIII.

CHAPO I

How WALLACE put Corfpatrick out of Scotland.

From war, wherewith they were so much op-Then a convention's call'd of the estates, (press'd. To settle matters, and end all debates. And in St. Johnstoun are assembled all, Except Corspatrick, who did mack their call. Then Wallace he address'd that parliament, And humbly ask'd, if they would all consent, For to forgive Corfpatrick what was paft, Providing he would own his fault at last. And fwear fidelity unto the crown, To which they all confented very foon. A letter then they speedily indite, And in most kind and friendly terms they write-Befeeching him with handsome compliment, He would accept fhare of the government. Which kindly meffage all did prove in vain, He leugh and it contemn'd with great disdain. "We have great need faid he of a new king, When WALLACE he as governour doeth reign The King of Kyle I cannot understand, Of him I never held a fur of land. That bauchler thinks and does believe it well, That fortune the will never change her wheel. As for you lords I let you understand, I'm not oblig'd to answer your demand. As free I am in this realm to reign, Lord of my own as either prince or king. Great lands in England there I also have. Whereof no subject rent of me can crave. What would you then I warn you I am free. No answer more your letters gets from me. Back to St. Johnstoun this fine speech is fent, And laid before the lords of parliament. At reading which WALLAGE no patience had. But storm'd and stair'd as he'd been almost mad. Himself, could not recover for a while, 'Cause in disdain he call'd him king of Kyle. Then up he rose and without more or less, Unto the lords he did himself address. "My lords faid he there can be but one king, Who can at once over this kingdom reign. If Earl Patrick take fuch ways and gates, And fuffer'd be thus to infult the states. I plainly think and I shall add no more, We are in worse condition then before,

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Therefore I vow to God if that he be, In this realm one of us two shall die. Unless he come and own his lawful king, 'Gainst the false title Edward takes to reign. His tant and fcorn he shall repent and rue, Who calls me king that am a subject true. He took his leave of all the council then, And march'd away with two hundred good men Towards Kinghorn does haften very fast, And on the morrow o'er the Forth he past. Then into Musselburgh does fafely get, Where he with honest Robert Lauder met. Who 'gainst the crown did never yet rebel, And hated Edward as he hated hell. Gainst Earl Patrick was most glad to go, Who to his country was a bloody foe. Chrystal of Seaton with his men e'er long. Came and made WALLACE full four hundred A squire Lyel that did the country ken, (strong, At Lintoun he came up with twenty men. Told that Corspatrick and his men of war, From Cockburn's-path were marching to Dumbar. Come on said Lauder let us faster ride, No, no faid WALLACE, he'll our bellum bide, Another thing pray also understand, A hardier lord is not in all our land. By east Dumbar they march'd and tarry'd not, But Earl Patrick of them notice got. Who in a field near Innerweik did then, Draw up nine hundred able fighting men. WALLACE with his four hundred stout and tight Approached fast and came within their fight. Who fiercly up to Earl Patrick ride, Where they like furies fight on ev'ry fide. That conflict was both terrible and ftrong, On either fide and did continue long. Much Scotish blood was spilt they fought so fiered More then with pleasure I can hear rehearse.

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But Earl Patrick left the field at laft. Some few with him at Cockburn's-path they past. Towards Dumbar march'd WALLACE but was That no provisions left were in the hold. Nor men of worth the caftle to defend, When he that story heard from end to end, Dumbar he took and no relistance fand, Gave it to Chrystal Seaton to command. After the Earl WALLACE marches then. To Cockburn's-path with him three hundred men Whom in a range about the park he led, To Buncle-wood Corfpatrick then he fled. Then out of that to Norham passed he, Then WALLACE faw that better could not be To Coldstream rode and lodged upon Tweed, Then Earl Patrick made great hafte and speed, And passed by e'er WALLACE men arose, dred To Etrick forrest without resting goes. Into Cockholm Corfpatrick took him rest, Then for more force WALLACE marches to the The Earl Patrick he goes by and by, For England feeking some more new supply. To bishop Beik he there complained fore, Whom Wallace had from Scotland chas'd before Who all Northumberland with great furprize, Caus'd quickly with the Earl Patrick rife. Then order'd Bruce likewife to Scotland go. To win his own they coxed him up fo. Made him believe WALLACE fet up for king, A most redic'lous and calumnious thing. Whereas the whole defign he had in hand. Was to bring Bruce free home to his own land. Thus from Oyss water to the river Tweed, An host of thirty thousand march'd with speed. And from the Thames came ships immediately, To watch Dumbar that none should them supply. With twenty thousand all bred up to war, The Earl Patrick does besiege Dumbar.

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The Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce did then, Abide in Norham with ten thousand men. Then WALLACE like a sudden thunder crack, Came with five thousand Scotsmen at his back. All shinning in their armour clear and bright, For to rescue the Seaton wife add wight. And under Yester that night lodged he, Where Hay came to him with good cavalry. Who in Down forrest all that time had been, And had the coming of the South'ron feen. Fifty good men that Hay had with him there, Corfpatrick's case to WALLACE all declare. " My council is, faid Hay, you battle give, It is a pity he fo long should live. If with your men you could him overfet, Such power again he wou'd not quickly get." WALLACE he thank'd him for his council kind Yet after all confulted his own mind. By this Corfpatrick caus'd a fellow pass, Who told to Beik that WALLACE coming was. He of the tidings was exceeding glad, Amends of him fain wou'd he there have had. But more ado thro' Lammer-muir they rode, Near the Spot-muir in ambush there abode. Most cunningly so closs together drew. That of their coming Wallace nothing knew. Then which was worfe did fuddenly efpy, Corfpatrrick marching very furiously, On a plain field with all his num rous hoft. Of whom the Braggadocio much did boaft. Brave Seaton who was a most welcome guest. To Wallace's affiftance came in hafte. Yet prudently the Scots concluded then. Themselvs too few for twenty thousand men. Jop musing also did advise at length, That Wallace would retire into some strength. To lofe your men great folly were therefore, I'll go with speed and quickly bring you more

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SIR WM. WALLACE.

"A dang'rous chace faid Wallace, they may make, We are too near, such counsel now to take. Therefore I'll never slee, nor yet give o'er, So long as I have one against their four. There's twenty here with us this very day, Wou'd them attack, altho I were away. If they be numerous, we are stout and strong:

Let's up and fight them, for thy'll ne'er stand long."

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C H A P. II.

How Corfpatrick brought into Scotland, Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce, and how WALLACE gave them Battle, and put them out of Scotland.

JOW warlike Wallace 'gainst Corspatrick And both the armies fast together close. The bloody battle quickly does appear, Each with his hashing sword and piercing spear: Against his fellow, furiously does ride, And havock great makes there on every fide. Some were kill'd dead, some got their mortal wound, Some from their horses suddenly knock'd down. On South'ron fide, five thousand on the spot Lay dead: the Scots did push so very hot, And did their front cut down fo furiously, That all the rest were on the wing to fly. But Earl Patrick in the wars expert, (heart. Keep'd still his ground, and caus'd his men take The Scottish host, men of renowned same, Did cut down cleanly all where-e'er they came. Wallace and Ramfay, and the Graham, worth Richard of Lundie, and the Seaton bold, (gold,

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And Adam Wallace true, of Richardtoun, Both Hay and Lyle, all men of great renown. Boyd, Barclay, Baird and Lauder true and tight Numbers of English men kill's in the flight. Yet Earl Patrick, fiercely still fought on, With his own hand, to death put many one. Then the brave Scots fo boldly him accost, Great flops they made thro' all the English host The South'ron then, plainly began to flee. Till Bishop Beik, approaching fast they see. The ambush all at once does quickly then. Break up, confisting of ten thousand men. Whom, when good Wallace faw fo fast appear. He thought it fit on horseback to retire. But yet his men together stuck so fast, Fain wou'd he try the South'ron as they past. He fo furrounded was with this fresh host, On either fide that he was almost lost. The worthy Scots fo fiercely fought again, Of Beik's new men, abundance they have flain. The Earl Partick, sturdily he fought, (fought. Thro' all the throng, and there for WALLACE To whom he did in spite o's coat of mail, Give fuch a blow as wounded him a deal. Then Wallace drew against that traitor lown, A stroke which mist him, but clove Maitland down Who racklefly, betwixt the two did pass, Such his hard fate, and fad misfortune was. Good-Wallace now, he is left all alone, And quite furrounded by the South'ron, His horse is stick'd, he's forced to alight, And fight on foot the best way that he might. Who laid about him without fear or dread, With his good f word that trufty was indeed. The Earl Patrick then, commanded foon, With spears that they shou'd bear good WAL-LACE down.

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155 Who like a Champion, brave stood on the field, Hew'd off their heads, and fcorned for to yield. The worthy Scots of this they little wift, Got to good Graham, when they their Chiftain mist. Lauder and Lyle, and Hay, that were so wight, And Ramfay bold, that brave and gallant knight. Lundie and Boyd, and Chrystal Seaton true; Five hundred horse brought, Wallace to rescue. Then in among them furiously they rade, Large room about them quickly there they made. The Bishop Beik was trampled on the ground, Without respect unto his lordships gown. E'er he got up, a great deal there they flew. Then gallantly brave Wallace did refcue. Upon a horse they mounted him on fight, Then to a strength rode off, with all their might. Where he four thousand of his men did find, To the great fatisfaction of his mind. To Bishop Beik, Corspatrick does return, Curfes misfortune, and begins to mourn; When as he found feven thousand men were lost. And kill'd that day for all the bishop's boast. Of WALLACE men, five hundred kill'd I guess, But not one chiftain, so he car'd the less. The Bishop Beik, with what men he had there, Left Lammer-muir and quartered elsewhere. Who, when the field of Battle he had past, To WALLACE all the country flocked fast. Crawford of Edinburgh, brought with him on fight Four hundred men all in their armour bright. From Tiviotdale came many a good man, From Jedburgh also, with what speed they can. Sir William also, the Lord of Douglas came, With fourfcore men of most undoubted fame. Two thousand fresh new men do there propose, A full revenge that night upon their foes WALLACE watches all good men and true, Attentively the South'ron's quarters view.

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Then after fupper, WALLACE quietly, To Lammer-muir march'd with his cavalry. Sir John the Graham, and Seaton that good handi Lauder and Hay, three thousand did command. The rest himself most wisely he did guide, With him was Douglas, Ramfay, Barclay, Boyd! Richard of Lundie, a bold man and flout, And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt. Who by the time the fun was come in fight. Surpriz'd the English, unprepar'd for fight. And furiously, with fword in hand cut down. Many a proud and faucy South'ron lown, Some role confus'dly, and some fled away, Some on the ground were smored where they lay. Great noise and cry arose all round about: Then came Sir John the Graham both bold & fout, With his brave men all chearful blyth and glad, At fight of whom, ten thousand South'ron fled, Yet Bishop Beik behav'd well in that throng. And in the fight continued very long. One Skelton there, that was an English knight. Before him stood in shining armour bright: To fave his lord, he fought most valiantly. Whom, there fo foon as Lundie did efpy, With his good fword, a backward stroke he gave, Which kill'd the English knight both stout & brave. Then fled they all, no longer durft abide, Patrick and Beik, away with Bruce do ride. Who with five thousand, took the readiest way, To Norham house, with all the speed they may. The Scots, who were both able young and tight, Purfu'd and kill'd great numbers in the flight. Thus twenty thousand South'ron in a word, In flight and battle, perish'd by the fword. Wallace returns from Norham without more, But for the Bruce his heart was mighty fore: Whom he had rather feen the crown enjoy,

Than mafter been of all the gold in Troy.

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O'er Patrick's lands WALLACE marched fast, Took out the goods and castles down did cast. He twelve of them that Methamis they call, Broke quickly down and them destroyed all. Within the Merse and Lothian left he none. To him belong'd except Dumbar alone. To Edinburgh then he march'd on the eight day. And on the mo. ow he without delay. Unto St. Johnstoun very quickly past, And told the Barrons all from first to last. How facredly he keeped had his vow, And got a master to Corspatrick now. Who faid of late that he as free did reign In this realm as either prince or king. Of what he's won needs not great boafting make. Let him come back and now take up his stake. Great thankfulness the lords did there express. To providence for WALLACE good faccefs. Then WALLACE with an open lib'ral hand. To men deferving dealt the rebels land. To his own kin no heritage gave he. But offices that ev'ry man might fee. All he propos'd was this one very thing. The nations peace and honour of his king. For which he would abide and fland the law. So foon as he his king and mafter faw. Now old and young the girl and the boy. Have peace and rest and clap their hands for joy.

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C H A P. III.

How WALLACE march'd into England and remained there three quarters of a year, and returned without battle.

CTOBER now, by this time almost past, And cold November is approaching fast. When to his shifts those news king Edward puts, And do confound him to the very guts. Yet by Corfpatrick's council does intend, Once more an army 'gainst the Scots to send. WALLACE informed of their wicked plots, Affembled quickly forty thousand Scots. In Rosin-muir where he the lords addrest, Edward he faid our nation's common pell. Us to invade does threaten with bold face, But faith I'll try if I can turn the chace, And with an hoft be first on English ground, In spite of all the subjects of his crown. The lords then offer'd very chearfully, To march along with all their cavalry. (then, WALLACE he thank'd them thought it needless. Choos'd of that number twenty thousand men. With horse and harness weapons new and tight, Does them provide and shining armour bright. The rest to march he quickly did command, To their own homes to cultivate the land. This army's big enough for my defign, If we be all of one and the fame mind. Then let us to it either do or die, Who flies or yields shall never ransom'd be. Our kingdom's power wasted by South'ron knaves We shall get gold or honourable graves.

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Then all the host promis'd with heart and hand, Closs to stand by him and obey command, With WALLACE also, Earl Malcolm's gone, A better lord and braver, could be none, And Campbell kind, the good knight of Lochow, To South'ron still a fearful grievous cow. Good Ramsay also honour to his name, And the most valiant good Sir John the Graham. And Adam Wallace whom no man durst doubt, And Robert Boyd both trusty true and stout. Lundie and Lauder and brave Auchinleck, Seaton and Hay all men of great respect.

This noble hoft with courage march away, To Broxe's field, in good and brave array. Where WALLACE made a little hafte and then, To Roxburgh gate rode up with twenty men. Where boldly he did call on Sir Ralph Gray, Told him for fieging now he could not ftay Therefore defired he would quickly please, To quite the castle and give up the keys. If he refuse then swore before them all, At his return he'd hang him o'er the wall. Then wheel'd about back to his army went, The like command to Berwick quickly fent. With Sir John Ramfay who dispatch'd on fight, Then march'd the host all in their armour bright, Began at Tweed and nothing spar'd they fand, But burn'd by force thro' all Northumberland. All Durham town up in a flame they fent, But churches spar'd and abbeys where they went. Then unto York they march'd without delay, No fin they thought it there to burn and flay. For South'ron had committed the fame thing. When they as tyrants did in Scotland reign. Forts and small castles Wallace did throw down. Burn'd to the gates and fuburbs of the town. About the walls full fifteen days they fpent, And then at last Edward to WALLACE sent.

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A knight, a clerk, a squire of the peace, and Intreating that from burning he would ceafe. Who promise in King Edward's name, and says, He should have battle within fifteen days: In all Good Wallace smil'd, and to the gentlemen, With noble air replied briskly then, I'll both defift from fire, and from fword, For forty days, if he but keep his word. King Edward's faith under his feal they gave, That in that space, Wallace should battle have. Who quickly did confent unto the thing, Then they returned all unto their king. Who told that they, never as yet had feen. Such men for order and good discipline. Then spoke the king, when they were at an end " It wisdom is, our enemies to commend, They're to be fear'd, as fure as shines the fun. They will refent the inj'ries we have done." Frighted, I leave them here to their new-plots. And do return unto the valiant Scots. Wallace from York, did march the fecond day, With his whole hoft in noble good array. To the north-west, they peaceably go down, And pitch their tents near Northallertown. Proclaim'd his peace, and mercats all to fland, For forty days, throughout the whole land. There Sir Ralph Rymount, fecretly did boaft, For to furprize good Wallace and his hoft... Of which, some Scotsmen private notice got, Then unto Wallace did reveal the plot. Good Lundie then he called to him there. And Hugh the Hay of Lochertquart the heir. Three thousand men he quickly with him fent, Then quietly out from the hoft they went. The men he took that came to him of new, To be their guides for they the country knew. Silence profound he order'd there to be. And then drew up the hoft most privately.

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Rymont, he with seven thousand did advance,
Of English horse, who there did proudly prance.
The ambush then, bambush'd all their game,
Who with pel-mel, the Scots upon them came,
Three thousand whole, they quickly brought to

ground:

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And with a vengeance there were all cut down. Sir Ralph himself was sticked with a spear, Then all the rest in hurry sled with fear, To Milltown where WALLACE purfued faft, Great numbers kill'd, and feiz'd the town at last. Great store of riches he got in the town. Wherewith it did so very much abound. Plenty of victuals, ale, and noble wine, Sent to his hoft, a very fweet propine They are and drank, trus'd off there whole defire, Broke down the walls, and fet the rest on fire. Three days he liv'd at the expence and cost, Of South'ron, then returned to his holt. Caus'd casta ditch about him speedily, To keep his camp from fudden jeo; ardy. When English men got notice of this thing, They from all airths, ride streight unto their king, Who lay at Pumfret; but his parliament, Battle to give, would not at all confent. Which carried was, by most of all their votes. Unless that Wallace were crown'd king of Scots. But if on him, Wallace the crown would take, To give him battle, all would ready make. This meffage quickly they to him dispatch'd, But in that fnare he was not to be catch'd: The messengers he quickly did discharge, Out of his prefence in a mighty rage. His council call'd, and told them all the plot, And treasonable message he had got. "It were, faid he, a too prefumptous thing, Against my faith, to rob my righteous king.

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It's ne'er be faid in country, nor in town, I'm fuch a rogue as to usurp the crown. But still my king and country I'll defend, Let Gop above reward me in the end." Some cry'd to crown him, some said the confent Most first be had of a Scots parliament. Campbell the knight was there among the reft, Who, in his judgement thought it truly best, To crown him king folemnly for a day, the see And put an end to Edward's long delay: Which, when the Earl Malcolm he did hear. Both he, and people all were very clear. Yet Wallace in his mind abhor'd the thing. Tho all cry'd out, to crown and make him king, Then in fhort terms he faid, "It never should be, Rest satisfy'd, you get no more of me; But if you please to let the story pass, That I'm crown'd; (tho still the same I was) Affuredly, we quickly then thall know, Whither they do design to fight or no. Then to the messengers the news they bring, Make them believe, Wallace was crown'd king. Who like poor credulous and lying fots, Affirm'd they faw Wallace crown'd king of Scots. Then faid the lords, "He did fo well before, Now when he's king he'll certainly do more. If we give battle, he's fo fortunate, We may fepent it when it is to late. Then spake another, "He most battle have, Or waste our land, there's nothing else can fave, Thro' all his conquests first fince he began, Nothing but death ranfoms an English man. Woodstock said, Tho' we fight and them defeat, They've men enough behind that will debate. If WALLACE be but fafe they do not care, Therefore methinks more fafe and fure it were. To keep each strength, castle and walled town, And fave our men then to expose our crown.

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Hin At Then all approv'd, what Woodstock he did fay, And cowardly the battle did delay. Thus, thro' their fallehood and fubtility, Thinking that Wallace of necessity, Thro' want of food, his ground could never fland, But be oblig'd to steal out of the land: Advis'd the king, to cry the mercats down, From Trent to Tweed, in ev'ry burgh and town. That in the bounds, no man should victual lead, Under the pain of death, without remead. Wallace lay still, while forty days were gone, Waiting to fight, but battle got he none. The Scottish banner, then he did display, Trode under foot the English feal that day. An ignominious, but deferving thing, To fuch a base, and cowardly false king. Then rais'd he fire, burn'd Northallertoun, March'd thro' Yorkshire, boldly up and down. Destroy'd that land, as far as they could ride, Seven miles about they burn'd on ev'ry fide. Proud palaces and towers, they did cast down. Gardens and orchards, there did all confound. Nothing they fpar'd, of all came in their lurch, But women, children, and the holy church. To York they march, and then they very foon, With all their force, closely befiege the town. A strong defence, they do prepare within. And they without, a grand affault begin.

C H A P. IV.

The Siege of York.

WALLACE his army does in four divide,
And then the town invests on ev'ry side.

Himself, with Lauder, that good cliver hand,
At the south port, do take the chief command.

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The Earl Malcolm, noble, flout and great, With valiant Boyd, commanded the west gate. Campbell the knight, and Sir John Ramfay brave, At the north gate, their post assign'd them have. To the east gate, Wallace he does direct, Sir John the Graham, Crawford and Auchinleck, One thousand Archers of the Scottish fide, At the four gates, caus'd equally divide. Full seventeen thousand South'ron then appear, Upon the walls, with all their bow and fpear, Who furiously do fally out, but got A warm reception, from each worthy Scos. In spite of all their arrows and big stones, Were driven back, with fore and bloody bones. Who, when they got within the town at last, Faggots of fire, out o'er the walls do caft, And great prodigious red hot gades of iron, Which from Old Nick, their master they did learn, Hot butning pitch, and fealding stinking tar, And other curs'd contrivances of war: Nevertheless, the Scots that were without, So valiant were, fo hardy and fo flour. They fiercely burnt the bulwark of the town. Their barmkin wan, and cast great turrets down. The wearied hoft, with great fatigue opprest, And night approaching, think of taking reft. Most carefully, first, they wash ev'ry wound. Their watches fet, and then fleep fafe and found, Next day, their clothes were scarce well on their When all cry'd out for a new fresh attack. (back Drew up again, as they had done before, And then the town affaulted wond'rous fore. The Scottish Archers all so leilly shot, Numbers they kill'd, in truth they mis'd them not Then burning fire fet to ev'ry gate, So mortally they did the South'ron hate. Yet notwithstanding, the fierce English men, Themselves and town, did gallantly defend.

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When that whole day was spent and come the nights To his pavilion, went each weary wight. The English then, with vigilance and care, For a fresh fally, do themselves prepare. Sir William Morton, and Sir William Lees, Most cunningly they draw up by degrees. And make a fearful furious fally then, On Earl Malcolm, with five thousand men. WALLACE himself, as he rode the grand round, Seeing them coming. caus'd a trumpet found. The harnish'd Scots, that keeped guard that night, Took the alarm, then mounted all on fight. Then briskly charg'd the cruel South'ron foe. With fword in hand, and many a bloody blow. WALLACE, who knew the Earl was too hot. That he would fight, tho' die upon the spot, Up to him rides as quickly as he may, With a good fword, that paved well his way, The first he struck, fell dead upon the place, The fecond's nofe he levell'd with his face. The hardy Earl did no South'ron spare, Bur hew'd them down, and left them crawling there By this, the hoft were all in good array, And South ron thought it was time to march away. Wallace knew well they could not fland it long. Wherefore he thrust into the thickest throng, And cliverly fo laboured their buff, Their armour did not fignify a fnuff. The Scotsmen there behav'd extremely well, As the poor South'ron fenfibly did feel. Then all the English left the field and fled. And Sir John Morton he was killed dead. Twelve hundred more, upon the field are flain The rest fled back unto the town again. And then good Wallace with his valiant hoft. Return'd each man unto his proper post. And took them reft, wherewith To fresh they grew. They on the morn affault the town of new.

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Against the city all their force they bend, And fight as if they had been more then men. But now the victuals to be scarce begin, Tho' little knew the English men within. Who that same day a parley caus'd be beat, At which good Wallace did appear in state. Attended by some of his chiefest friends, And boldly asked what the parley means. To whom the major in name of all did fay, We'll pay a ranfom if you'll march away. We would give battle or do any thing, Would purchase peace but dare not for our king. Then with a countenance auftre and bold, Wallace reply'd we value not your gold. Your king he promis'd we should battle have, Which faithfully under his scal he gave. The major did then reply most courteously, He is the king and we but subjects be. Therefore we pray as you would us oblige, To take the gold and do remove the fiege. Then with his council he confulted long, and an Who thought the town for fiege was too ftrong. And victuals scarce therefore it fafer found, To take some gold then march for Scotish ground Wallace reply'd, I'm not at all content, Unless the town give us their whole confent. To let our banner blow upon their wall, And their to flowrish in the fight of all. This answer soon was sent unto the major, Who did consent with all the rest were there. The banner fet to Scotland's great renown, Upon the walls from eight to twelve at noon Then was five thousand pound of English gold, Paid down in specie to that army bold. Good bread and wine they gladly to them gave, And all provisions that they pleas'd to have. Twenty long days at York remained they, And gloriously in triumph march'd away.

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Unto the country back again they're gone, Burn'd and broke down fine buildings fpared none. All Myldlame they burnt up into a fire, Broke down the parks destroyed all the shire. Wild deer they flew for other beafts were none, And fed like princes on good vennison. Toward the fouth they turned at the last, Made buildings bare as far as e'er they past. The commons now for London all defign, Where they most freely tell the king their mind. Unless from wars he would cause Wallace cease. They'd take protection and accept his peace. No herald then durft unto WALLACE go. The king to him his faith had broken fo. And Edward that was once so bold and pert, His army now does cowardly defert. So long in England there was never one. Since Bruto, s death except WALLACE alone. That march'd from England without stroke of fword Fy on the king that broke his royal word. Great Julius, for all his strength and force. Was chas'd from England twice and got the worfe With Arthur also first when the wars he priv'd, Twice did they fight although they were mischiev'd But awful Edward durst not WALLACE bide. In a plain battle for all England wide. In London lay at his own ease and rest. And brake his vows which of them think you best WALLACE host for Scotland long'd to go, So scarce the victuals every day did grow. Immediately good WALLACE calls for Jop, In him was all his confidence and hope. Next unto Goo: because he knew the land, And ftill was ready to obey command. Who faid, if you'll advised be by me, we, The plentieft part of England you shall see. Good wine and wheat you'll get in Richmond shire And each thing elfe unto your heart's defire.

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Thither they went their time did not proloin, Nine thousand Scots did there with Wallace join, All fwinging able lufty well look'd men, He and his hoft had great rejoicing then, Into that shire plenty had of food, Both tame and wild and ev'ry thing was good. Throughout that land they march'd in good array, A handsome place they found upon the way. Ramswatch to name then Jop to WALLACE told, Fechew was ford and captain of that hold, Five hundred there quickly affembled then, To fave their lives and goods from Wallace men. A noble house stood by the forrest side, With stately turrets in great pomp and pride. Well built about for strength ingeniously, With five great towers that mounted very high. Numbers of men upon the walls are feen, Brayading in their armour clear and clean. The hoft march'd by not one word faid at all, But they aloud within on WALLACE call. Their trumpet blew with many a warlike found, Then WALLACE faid had we you gallants down On a plain ground they should get sport their fill. Such as their brothers got on Tinto hill. Sir John the Graham would at the bicker be, But WALLACE foon the danger did forfee. Commanded him to let alone his hafte, We have no men fo foolishly to waste. But yet to gratify your fond defire, Our first attack shall be with burning fire. I fee their bulwark of old wither'd oak, Were that on fire it would not bide a stroke. Houses and woods in plenty here their be, Who hews best of this forrest let me see. Pull houses down let each man take his turn. Old timber will make green wood bravely burns At his command most busily they wrought. Great flore of wood unto the place they brought,

SIR WM. WALLACE. 160 The bulwark won, then cloffy at the last, Unto the barmkin heaps of timber cast. The bow-men fiercely shot on every side, But South'ron worsted were for all their pride. Women and children on their knees did fall, And loud for mercy do on Wallace call. So pitiful he was the bold and flout, He hear'd their cries and let them fafely out. Then fire and smoke in fearful clouds arose, And burning flames all round their castle goes. Barrels of pitch which stood long there before, Went all in flames the mischief was the more. Both man and beaft are all burn'd up with fire, Thus Wallace hoft have got their hearts defire. Fechew himfelf fmother'd with fmoke and fmell, Lap from a hight and on the barmkin fell. With a good fword Wallace struck off his head, Five hundred more were chock'd and burn'd dead On the next day the fire being fpent, WALLACE's men unto the castle went. Struck down the gate and took what they could Jewels and gold great riches to their mind. Spoiled the place and nothing elfe left there, But beafts burn'd bodies and great buildings bare Then Wallace to the widow of Fechew, Said "Promise here as you're a woman true, To trufe your husband's head to London town, And tell king Edward if he do not foon, Give battle I do fwear by all the feats, This month once to be at London gates. For if he keep not his faithful word to me, All the South west of England I shall see. To London town then without more she went, Where Edward lay displeas'd and ill content. His nephew's head did him with anguish fill, And more and more increas'd his forrows still. With great uneafe upon his feet and stood,

Weeping and wailing for his tender blood.

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The ADVENTURES or Then rose the council praying him to cease, We England lose unless we purchase peace. Woodstock for peace was clear then in the end, The king confents and does a meffage fend, No man the meffage there would undertake, Because the king so oft his faith did break. The Queen when the faw all refuse the thing, Down on her knees she fell before the king. Sovereign she said, if it your pleasure be, I pray permit me Wallace once to fee, Perhaps he may do more for woman far, Then for your men that mind him still of war. If with him I prevail not very foon, I may return with little damage done. The Lords were glad the Queen was minded fo, And humbly begg'd the king to let her go. To which the king altho' much discontent, And backward to it did at last consent. Some said the queen did Wallace much admire, Who daily so much honour did acquire. And in her heart by far did him prefer, To most men for his brave character. And that she lov'd him but till once they meet, I'll pass no judgment 'tween themselves two be't, Mean time the march'd to leave our drolls & jests With fifty ladies and feven ancient priefts, Now Edward for Fechew does figh and mourn, But unto Wallace I must now return. The worthy Scots among the South'rons ride, And great destruction make on ev'ry side. The host was glad and blest their happy fate, No force their was that durst with them debate. Riches and gold they got their very fill, And every thing they pleas'd at their own will. Soon they are march'd and to St Albans gone, In all that country damage did they none. The prior fent them vennison and wine, Refresh'd the host and made them bravely dine.

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The night appeared shortly in the place,
Then pitch'd their tents from thence a little space.
Into a valley by a river fair,
Where hart and hynd on either side repair.
Their watches set all in good order keep,
To supper went and in due time to sleep.

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C H A P. V.

How the Queen of England came to speak with WALLACE.

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TPON the morrow WALLACE quickly rose, To take the air out of his tent he goes. And then the good and reverend Mr. Blair, For morning fervice quickly does prepare. WALLACE most nobly did himself array, In thining armour glorious and gay. It's feveral parts are needless to rehearse, From top to toe he look'd exceeding fierce; Boyd and Adam Wallace wait on him with speed. Along a river thro a flowery mead. Thus in the fields all pleafant fweet and green, Fetching a walk they spy the English queen. Towards the hoft riding most soberly, With fifty ladies in her company. And feven old priefts religious good and wife, Who in all matters did the queen advise. To the pavilion with the lyon all, Ride, then light down, and on their knees do fall Praying for peace with many a piteous tear, Lord Malcolm faid our chiftain is not here. Pray madam rife a queen I'll not allow, Unto a subject on her knees to bow.

Then did he lead her by the tender hand, To Wallace where he like a prince did stand. So foon's the faw him the began to kneel, Then WALLACE did a mighty passion feel. He her embrac'd and kiss'd but did no more, The like to South'ron he ne'er did before. Then fmiling foftly whifper'd in her ear, Madam how please you our encamping here. Sir very well but we your friendship need, God grant we may in this our errand speed. Madam I must remove a little space, With this lord, then I'll wait upon your grace. To the pavilion both they do repair, And very quickly call a council there. Where he enlarg'd on woman's fubtility, How by their cunning men may tempted be. On pain of death therefore your men command. Or to their highest peril let them stand. That none with them converse but such as born, Of high blood are and to this council fworn. This out in orders thro' the army's gone, To ev'ry fingle individual one. Then to the queen he and the earl went, And courteously conducted her to the tent. Went to a fumptuous noble dinner then. All ferv'd with stately handsome gentlemen. Some of her chiefest royal dainties there, The queen pull'd out and kindly bid them share Of every thing the first did taste and prieve, No poifon here my lords you may believe. Soon after meat all did themselves absent, Excepting those that to the council went. Mean while the ladies did the queen attend, Until the council over was and then, Good WALLACE quickly waited on the queen. And calmly afted what did her journey mean, Peace faid the queen, we have no other thought, This raging war hath such destruction wroughts

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Then grant it, Sir, for his fake dy'd for us." " Madam, we cannot lightly leave it thus, You alk no peace but for your own felf ends, That cannot make us a fufficient mends, For the unjustice done our Royal Prince, The breach of faith, and blood-shed ever fince." "These wrongs, she said, ought all to be redrest." But WALLACE still the more for battle prest. The queen she answer'd with great modesty, "Peace now were best, if it might purchas'd be, For which, if you a truce with us will take, Thro' England all, we shall cause prayers make, That matters go not on, from bad to worfe. "Compell'd prayers, Madam, have no force, Before that they get half way to the heavens, I hope for mends, then shall we all be ev'ns." Then to the queen, did all the story tell, At Alexander's death, what us befel. How Bruce and Baliol, long time did contend, Who should be king, at length did condescend, And did the matter to a ref'rence bring, To the decision of her lord and king. And how unjustly Edward did decide, And then usurp the crown thro' hellish pride. In short, he told her all the story o'er, As I have told you in my book before. How Edward made him prisoner at Air. Broke a strict truce, and hang'd our barrons there. How Hefilrig kill'd his beloved wife, And therefore would hate South'ron during life. The filver tears (great pity to behold) Came trickling down when he his tale had told. The queen with Wallace so did sympathize, The tears that moment blinded both her eyes. "Curs'd days, she faid, that Hesslrig was born, On his account, many are now forlorn." " As queen or princess, madam, then said he,

She in her time was full as dear to me."

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"WALLACE, she said, from this discourse we'll

The mends thereof, is prayer and good peace." Three thousand pound, she down before him told, All of the finest and true English gold. "Such tribute, madam, now wedo not crave, Another mends of England we would have. For all the gold and riches of your reign, I'll grant no peace in absence of your king." When the faw gold, nothing would Wallace move, Then fporting faid, "Sir, you are call'd my love. I've ventur'd here my life, laid at the stake, Methinks, you should do something for my fake," "In love, you South ron, with your fubtile cracks, One thing pretends and the quite contrair acts. With pleasant words, you and such ladies fair, Would us decoy like birds into a fnare. We'll take our chance, whatever may befal, No flattering words, nor gold shall tempt us all." At which a rofy blush her cheeks did fill, Dear Sir, she said, pray let me know your will. For folemnly, I here to you protest, I think a truce would for us both be best. With ladies, madam, truce I cannot make, Lest your false king hereafter do it break. Then have we none but ladies to reprove, That shall not be, by him that sits above. The whole affair he on himself shall take, Of peace, or war, whate'er we chance to make. The queen she faid it was sufficient To which the rest did freely all confent. Yet forry was she, and did blush for shame, That she obtain'd not all for which she came. Unto the hoft, the gold she freely gave, To ev'ry one that pleased for to have. When Wallace faw what every one had got, He faid, that kindness should not be forgot.

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We you affure, our hoft shall nothing act, Till you a meffage from your king fend back. Your heralds also, hither to and fro, May likewife very fafely come and go. She and her ladies thanked him, and drank To WALLACE, and the lords of every rank, Her leave she took, no longer there abode, Five miles that night unto a nunn'ry rode. And on the morn, to London travell'd they, To Westminster, where king and counsel lay. WALLACE's answer show'd, and did report Most nobly of him both to king and court. Upon his wit and manhood, did comment, His freedom, truth, and martial government. " More chiftain-like he's in his armour feen, Than ever yet I think in England's been. From honour he, (on which he's fo much bent, Will not retract for all the kingdom's rent. Then purchase peace, and I shall add no more, Or else all England may repent it fore. Mean time unto your heralds he gives leave, To come and go, and no man dare them grieve. The king and council in their mind were eas'd, Thanked the queen, and all were bravely pleas'd. Then all concluded, it was only best To take a truce, else they would get no rest. Then do dispatch a herald wise and grave, To whom fafe conduct, Wallace frankly gave. Then Clifford, Beaumont, Woodstock, do procure To treat with Wallace, a most ample pow'r. Thus these three lords, to him ride all in state, Where fubtilly Woodstock did there debate. To which good Wallace did reply again, You fpeak in fophisms, but I'll tell you plain, Roxburgh and Berwick, you must us restore, Which was our right and heritage before. Alfa we ask, by vertue of this bond, Our native king, so long keep'd from his own.

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Those you shall grant, on your king's faith to me, To which, on fight the Lords did all agree. The Randal young, whom there he did demand, And the Lord Lorn, were granted to his hand, The Earl Buchan, tender but, and young, He did obtain for the wind of his tongue. Cumming and Soules, he caus'd deliver als, Who, after to King Robert proved false. Vallance for fear, durst scarcely keep his bed, But like a thief, to Picardie he fled. The noble Bruce, alas; was gone away, Before that time to Calais many a day. Unto his uncle Glocester; which thing, King Edward prov'd, fo Wallace wants his king. The Earl Patrick, who at London staid, No more allegiance unto king Edward paid. But unto Wallace speedily came down, And held his lands, all of the Scottish crown. An hundred horse, with brave Scots noblemen, Came trooping gladly all to WALLACE then. Under his feal King Edward then did fend And caus'd deliver to the Scottish men, Roxburgh and Berwick. Five years peace enfues, To ancient Scotland great and glorious news, Which unto Wallace quickly was fent down, And fairly fign'd closs by Northallertoun. To Bamburgh, came the Scottish army then, Which did confift of fixty thousand men. To Carham moor, came all in good array. With hearts rejoicing upon Lambmas day. (pleafe, The priest next day in church, did WALLACE Deliver'd him up Roxburgh and Berwick keys. Berwick, to Ramfay he gave on the fpot, And noble Seaton, Roxburgh caftle got. With Earl Patrick, WALLACE, without more, Rode to Dumbar, and there did him restore. Scotland all o'er, from Rofs to Sollway fand. WALLACE he did give statutes to the land.

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Unto the Lennox then, he did repair, Sir John Montieth, that time was captain there. And twice before had WALLACE's goffip been, Yet now no friendship was betwixt them seen. Upon a rock, a house he founded there. Then to the march he did again repair. In Roxburgh then, he choos'd a handsome place, And built a tow'r within a little space. Jop twice he fent to Bruce of Huntingtoun, Befeeching him to come and take the crown. Such counsel of the Saxons false took he, In all his life, he WALLACE ne'er did fee. Three years the kingdom quiet had and reft, And ev'ry man his own with peace poffest.

Here ends the first Conquest of Scotland.

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BOOK IX.

H A P. I. С

How the King of France wrote to WALLACE by his Herald, and WALLACE's answer.

HE king of France hearing of WALLACE'S name, His mighty valiant acts, and glorious fame; In's royal mind, did long most vehemently, This much renown'd Scot's Champion to fee. Wonder'd how WALLACE, with fo small a pow'r Made English men, before him fly and scour. And force their malice, spite of hell to cease, Then pitifully truckle for a peace. The king a herald calls, and without more, To Wallace writes as to a conqueror.

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Beloved Sir, worthipful, wife and wight, Restorer of thy native land's true right. In the defence of righteous Royal Blood, For which thou always loyally upflood. Old prophecy, which did thy birth adorn, Said, happy Scotland, that time thou was born. I do befeech with all humility, Thou wilt accept my letter graciously: Give credit and believe in any ways, Whate'er my herald, from me to thee fays. The herald bow'd, and to the fhip is gone, And then in Scotland does arrive anon, Went fireight unto Sir WM. WALLACE, where He found him in the ancient town of Air. The letters humbly in his master's name, To Wallace does prefent, and he the fame, Most courteously upon his bended knee, Receiv'd from him in all humility. The herald then made him to understand, All that his mafter gave him in command, Your valour Sir, and honour, all do own, And to the king my mafter's fo well known: That he intends your worship to advance, As high as any subject born in France. Wallace reply'd, " As God my foul shall fave, A speedy answer you shall quickly have." The herald staid with Wallace twenty days, And was regal'd with feating, sport and plays. Then courteously, Wallace wrote to the king, A fatisfying answer to each thing. Unto the herald, presents rich he gave, Then to the fea convey'd him, and took leave. Wallace his voyage foon intends for France, Prepares fit equipage, and purveyance. Good Lord James Stuart, Scotland's fleward then Made governor till he return'd again. At Rochel now, the herald does arrive, A blyther man, fure there was none alive.

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To Paris went then peerless for renown, (town. The king thought well WALLACE was come to Asked the herald with concern anent, Old Scotland's welfare and how matters went. Saw thou brave WALLACE chiftain of that land Yes Sir said he a man of great command. In all my travels wheresoe'er I've gone, A braver knight sure saw I never one. Great worship there and honour's to him paid, His piercing eye almost made me affraid. With rich rewards and presents as you see, For your grace sake he complimented me. Here is his answer, then the king was glad, Most graciously received it and it read.

Most Royal Sir and righteous crowned king, Of great renown your herald here does bring. A letter writ by my unworthy hand, In answer to your majesty's command. You well do know how Scotland's daily vex'd, And by our neighbouring nation fore perplex'd. No bands will bind them but with open face, Do break their faith to christians great disgrace. On which account I pray Sir understand, I carce dare leave this poor distressed land. Yet by God's grace if living that I be, Within a year your majesty I'll see O how this answer greatly pleas'd the King, Who was as blyth as bird upon the wing.

CHAP. II.

How WALLACE went to France, fought the Red-River, and took him prisoner.

Oward his voyage WALLACE does advance And at Kircudbright shipping takes for France

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With fifty brave flout Scottish gentlemen, Above what I describe can with my pen. 'Mongst whom were four of his own kinfmen need Two Wallaces, Crawford, and Cleland dear. Drank their bonalies in good wine and ale, Then chearfully for fea hois'd up their fail. Sail'd that whole day and all the following night, Then on the morn when the fun shin'd bright. The ship master sprang quickly up a rope, Where fuddenly he fpy'd from the main top. Sixteen great ships that boldly up did bear, And towards him a fleady course did fleer. In colour red, which with the fun shine bright, The fea all ofer illuminate with light. At which the mafter almost fell a swoon, Afrighted fore he quickly then came down. Alas faid he that ever I was born, Without remead our lives are all forlorn. Curse on the time that I did take in hand, This voyage, O that I were back at land. And buried were into fome lonely grave, So Wallace's life with honour I might fave. Master faid Wallace what needs all this moan. Oh Sir here's fixteen fail against our one. Him that commands nought but our blood will He fixteen years has been king of the feas. (pleafe Then Wallace ask'd, wot's thou what he may be, The Red-River, a tyrant strong is he, He faveth none for gold or other good, But kills and drowns all in the brynie flood. Since better may not be I pray thee show, The Some mark faid Wallace that I may him know. The master said, at first sight you will ken, And foon may him distinguish from his men. A A handsome proper man as is in France, The And of a manly Scottish countenance. ec I Taller then any of his men a deal, To And cleath'd in fearlet, bove a coat of mail.

The foremost ship that does pursue us so, Himself is in, and that you'll quickly know. When he comes near, he boldly will you hail, Then speedily be fure to strike your fail. He'll enter first himself most hardily, These are the signs that you shall know him by. A bar of blew, into his shining shield, A bend of white, defiring ay the field. The red betokens blood and hardiness, The white, his courage strongly doth increase. The blew he wears, 'cause he's a Christian." Then Wallace faid, "He must be no good man, For fure I am, this is no Christian deed, Get you below, may the great God us speed. The ship-master and the steer-men also He made go down into the hold below. His fifty men, who were the very best That he could choose, soon were in armour drest. Forty and eight, closs on the deck caus'd ly, On William Crawford, then in hafte did cry. "When the Red River hails us, strike amain, At my command hail up the fail again. Dear cousin Cleland, take the helm in hand. Here on the deck closs by thee I will stand. May the great God, us, and our ship both guide. The River's barge came then closs by their fide. Himself he stood aloft, with a drawn sword, And bade the steers-man, lay along the board. Aloud he cry'd, "Strike dogs, or you shall die." Crawford let down the fail then speedily. The captain enter'd first, no ways aghast, Then Wallace gripp'd him by the gorget fast. And threw him down on the deck where he stood. While mouth and nose all gush'd out of blood. A dagger knife, Wallace in hafte drew out, Then with pale face, the River look'd about. " Mercy, he cry'd for him that dy'd on rood, To mend my life, that have spilt so much blood.

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In Latin tongue, to WALLACE then faid he, " For God's fake, Sir, pray grant my life to me. His weapons all, Wallace did quickly take, Him by the hand did lift, and pris ner make. Then made him fwear, on his tharp fword & long, From that day forth, he never should him wrong. "Gommand thy men, faid Wallace, to the peace And quickly cause their shot of guns to cease. A glove the River held up on the spot, Seeing the fign, his men forbore their shot. His largest barge, to him he then did call, Give over war, our true friends these are all. Then asked at what port Wallace wou'd be, Unto the Rochel quickly answered he. The River bids his men to Rochel fleer, They tack about, when his command they hear. Wallace faid, Pray what countryman art thou. A French man, Sir, and my forefathers too. Wallace then ask'd, How came thou to this life, By the mischance, fir, of a sudden strife, At court, I kill'd a man dead at one stroke, Which did the king most hainously provoke. Thro' friends in court, I fcaped of that place, And fince could ne'er obtain his royal grace. To Burdeaux, thereafter made a trip, And on a night, did feize an English ship, Ill doers to myfelf, I foon got moe, And in a little multiplied so, That I these sixteen years have rung at sea, And shed much blood, for which, oh! wo is me. And now, for the great mischiefs I have done, In spite of fate, I'm vanquished by one. Thus I confess to my etrnal shame, My bloody life. But pray Sir what's your name, That with your own fingle, but valiant hand, Does me and all my fixteen fail command. None but brave Wallace, the Scot's Champion Could thus have baffled me and all my powers

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None else I know encounter me should date, It were great honour to ferve in his war. Then Wallace smiling answered modestly, Scotland had need of many fuch as thee. What is thy name, thinks Wallace wants a peel. Monsieur faid he, Thomas of Longoville. Well bruik thy name, yea here shall end our strife. If thou'll repent and mend thy by past life. For which thy faithful friend I'll ever be, I'm that same Wallace whom thou now does fee. Upon his knees then Longoville fell down, As Wallace had been king that wears the crown. That I'm fallen in thy hands I'm pleas'd much more Than I had gotten florins fixty fcore. Wallace replyed fince thou art here by chance, And that the king has fent for me to France: I'll tell him that for my reward I want, Thy peace and pardon which I hope he'll grant. Could you my peace obtain Longoville fays, Most faithfuly I'd serve you all my days. No fervice Thomas shalt thou give to me, But fuch good friendship as I'll keep with thee. With that they fill'd the wine and merry made, And upon fight were in the Rochel trade. Now the town is in a fudden fear, When the Red-River and his ships appear. Some thips they fled and others run afhore, When Wallace faw they frighted were fo fore, He did command none in the hav'n should go, But his own barge which pleas'd the people fo. That they no fooner the Red-lyon faw, In the Scots banner but they gave huzza. Let up the port, received them in the town With great respect, then entertain'd them round. Wallace they faw a goodly Scottish man, And honour'd him with all respect they can. four days he tarried, at the Rochel, then Gave frict command to Longoville's men,

That they discreetly would behave and well, And nothing act that might be thought hostile: For shortly he would either send or bring, Unto them all a pardon from the king. Your captain to the king shall go with me, By help of God I shall his warrant be. Like his own men he cloathed Thomas fo, There was no man that Longoville could know. Both blyth and glade as any man alive, They march and then at Paris do arrive. In fplended order to a garden went, Then gallantly before the King present. Fifty and two upon their knees do fall, Salute the king most fine like princes all. Their speech they do govern and so well rule, As they'd been taught at Julius Cæfar's school. The queen got leave (fo curious was) to fee, Brave WALLACE and his company. The king he dines as did the court alfo, Then after meat does to the parlour go. He and his lords commun'd ev'ry thing, With WALLACE who did greatly please the king. In Latin tongue his answer does advance, With a ferene and manly countenance. The king he ask'd where the Red-River was, And marvell'd how that tyrant let him pais. You with the herald might have wrote to me, For power to convey you thro' the fea. I thank you Sir no need thereof had we, Bleffed be God we're all fafe as you fee. Then faid the king Wallace I wonder much, You have escap'd that bloody tyrant's clutch. Who on the fea fuch cruelties has wrought, Could we him get he should not 'scape for nought, Thomas quack'd began to count his beads, When as the king related his misdeeds. WALLACE gave ear but feigned in some part, Forfooth faid he we found none in that airt.

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But Sir, with leave, would ye the River know, Fy, fince I faw him, it is long ago. These words of yours, Wallace, are all in vain, Ere he come here, many he'll cause be slain." Then WALLACE faid, "Great Sir, of my men all, Who is the man likeft to him you'd call. The king reply'd, with a quick piercing eye, "That large long man, that next to you stands by Then on his knees, the worthy Wallace fell, 0 royal king, faid he, pray hear me tell. How Saxon feed hath Scotland fore diffrest, Our elders kill'd, and royal blood opprest. Your Majesty, methinks, should interpose, In our behalf, and curb our lawless foes. And that by virtue of the league and band, Twixt France and Scotland, does fo firmly fland. Next, fince at your command, come here I have, One favour, Sir, I humbly of you crave." The king reply'd, I'll grant or pay you down Whate'er you ask, except my queen or crown. Most royal Sir, faid Wallace, all I want, Is, that you'll graciously be pleas'd to grant Peace to this man, whom I brought here through And I'll disclaim all other gifts in France. (chance This fame is he, you may believe it well, Of whom you fpeak, Thomas of Longoville. Receive him as a free liege of your land, At which the king was put unto a stand. Yet for his promise, and good WALLACE's fake Into his peace, he Longoville did take, The king he afk'd at Wallace, how and where, He met with Longoville, who did declare, And there rehearse the manner how, all o'er. As you have heard the story told before. WALLACE to Thomas, also purchas'd then, Peace unto all his fourteen hundred men. There on the very fpot where he did stand, part, Was knighted by the king's own royal hand.

Syne to his nearest heir lest his estate, Then with brave Wallace went and took his fate.

C H A P. III.

How WALLACE past into Guyen.

Hree weeks at Paris Wallace did remain. But longed much, to try the wars again: To march for Guyen, he esteem'd it best, Because that country English men possest. Then of the king took leave, on's knees did fall, But took no French men with him then at all. Except Sir Thomas, and a warlike crew, Of valiant Scots, nine hundred frout and true. Who furiously with him to Guyen ride, And fire raife, thro' all that country wide. Forts and strong castles, quickly they break down, And put to death many a South'ron lown. A warlike town, Scemen, stood in that land. Which English men had under their command. The town it stood upon a water side, Within a park, that was both long and wide Toward that place, most valiantly then, WALLACE he march'd, with his nine hundred men Four hundred to himfelf took speedily, The rest with Crawford caus'd in ambush ly. Wallace his men all gallantly array'd, Before the town their banner there difplay'd. The Ivon rampant, all in gold, did flee. Which fight before that country ne'er did fee. The park they range, great booty drive away, The war-men issued to rescue the prey, But worthy Scots have many English slain, The rest sled back unto the town again.

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Forty good Scots pass'd with the prey along, Then ish'd again a thousand English strong. WALLACE he caus'd his men let go the prey, Then foon affembl'd all in good array. A fierce encounter there you might have feen, 'Mongst those wight war-men all in armour clean Vast numbers lost their lives on South'ron side, And yet the rest most boldly did abide. Some worthy men there of the Scots they flew, Then William Crawford who the time well knew Out of the park he made his ambush fair, Into the field where they all fighting were. He at his entry many a one caus'd die, Yet English men were very loath to fly. But bravely fought although they lost much blood. So few fo long 'gainst Wallace never stood. Yet at the last were all oblig'd to-fly, Whom Wallace did pursue most furiously. And never knew till he amidst the throng, Was in the town his South'ron foes among. With him was Crawford, Richard, Longoville, Fifteen in all, and no more I wot well. A cunning porter got upon the wall, Pull'd out the pin let the porrculzies fall. Then cruelly the English on them set, But to the wall the Scots their back did get. Cut down the South'ron all their force defy'd, Then Richard Wallace he the porter fpy'd. Knock'd out his brains with little noise and din, Got up the port let all the Scotsmen in. Who spared none that they before them fand, If they a fword or weapon had in hand. All other lives most christianly did spare. But fiezed the goods and riches that were there. The town with French replenish'd quickly then, Wallace the field takes briskly with his men. At which the king delayed not very long, But rais'd an army twenty thousand strong.

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All faithful subjects of the crown of France, Led by his brother Duke of Orleance, Thro' Guyen land a fpeedy march they make, At Burdeaux do WALLACE overtake. Some faid that town did mightily incline, To fight good WALLACE but foon chang'd their And fent express to Picardy by post, Telling of Wallace and the new rais'd hoft. Glocester, then captain of Calais went, And told all to the English parliament. Some plainly faid Wallace had broke the truce. Others faid nay that was ne'er his use. Lord Beaumont faid with judgement most profound Wallace for Scotland not for France was bound. Yet Woodstock from his malice could not cease. But still affirm'd Wallace had broke the peace. And told the King if he'd his council take, Now was the time on Scotland war to make. What Woodstock said all did couclude it right, By fea and land a force they raise on fight. Glocester he leads on the army's van, Longcastle does the middleward command. Then Sir John Psewart to the sea was sent, Who all the north-land perfectly well kent. Vallance the knight before the army went, Who all the mischief did he could invent. And made some Scots with his enticing word, Yield up the castles without stroke of sword. E'er the best fort knew it was war in plain, In Bothwell castle he was set again. And Sir John Psewart who came by the sea. Soon got St Johnstoun by a jeopardie. Dundee they took left not a man in life, Then plundered and foon possessed Fife. And all the fouth from Cheviot to the fea. O barbarous and cruel enemy. To Rauchry fled good Adam Wallace then, And Robert Boyd to Bute, two gallant men.

Sir John the Graham in Dundaff durst not bide, But marched to the forrest fair of Clyde. Lundie from Fife he stole away by night, Eighteen with him that cliver were and tight. And his young fon then but of tender age, To Dundaff-muir they all away do page. Thinking to meet with good Sir John the Graham, Who often made the South ron fly with shame. Thomas of Thorn took Lanerk the next day, Lundie and Hay no longer there durst stay. But to South-Tinto quickly do repair, And good Sir John did quickly meet them there. Vallance had order'd good provisions then, Under a guard of fourscore English men. For Bothwell-caftle, but unto their shame, Were foon furpriz'd by Lundie and by Graham. Who with some hardy Scots, fifty I trow, Of fourfcore South ron, fixty there they flew. Got gold and goods, and all remain'd alive, On the Scots fide excepting only five. Then marched all away upon a night, Unto the Lennox in their armour bright. Seaton and Lyle, they lodged in the Bass, But Hugh the Hay, fent unto England was. Then the north-country lords do in the end, The squire Guthrie unto Wallace send. At Aberbrothwick shipping took for sea. And fafely at the Sluce foon landed he. To WALLACE went and told in forry mood, How fadly matters now in Scotland stood. Then Wallace faid, O South'ron all mansworn, For perfidy fuch rogues were never born. Their former treachery did we not feel, Even when the truce was figned with their great Who notwith tanding most unchristianly, Caus'd eighteen score of our brave barrons die. To the great God, my vow I here do make, Peace with that king hereafter ne'er to take.

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He shall repent that he this war began. If it please God I be a living man. Then does address the king for liberty, To go to Scotland with his company. With much ado the king did condescend, With that provisio when the war did end; And he triumph'd had o'er the South'ron foes, He should return to France and no time lofe. Which if he did he freely might command, At his return a Lordship of good land. WALLACE takes leave, goes straight for Flanders With good Sir Thomas and his country men. The squire Guthrie's barge, at Sluce lay still, To fea they went in hafte with a good will. Fair wind and weather nothing worse they fand, Then at Montrose they safely all do land. Good Sir John Ramfay and the Ruthven true, Barclay and Biffet with men not a few. Do WALLACE meet all canty keen and crouss, And with three hundred march to Ochter house.

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BOOK X.

CHAP. I.

How WALLACE won St. Johnstoun.

Which by the English then was repossest.

Under Kinnoul, e'er it was day, lay down,
They spy'd six South'ron servants from the town.

Driving their empty carts upon the way,
In order to bring home their master's hay,
Which when they were a loading, suddenly,
Guthrie and's men made all the six to die.

WALLACE in hafte caus'd take their upmost weed. And men to fit them ordered with speed. Wallace himfelf, and Ruthven brave alfo. Guthrie and Biffet, and good yeomen two: Each took a fuit, and then with fubtile art. Five men with hay, they cover'd in each cart. Then to the town those carters took their way. And carefully drove on their carts of hav. Good Sir John Ramfay lay in ambush, till He warning got, then marched with good will. Over the bridge the carters quickly past. Enter'd the gate, and their cloaks do cast. (he got. Wallace with three good strokes, which there The porter kill'd, and two more on the spot. Guthrie and Biffet, Ruthven of renown. Most manfully did cut the South ron down. The armed men, that fnug lay in the carts. Came fiercely out, and bravely plaid their parts. When Ramfay's fpy, faw all that there was done. The ambush broke, both bridge and port hath won. E'er Ramfay came, with his men good and true, The twenty one, there forty South'ron flew. And fo foon as the ambush enter'd in, They spared none that were of South ron kin. There Longoville, that brave and warlike knight. Nobly behav'd, and did their doublets dight. The South'ron, when they faw the town was tint. Fled then as fast, as fire does from the flint. And Sir John Psewart at the next gate past. To Methven wood, he scour'd off wonder fast. One hundred men fled to the church in vain. But Wallace spared none for all were flain. Four hundred South ron kill'd were in the strife, And seven score only scaped with their life. Wallace got riches, good things not a few, And with true Scots, plenish'd the town of new. First to the Gask did Sir John Psewart pass, Then unto Fife, where Vallance theriff was.

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Gather'd of men a num'rous company, To Auchterarder, then drew privily. And to be ready, ordered them all For to attack St. Johnston, at a call. Wallace made Ramfay his great captain there. And Ruthven sheriff, a deserving pair. He charged them, that on first warning they Should come to him without further delay. On some exploit, he quickly marched then, With him one hundred of good fighting men.

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C H A P. II.

The Battle of Black-Iron-Side, and how WAL-LACE took in Lochleven and Airth.

O Fife he march'd, that country state to view, With his good men, that trufty were & true. But Sir John Psewart from the Ochle high. Espying Wallace as he passed by: All on a sudden, 'gainst him marched then, To Black-Iron-fide, with fifteen hundred men, This fudden march, good Wallace fo alarms, He and his men stand quickly to their arms. With Biffet, and good Guthrie does advise, What course to take against this fad furprize. We with the South'ron, now are fo befet, To our good friends at Perth no word we'll get. It grieves me more that Vallance is the guide, Than all the rest upon the South ron side. Guthrie reply'd, " Could we get over Tay, It were, I think, the fure and fafest way. And warn good Ramfay, who commands the town He'd fend a reinforcement to us foon." 11 It's fafer, Wallace fays, in my esteem, To fight the foe, than dangerously to swim.

In Elchock park but forty men were we, Against seven hundred, and made South ron flee, so may we now thro' help of divine grace, Take courage lads, and bravely show your face. This wood we'll hold as long as we can stand, To the last man, we'll fight it sword in hand. The right is ours, let's to it manfully, I'll free this land once more before I die. Which speech, did so their hearts to him engage, And put their spirits upon such an edge, That fome call out to take the field in plain. Wallace faid "No, those words are all in vain, My thoughts and fentiments are no way fuch, This wood may prove to our advantage much. For the our courage be not wanting now, Yet, pray, believe good conduct's needful too. Then hewn wood and planks of oak did take, A strong barrier, then quickly did he make, And by the time that all was finish'd right, The English army came within their fight. Psewart attacks the wood with a bravade; But finds a strong and dev'lish barricade. There with a thousand men does wait and watch. And with five hundred, Vallance does detach. To guard the wood, that not one fingle skin, Might 'scape the sword of all that were within. Forty good archers, WALLACE had that tide, Which gall'd the English horse on every fide. The rest were spearmen, long in war expert, Honour was all the thing they had at heart, As evidently over all was feen, By their defence, at the encounter keen. A void was left, where South'ron enter might, Forty at first, were put to death on fight. Numbers of horse were killed with the thot, The wounded reel'd, and to a plain they got. Psewart rampag'd, to see both man and horse, So fore rebuted and put to the worfe.

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Vallance advis'd he would forbear to fight, And rest his men closs by the wood that night. For hunger soon would drive them from their

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Then might he charge them in the field at length. Psewart reply'd, "Tis dangerous to delay, If fuccour come to them what will you fay. Along with me, eight hundred men shall fare, All in a range to round the wood with care: The rest they shall with thee continue still, To fight or be commanded at thy will." "Be brifk, faid Vallance, quickly him befet. For now, I think he's fairly in the net. Could you but flay, or take him upon life, King Edward fure, would make you Lord of Fife." When Wallace he their disposition faw, And Psewart's charge with so much rage and awe. " Brave lads, he faid, you Psewart is a knight, Forward in wars, both hardy, wife and wight. Such an attack, against us, and a fore, He does intend, as you ne'er faw before: Since we're befet with foes on ev'ry fide, And must perforce here in this forest bide: Take notice all, and mark well what I fay, His first affault, boldly refist I pray." Crawford he left, and Longoville the knight, At the barrier to keep it fafe and tight. Wallace himfelf, brifkly encounters then, Psewart, with fixty, 'gainst eight hundred men, Who fought so fierce, and show'd their valour so, No English man durst from his fellow go. To break his rank or foremost enter in, So bloodily the difpute did begin. On either fide, the spears in flinders flew, Numbers of English there the Scotsmen slew Vallance, at this time, forely did affail, Crawford, and the brave knight good Longoville.

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A W T Who boldly stoods and did defend their ground. And at the entry hew'd the South'ron down. Thus were the Scots attack'd on every hand. Fifteen to one, too numerous a band. Nothing they had now for't, but do or die, Psewart surpriz'd was, with such bravery. Who pressing on, with a good sword of steel, Kill'd a stout Scot, who had behaved well. Wallace inrag'd, did quickly vow revenge, And a sound blow, with Psewart to exchange. But troops of South'ron interveening soon, He miss'd his mark, tho' others he cut down. Great slops the Scots made 'mong the South'ron ranks.

From front to rear, and out thro' both their flanks Eighty, that time, were flain without remead, And at the barrier, fifty killed dead. After this brisk repulse, and fair defeat, Psewart he quickly caused sound retreat. And then confults, what's proper next to do, Curses hard fate, 'cause beat by such a few. The worthy Scots go in to the barrier, Wash all their wounds, refresh and make good chear, " At many bouts, faid Wallace, I have been, But such a fierce attack, have scarcely seen." Then from a strand of water running by. He all his men supply'd abundantly. Drank first himself, then said in sober mood, "The wine in France, I ne'er thought half so good." Sir John concludes, in council, to be brief, To fight no more till he get fresh relief. And then to starve with hunger in the field. The Scots, if they stood out and did not yield. Mean time, he charg'd John Vallance to abide. And keep them, into Couper till he'd ride. Who faid, such charge he wou'd not undertake. To fight all day, and then all night to wake.

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Plewart cry'd, "Stay, or under-ly the blame, I thee command, in good King Edward's name Or here to God, I vow, without all fcorn, If they break out, to hang thee up the morn." WALLACE was blyth when that he heard fuch strife. Nothing e'er pleas'd him better all his life; And then drew near, at a time, withal, To the wood fide, and did on Vallance call. "Yon Knight I think would make a coward fart, Come in to us, his brag's not worth a f--t. And thou shalt have a lordship in thy-hand, Thy brother left behind him in this land, Vallance choos'd rather with the Scots to bide, Than venture's life upon the English side. So in a moment, all with one confent, He and his men, streight unto Wallace went. Then Psewart faid, "I ne'er expected such (much Base treatment, but John Vallance mock'd him By this brave Rainfay, and good Ruthven then, To black-Iron-Side, came with three hundred men. Psewart the Knight, well hath their coming feen, Who choos'd a plain, and drew up on the green. Twelve hundred men he had, wanting a fcore, The Scots five hundred, fixty and no more. Now to the wood good WALLACE bids adicu, Who all this time nothing of Ramfay knew. But when he heard him shoot, and Ruthven cry, How did his heart rejoice exceedingly. On either fide quickly affembled they, And fet the battle all in good array. The English who were more in number far, By Psewart now in two divided are. The worthy Scots fo foon as they were dreft. Most fariously among them quickly prest. And as they in the wood behaved well. So on the plain they fought as front as steel. Had small respite from rising of the film. Yet charg'd as fresh as if but new begun,

Ramfay and Ruthven came with fresh relief, Unto the South'ron's forrow and great grief. And of their carcales took a found mends, Differer'd them in twenties and in tens. When spears were gone with swords of metal clear They pay'd their way in haste from front to rear. WALLACE and his good men by strength of hand, Made South'ron blood to stream out thro' the land Three hundred English, briskly in the end, Surround Sir John, and bravely him defend. The Scots who faw fo many in a rout, With Psewart stand and guarding him about. Upon their flanks did them attack full fore, And with their points their polish'd plates did bore Ramfay inclin'd that Pfewart he should yield, Rather then fee him die upon the field, No he shall die said Wallace by Go D's grace, He came to pay his ranfom in this place. The South'ron plainly faw that they must die, Succour was none suppose that they should fly. Freshly they fought as they had enter'd new, And some good men on the Scots side they flew. To please our king said Psewart and his laws, We lose our lives in an unrighteous cause. With that he struck brave Biffet to the death. For which good WALLACE stopt his breath. Who with one stroke cut him down with his fword And after that he never spoke a word. But to the ground rush'd down with all his might. By Wallace hand thus dy'd that gallant knight. The rest were kill'd what could the Scots do more Then all lament the loss of Biffet fore. Ruthven for Perth to march he ready makes. And Sir John Ramfay Couper-castle takes. WALLACE and Crawford, Guthrie, Longoville. With Richard takes Lundores that night to beil. Vallance was Steward who abundantly, With meat and drink did bravely them supply.

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The English all flee fast before them now, As does the Bishop of St Andrews too. Who would not Wallace coming there abide. Was so dirt fear'd even for all Scotland wide. Their worthy knight that into Couper lay, Seiz'd all their riches on the fecond day. And at command of Wallace did east down, And raze that place unto the very ground. Then to Crail did fuddenly repair, Where he found nought but walls and buildings The English then troop'd off all in a string, And thro' all Fife the Scots did rant and reign. No English man was left for all did fly. Save in Lochleven, one fingle company. A knight Musgrove, who did command Kinghorn The meerest coward that was ever born. Hearing that Wallace would attack that place, Fled and deferted to his great difgrace. Wallace possest the house and on the morn, To Scotland's well does with his men return. When night was come they supp'd and went to reft But still Lochleven stuck in Wallace's breast. To which he pass'd near middle of the night. With eighteen chosen men all flout and tight. Courage brave boys he faid, and never flinch, The South'ron now ly fleeping in you inch. Since honour's to be won let's venture for't, If we get o'er we shall have pleasant sport. Do you remain all here upon the fpot, I'll try if I can bring you o'er their boat. Quickly he stript with his brave fword and good, Bound round his neck and leap'd into the flood. Over he fwims and very quickly then, Seizes the boat and brought her to his men. Who when array'd no longer did abide, But jumped in and row'd to th' other fide. The Inch they took, boldly with fword in hand, And spared none before him that they fand.

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To wives and bairns he mercy still did shew
But thirty men upon the place he slew.
To call good Ramsay he hath orders giv'n,
To dine with him if he pleas'd at Lochleven.
Sent out a man the South'ron horse to keep,
The messenger good Ramsay did surprize,
Who with unusual briskness bid him rise.
My Lord good Sir, does kindly you invite,
Unto Lochleven to eat a dish of meat.
Ramsay got up and march'd with all his men,
And there carous'd full eight days to an end.
Turs'd off the goods that South'ron had brought
there,

Caus'd burn the boat then unto Perth repair. There Bishop Sinclair met them in a trice, And wifely gave to WALLACE his advice. lop to the north for more fupply was fent, For none alive the country better kent. Good Mr Blair in facerdotal weed. Went to the west to warn his friends with speed. How unto WALLACE they might fafely get, The South'ron had their paffage fo befet. Brave Adam Wallace, and good Lindfay fare. To Earl Malcolm, where they welcome were, There was the noble Graham and Lundie brave. And Boyd like men are new rais'd from their grave op march'd on, Cummine Lord Buchan was, for old envy, he fuffer'd none to pass. Yet poor men came to Wallace as they might. for to defend old ancient Scotland's right. The Randal young to ferve his country bent. Good men from Murray hath to Wallace fent. op did return unto his master soon, And told him all tho' little he got done. But Mr. Blair fuch noble tidings brought, that of the Cummine, Wallace reckon'd nought. WALLACE who did the fit occasion ken, (men. March'd streight from Perth, and with him fifty

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Good Irish Stephen, and Kierly that was wight. In watchmens garb to Wallace march'd on fight. Upon more force to wait he had no mind. And left the rest to keep the land behind. By Stirling bridge to march he did not pleafe, For English men bum there as thick as bees. But over Airth they ferry'd hastily, And lurked in a private place hard by. A cruel captain dwelt in Airth that year, An Englishman whose name was Thomlin Weir, One hundred men were at his lodging still, Poffest that land according to their will. A Scottish fisher seiz'd who out of fear. Unto their service made the fellow swear. Jop early went the paffage for to fpy, And on the fisher happened suddenly. Then asked him what country man art thou, A Scot he faid, but South ron made me vow. Unto their service fore against my mind, Pox on the pack I love none of their kind. A fishing I came o'er to this north side. A Scotsman if thou be I'll with you bide. When Jop to Wallace told the poor man's cafe, They all rejoiced to fee the fisher's face. Since with his boat they might good passage have, Not valuing what the poor man should crave. To the Southland most gladly they did fare Then broke the boat when they were landed there Out thro' the moss they marched with good speed, To the Tor-wood the fisher did them lead, A widow there brought tidings in short space, Of Wallace friend that dwelt at Dunipace. Thomlin of Weir, had him in prison put, Which Wallace vex'd and to the heart him cut. Dame, faid good Wallace he shall loofed be. The morn by noon and fet at liberty. They ate and drank in quiet there abode, And on the morrow early took the road.

Toward Airth-hill, his force with him he drew, Where was a strength that well the fisher knew. A private way, the fisher him directs, Then to the South'ron paid his best respects. O'er a small bridge into the hall he got, And them falutes in rage and fury hot. With shearing swords, clinking out o'er their crowns There without mercy hew'd the South'ron down. Thomlin of Weir, he thro' the body clave, And his good men did foon dispatch the lave. Thro' all the room, the blood gush'd boiling hor, One hundred men lay dead upon the spot. Then to relieve his uncle went along, In a deep cave, who lay in fetters strong. Before that time, his uncle ne'er had been So glad, as when good WALLACE he had feen, Into deep ditches, the dead corps were caft, And carefully their watches plac'd at laft. Upon the morrow, gathered up the spoil. Both gold and jewels to reward their toil. South ron came in, but quickly changed hues. For none went back to tell their neighbours news. Stephen of Ireland, Kierly that was wight, These two did keep the port the second night. E'er it was day, the worthy Scots arose, Turs'd off their spoil, and to the Tor-wood goes. Now fince at Airth the Scots has done their best. Let's fee what came of them went to the west.

C H A P. III.

How WALLACE burnt the English in Dumbarton

ALLACE and his good men march dall the night,

And to Dumbarton, came e'er it was light.

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Then at a widow's house did quickly call, And whisper'd foftly to her thro' the wall. Whose voice, so soon as the good woman knew, Unto her clothes, immediatly she drew. In a closs barn, him and his men she got, Good meat and drink, in truth he wanted not. Then unto Wallace, gave one hundred pound, To make his supper go the better down. Nine fons the had, good likely men and tight, An oath to him she made them swear on fight. There he remain'd fecure and never budg'd, But caus'd mark the doors where South'ron lodg'd, Then all march'd on, and filence closely kept, Unto the gate where they fecurely flept. An English captain, and nine of his mates, Drinking too late, did brag of mighty fates. Had I good Wallace, one faid in a rage, I would think nothing with him to engage. Another there, his head and neck would pawn, He'dtye Sir John the Graham with strength of hand. A third, he'd fight the Boyd with a good fword, Twould fet him better far to fight a t--d. Another wish'd for Lundie, by his life, And some for Seaton, in that drunken strife When Wallace heard the South'ron make fuch He boldly all alone himself went in. Then with a brave bold countenance and stout, Saluted them most handsomely about. I'm from my travels come, Gentles faid he, Longing your conquest of the Scots to see. Some of your drink, and other cheer I'd have." The captain theu, a faucy answer gave. "Thou feem'st a Scot, likely to be a fpy, And may'ft be one of Wallace company, Which if thou be, nothing shall the protect, From being hang'd up quickly by the neck." Wallace thought then, it was not time to fland, His noble fword, fast gripped in his hand.

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With fuch a stroke the captain did surprize, As cut off all that stood above the eyes. Another their he kill'd in great Ire, A third he threw into the burning fire. Kierly and Stephen came in with courage true, And kill'd the rest of all that drunken crew. The hostler then without further delay, Directed WALLACE where the South'ron lay. Who fet their lodgings all in a fair low, About their ears and burn'd them stab and stow. Then to Dumbarton cave with merry speed, March'd long e'er day a quick exploit in deed. Toward Rosneath next night they past along, Where Englishmen possess the castle strong. Who that fame day unto a wedding go, Fourscore in number at the least or moe. In their return the Scots upon them fet, Where forty did their death wounds fairly get. The rest scour'd off and to the castle fled, But Wallace who in war was nicely bred. He did the entry to the castle win, And flew the South'ron all were found therein. After the flyers did pursue with speed, None did escape him all were cut down dead. On their purveyance feven days lodged there, At their own ease and merrily did fare. Some South'ron came to vifit their good kin, But none went out be fure that once came in. After he had fet fire to the place, March'd streight to Faukland in a little space. There Earl Malcolm was of glorious fame, Richard of Lundie and Sir John the Graham. Good Adam Wallace that true hearted Scot. Barclay and Boyd and others of great note, With them he keep'd his yool and holy days, Who past their time in feasting sport and plays. Till tydings came of his mother's death, Who to Almighty had refign'd her breath.

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Then did he order Jop and Mr Blair,
To bury her and no expence to spare.
Who posted off with speed did not defer,
And honourably did her corps inter.
His mourning Wallace soon threw off, for he,
Had most at heart how Scotland he might free.

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C H A P. IV.

How Sir William Douglass won the castle of Sanquhar by a jeopardy. How WALLACE rescu'd him from the English, and put them out of those parts.

C I R William Douglas as old writes record, Of Douglas dale at this time was the Lord. By his deceased lady, he had now, Two likely fons for strength and courage too. Whose nat'ral parts all greatness did persage, When at the schools and but of tender age. In knowledge that they might the more advance, They're quickly fent to the best schools in France. Their father that most just and noble knight. King Edward had detain'd against all right. Till with the lady, Ferres he'd conclude, A match which after prov'd not for his good. Two fons he had by this young lady fair, And then got leave for Scotland to repair. Accordingly his lady, fons and he, Came all to Douglas and liv'd pleafantly. King Edward thought that he had stedfast been, To him, but faith the contrair foon was feen. The old Scots blood remained in him still. Which to the English never bore good will.

That time the Sanquhar was a castle strong, From which the Scots did fuffer frequent wrong. An English captain did command the same, Was Bewford call'd, a pox upon his name. To Douglas lady was a kinfman near, From him no harm on that account did fear. But when Sir William faw Wallace in plain, Was likely to free Scotland once again. He as a true born Scotsman thought he should, Give all affiftance to him that he could. To which a chearful heart he ready found, Being by force to Edward only bound. To Thomas Dickson a young man and bold, His inclinations then he quickly told. How he defigned with all his pow'r and might, To frighten and furprize the English knight. I have faid Dickson a good friend indeed, John Anderson who fire-wood does lead. Unto the castle stout and true like steel, To him I'll go and all the case reveal. Into a moment good Sir William then, Prepared thirty stout well chosen men. He told his lady to Dumfries he went, To meet some English that had to him fent. Then march'd all night upon them fast do draw. And in a cleugh lurk'd by the water Craw. Dickson to Sanguhar goes and tarries not, And with John Anderson makes up a plot-That he should take John's horses and his weed, By it was day a draught of wood to lead. John was a cliver and auldfarrand boy, As you shall hear by the ensuing ploy. Mean time good Anderson unto him told, Ingeniously the whole strength of the hold. Forty they are all men of great avail, Be they on foot they'll forely you affail. But if you chance the entry for to get, A great pole-axe on your right hand is fet.

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Which may defend you floutly in the throng, Be Douglas wife he'll not stay from you long. Then Anderson the ambush by and by, Near to the castle led most privately. Dickson is with the draught of green wood gone, Who to the caftle whiftling came anon, Array'd in Anderson's old rural weed, To whom the porter opened with speed. Who faid this hour thou might have staid away, Thou art untimeous for its fearcely day, Dickson his draught got in by lucky fate, Then cut the cords and all fell in the gate. The porter twice out o'er thehead he struck, And kill'd him dead, prodigious good luck. The axe he got whereof his good friend spoke, And gave a fign whereat the ambush broke. Douglas was foremost faith he made no stand, But o'er the wood march'd streight with sword in hand.

Three watch-men kill'd within the closs that hour And won the gate that leads to the great tow'r, Ran up the stairs where the good captain lay, Who trembling stood and fain would been away. Too late he was Douglas struck up the door, And flick'd him dead where he flood on the floor. Then took the house put South'ron all to death, None did escape fave one with life or breath. The fellow fled in hafte to Durisdare, And told the captain all in pannic fear. Who to the Enoch caus'd another go, And warn Lochmabane Tiber's muir also, The country also bragg'd no less to do, Then siege the castle and hang Douglas too. Sir Willam then, most prudently on fight, Dickson dispatched, to warn the Wallace wight Who in the Lennox, very boldly, then Did ly encamped with four hundred men.

On which he marches, makes no longer stay, Unto the castle of Kilfyth that day: Where Ravindale numbers of South ron had, But was himself that time at Cumbernald. The Earl Malcolm posted was hard by. In ambush with two hundred men to ly. To guard the house, the rest himself he took Into the wood, and made one sharply look About, and fpy when Ravindale he came, For they defign'd him and his men fome game. Who when betwixt the bushments two he got, He and his men were all kill'd on the fpot. To fiege the caftle, would no longer flay, But march'd and burn'd Linlithgow in his way. Where South ron dwelt, and on the morrow fent, And burn'd Dalkieth, then to Newbottle went. Lauder by this, and Seaton of renown, (town, Came from the Bass, and burn'd North-Berwick And with an hundred men, in armour bright, Do Wallace meet, which was a joyful fight. Dickson he also met with Wallace now. Who promis'd foon the Douglas to refcue. Brave Hugh the Hay, in noble order, then To Peebles came, with fifty valiant men. And Rutherford that ever true had been, With fixty men, cruel in war, and keen. Couragiously all marched then along, And numbred were, good men fix hundred strong. By this the South'ron Sanguhair does befet, Thinking they had brave Douglas in the net. But news of WALLACE came with fuch a thud, As quickly put a fear unto their fud. For Wallace scarce to Crawford muir had got, When shame a tail remain'd upon the spot. The fiege thus rais'd in hurry and great fray, The bumbaz'd South'ron fcamper'd all away (night, Which news, when Wallace heard, he that fame Three hundred horsemen choose, in harness light

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The Earl Malcolm, quickly order'd he, To follow on, a good rearguard to be. Thro, Durisdear pursues this Chiftain bold, The plainest way, 'bove Morton then does hold. At Closburn, when the South ron came in fight, He charg'd and kill'd sevenscore into the fight. When South'ron faw the case had happen'd so, To rally then, they make a faint sham-show, With WALLACE to debate in open fields, But Earl Malcolm closs was at their heels. At which they thought it was not time to stay, But each man fled, and made the best o's way. WALLACE and the good earl do pursue, And in the flight demolish'd not a few. Five hundred good, they and their men have cast, Dead to the ground, e'er they Dalfwinton past. The wearied horses, march no further can, Tho' all the men were fresh as they began (force, Wallace and Graham, must then dismount per-And take their foot, good fate it was not worfe. So fierce they follow, without fear or dread, None but the horse could equal them in speed. Their strokes fo heavy, dreadful were and fore, Whom e'er they hit did grieve the Scots no more Then a new party, men of note and fame, With good fresh horses unto Wallace came. Good Currie, and the Johnstoun stout and gay, Kirkpatrick, and the trufty Halliday. Sevenscore new men came up a brave recruit. Who noble fervice did in the pursuit. Good Currie there, brave Wallace hors'd again Who quickly hath three English captains slain. Of Durisdear, Enoch, and Tibber's-muir, The dint of his good fword none could endure. The Maxwell also, out of Carlav rock drew. And did the South'ron furiously pursue. Befide Cock-pool, found payment there he got, Some drowned were, and some kill'd on the spot.

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An On Exp Wallace return'd, and in Carlaverock bode, And to Dumfries upon the morrow rode: Proclaim'd his peace to all within those bounds, That would affift against the South'ron lowns. No longer there at that time did abide, For South'ron fled from Scotland on each fide. The towns and castles Scotsmen then possest, And rul'd the land, and then the land had reft. Brave Douglas had behav'd fo nobly there, Was keeper made from Drumlanrig to Air. Mean time, his lady counterfeits her spite, And like a ferpent, waits her time to bite. By this the English captains all did flee, Excepting Morton, that held out Dundee. Which Wallace vex'd and grealy disoblig'd, Wherefore he march'd, and closely him befieg'd, Morton does beg his life, and then he'd go, For England streight but Wallace answer'd no. All England shall example of thee take, Thou shall be hanged for King Edward's fake. When Wallace had confirm'd the fiege, then he The Scrimzior made constable of Dundee. One Ballinger of England, that was there, Past out of Tay, and came to Quithy fair. To London wrote, and told of Wallace vow, And in what pickle, Morton labour'd now. Which tydings put King Edward to a stance, And call'd him home, who fighting was in France, Then did he charge and fummon Bruce by name, To answer, or to under-ly the the blame. And all the rest, who liv'd under his crown, Bishop and barron, got a summons soon. I leave him here to his new hellish plots; From which, good God preserve the sakeless Scots. The English, that time, Guyen land possest, And did that country very much infest. On which account, a herald does advance. Express to Wallace, from the King of France,

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Praying he'd come and charge the South'ron lowns. And once more chase them from his Gallic bounds, This message from the King, received he, When bufy at the fiege before Dundee. The herald there, he entetain'd at large, Most splendidly, on his own proper charge. And told him all the great fates he had done, But that he could not give an answer foon. Until he faw what Edward did contrive, And plot against the Scots, ill may he thrive. The wits of France, have with the herald fent, A brave descripton, and a fine comment, On Wallace actions, and his person rare, To either which, the age could not compare. In stature he was full nine quarters high, When measur'd, at least, without a lie. Betwixt the shoulders was three quarters broad, Such length and breadth wou'd now-a-days feem od, Was no fatigue, but what he could endure, Great, but well shaped limbs, voice strong and sture Burning brown hair, his brows and eye bries light, Quick piercing eyes, like to the diamonds bright. A well proportion'd, vifage long and found, Nose square and neat, with ruddy lips and round. His breaft was high, his neck was thick and ftrong, A fwinging hand, with arms both large and long. Grave in his speech, his colour fanguine fine, A beauteous face, wherein did honour shine. In time of peace, mild as a lamb would be. When war approached, a Hector flout was he. Riches he mock'd, fubmitted all to fate, Gave what he wan, like Alexander great. To Scotimen he great trust and credit gave, But a known foe could never him deceive. Such qualities, men did to him advance, Who were the very greatest wits in France. Which Mr. Blair mark'd all in Wallace's book. On which you're kindly welcome now to look.

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But He SIR WM. WALLACE.

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But at the fiege as WALLACE earnest lay, Jop brought him tydings on a certain day. How Edward came with a great force along, An army of an hundred thousand strong. WALLACE commands Scrimzior quickly then, There to command eight thousand of his men. And close befiege the South'ron in that place, That none might thence escape in any case. WALLACE himself did with two thousand ride. To Perth where he some few days did abide. Toward the fouth his march did then begin, With his brave lads all in a merry pin. King Edward does to young lord Wooftock fend. And orders him to march ten thousand men. To Stirling-bridge and there to keep the pass, Who when he came behav'd just like an ass. Without respect to orders cross'd the Forth. And with his men march'd streight unto the north But for his folly very foundly paid, Who had his king's command thus disobey'd.

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BOOK XI.

C H A P. I. The Battle of Falkirk.

YOUNG Woodstock now all in his airs has got He'll WALLACE fight, rescue Dundee what not.

But was surprized when looking round about

But was furpriz'd when looking round about, He WALLACE saw with him eight thousand stout

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Old bardy boys which made him change his hue, And on a fudden look both pale and blue. But finding them in number less then he, Resolves to fight and not a foot to flee: On Sheriff-muir Wallace drew up his men, Who had eight thousand gainst Lord Woodstock's There furiously the armies do engage, Each other in a desperate bloody rage. The hardy Scots together stuck so true, In rank and file feven thousand South'ron flew. Three thousand more who fought and would not Were quickly all cut down upon the field. (yield, Lord Woodstock dead among them also lay, Not one escap'd the sword that fatal day. Silver and gold, horses and other spoil, Scotimen got to remunerate their toil. Without a halt to Stirling-bridge they ride, And all pass over to the other side. Then carpenters and crafts-men quickly call, Who prefently undo the paffage all. To the Dridfoord Wallace he fent them fyne, Who ordered all according to his mind. Then made he Lauder very quickly pass, Along the coast where any vessel was. And men with him who fearched ev'ry nook, And from each boat a board or two they took. In Stirling then lay with his foot and horse, Watching what way the English bent their force. The Earl Malcolm came to WALLACE then, With the brave Lennox lads, true hearted men. Sir John the Graham came also speedily, Attended with a glorious company. Who tidings brought King Edward was at hand, Even at Trophichen with his South'ron band. Steuart of Bute with a great number next, To Wallace came for battle bravely fixt. Who on the morrow with the Cummine arch, Each with ten thousand to Falkirk do march.

Ten thousand also of brave valiant men, WALLACE drew quickly up in order then. There Earl Malcolm was of mighty fame, And that renowned knight Sir John the Graham. Seaton and Lauder, Boyd the stout and tight, And Adam Wallace a most noble fight. Then by express came information fure, The South'ron all were in Slamannan-muir. Pitching their tents fetting pavilions down, Be fouth Falkirk little above the town. Jop view'd their number as they march'd along, Which was compute one hundred thousand strong Nevertheless the Scots do courage take, At fight of Wallace and all fear forfake. The Cummine here fy on him for a Scot, 'Gainst Wallace does contrive a hellish plot. Told the Lord Steuart Wallace had no right. To lead the van before him in the fight. Which bred great heat betwixt the gallant two. So fubtily Cummine the coal did blow. The Steuart then does toward WALLACE make. Pray Sir what course is proper now to take. For Edward comes with a prodigious pow'r. To fight faid WALLACE their's no other cure. With far more troops, I've feen you king appear. And foundly beat with fewer men then here. Let's to it then for we have men anew, Likely and good providing they be true. Then Steuart faid the van-guard he would have WALLACE reply'd, as God my foul shall fave. That shall ye not, I'll grant you no such thing, Nor no man elfe, except thy righteous king. Twice have I rescu'd this my native land, And shall I now refign my old command. I let you know, its neither brag nor boaft. Will bully me out of my righteous post. So much a fool I am not, Sir, by half,

At fuch a time, to quit my marshall staff."

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To which the Steuart answered again, The owl did of his feathers once complain. At which dame nature took a feather fair, From every bird and him deliver'd there. Which gift the owl no fooner did receive, Then he thro' pride rebuted all the leave. Why then so high Sir? does it now appear, That you condemn all but yourself are here. Then of your men be not so vain but mind, Had each his own you should have few behind. Wallace enrag'd flew in a flame of fire, And too, too rashly call'd the Steuart liar. No owl I am for I have often been, At the noon day where thou durst not be feen. Fighting thy foes for glory not for pelf, This parable thou fpeak'ft against thyself. It is the Cummine has thee thus advis'd, I know his speech tho' masked and disguis'd. From danger great I did relieve that flave, And this is all the thanks I now receive. No fuccour then expect from me this day, Then wheel'd and with ten thousand rode away, Great comfort this did to the English yield, And almost fore'd the Scots to leave the field. At which the Steuart grieving much he fwore, Cummine should rue his base advice full sore, For that he now did very plainly fee, His plot was only felf and treachery, The Earl Hartford 'gainst the Steuart then, Advanc'd with thirty, thousand English-men. Whom the brave Steuart charg'd fo fierce and hot, That Hartford's men in heaps lay dead upon the fpot When spears were broke, boldly their swords they

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And twenty thousand of the South'ron slew. The rest they sled unto their king with grief, Who sent ten thousand for a fresh relief.

Which when the noble Champion WALLACE faws And the brave Scots up in battalie draw, Held up his hands, and fervently did fay, "O God affift you lord, I humly pray, And tho' he be with fresh force overset, Grant he the victory o'er his foes may get." By this the Bruce and Bishop Beik do then, Fiercely advance with forty thousand men. When Wallace did the Bruce's banner know. " Good God, faid he, how does this world go. To fee a man fo forward and fo rude, As fight against his native slesh and blood. Were I but free of my rafh oath and vow, I'd either die, or Steuart brave rescue. Kindness said, " Pray rescue him from the foe, But will faid, Nay, why fool wilt thou do fo? Kindness reply'd, "They are good Scottishmen. " On that, faid will, I cannot much depend. Had they been good, as one we all had been, The contrair whereof now is plainly feen. Tho' one be falfe, faid kindness, that ne'er shall, Make us neglect the rest, and lose them all. Who have behav'd fo well, and South'ron flain, Rescue them now, and thereby honour gain. Then on the rogue, occasion'd all the strife, Avenge thyfelf, if he be found in life. Will faid, "This day they shall not helped be, What I have faid, shalt still be faid for me." With that the tears, unto their great surprize, Burst out and trickled down from both his eyes. Sir John the Graham, and many others more, For the brave Steuart, weeped woudrous fore. To fee him with fuch numbers overpowr'd, While cowardly the Cummine fled and fcour'd. The men of Bute, before their lord they flood, Defending him in streams of their own blood. Till at the last, so faint and weary grown, They by the Bruce are all quite overthrown.

And brave Lord Steuart, scorning for to yield, With his good men lay dead upon the field. Then Wallace turn'd about to his men true, My lords, faid he, what's proper now to do. If we turn east for strength in Lowthian land, The'll us purfue with all their numerous band. Take we the muir, King Edward is before. We have but one thing for't, without words more, To the Tor-wood, in order all complete, Thro' Bruce's holt we'll fight a brave retreat. To which they did all chearfully confent, And as one man were all alike content. Good Wallace, then mounting his horse on fight, March'd at their head, in shining armour bright. With harnish'd horse, when to the host he drew, The cry arose, and spears in pieces slew. So fiercely fought the Scots, that by and by, Eight thousand South'ron on the field did ly. E'er Bruce and Beik, their men got in array, Wallace pass'd thro' and cleanly cut his way. Then gave command to march his hoft on fight, To the Tor-wood with all the speed they might, He and Sir John the Graham, and Lauder then, Stay'd with three hundred flout west country men. Expert in war, would hazard any thing, Who do attack some of the enemies wing. No spears they had, but swords of temper'd steel. As to their smart the English men did feel. For e'er the Bruce thereof could knowledge have, Wallace had fent, three hundred to their grave. With thirty thousand men, Bruce did pursue His native Scots, the South'ron to refcue. And order'd Beik for a relief to be, Which when good Wallace did observe and see, Alas! he faid how Bruce with all his might, Does ruin and destroy his own true right. Wallace commands his men to their own hoft. And staid behind for all the Bruce's boast

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Yea, on their front, fo fiercely in he broke, A South'ron there he flew at every stroke. But when retiring, woe is me therefore, Under the haunch, the Bruce did wound him fore. At which, the Graham and Lauder fo enrag'd. Did cut down all with whom they once engag'd. For they alone bravely maintain'd their ground, While Wallace was a dreffing of his wound. Who with three hundred very quickly came, To rescue Lauder and the noble Graham. Then with fresh force does Bishop Beik appear. Who makes the Scots feven acre broad retire. Yet were the two deliver'd there full well. By Wallace's hand and a good fword of fteel. At this successful, brisk and bold rescue. The awful Bruce, three gallant Scotfmen flew. Then with great fury, with a spear or lance, At Wallace struck, but miss'd him by good chance. To whom a backward stroke good Wallace gave. Which his horse neck and spear asunder clave. Bruce was at ground, e'er Wallace look'd about, But was re-hors'd by valiant men and fout, And WALLACE all alone left in the flour, Which Graham perceiving, spite of all their power. Bravely advanc'd, and struck an English knight, Before the Bruce, upon the baifnet right, So furiously, that with a single blow, He cut him down, and then away did go. But oh my heart does grieve and bleed to tell. What after this the noble Graham befel. A fubtile English knight, there suddenly An open 'twixt his harness did espy, Thro' which, alas! who can forbear to tear? He in his bowels, thrust his bloody spear, And yet the Graham for all his mortal wound, Turn'd kill'dthe knight, & rush'd him to the ground Then christianly, in temper calm and sweet, To the Almighty, did refign his sp'rit.

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When Wallace faw the gallant Graham was gone, How did it rack him to the very bone. Like one demented, and from reason rent, Amidst the South'ron host with fury went. Entaged at the loss of Graham that day, He cut down all that came into his way, When Bruce perceived Wallace in fuch rage, He order'd spearmen with him to engage. To kill his horse, that he might not escape. They thought him all a devil in man's shape. Then did the South'ron spears on every side, Pierce his good horse with cruel wounds and wide, In this fad pickle, WALLACE by and by, Thought it convenient for him now to fly. Spurr'd up his horse, lamenting still for Graham, Then to his folks at Carron water came. The fea was in, they ftopped there and ftood, Aloud he cry'd, and bade them take the flood. Accordingly the host they all obey, He follows on in all the hafte he may. Who clad was with a heavy coat of mail, Which made him fear his wounded horse would Yet thro' the flood, he bore him to the land, Then fell down dead, (poor beaft) upon the fand. But Kierly foon re-mounted Wallace wight, Upon a horse, both able, sound and tight. Rode to his hoft; but oh! Graham was away, And fifteen more brave Scots on Magd'lane day. Yet thirty thousand of the South ron crew, Most certainly that day the Scotsmen slew. What by the Steuart stout, and Wallace wight, To Edward fure a most confounding fight. To the Tor-wood Wallace, commands his hoft, Kierly and he march along Carron coaft. A party on the other fide they fpy, Bruce marching first, who does on Wallace cry, (fay "What art thou there?" " a man, Wallace did "Yes said the Bruce, that hast thou prov'd this day

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Abide, he faid, thou need'st not now to flee, Wallace reply'd "It's not for fear of thee" " To talk with thee, the Bruce faid, I defire," "Say on, faid he, thou may'ft for little hire, Ride from thine hoft, let them abide with Beik, I fain would hear what thou inclines to fpeak" What is the cause, said Bruce, thou wilt not cease From bloody wars, who mayest live in peace. "It's thy own fault, faid Wallace, be it known, Who shamefully dost fight aginst thy own. I claim no right to rule, but to defend, My native land, from Edward and his men. This day thou's lost two noble knights and bold, Worth more than millions of the finest gold. The Steuart stout, the gallant Graham and wife, With that the tears came trinkling from his eyes. Thou that should be our true and righteous king, Destroys thy own, a cruel horrid thing. But 'gainst the South'ron, I must tell you Sir, Come life, come death, I'll fight with all my bir. "But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give, Said Bruce, and as a lord thou mayest live At thine own will, and enjoy every thing In peace, if thou wilt hold of Edward king. "No no, faid Wallace, with disdain and scorn, I'd rather choose be hang'd upon the morn. The great God knows the wars I took in hand, Was to keep free, what thou does now 'gainstand In curfed time thou was for Scotland born, 0 runnagado, faithless and mansworn. I vow to God, may I thy master be, In any field, thou shall far rather die. Than Turk or Pagon; this I shall keep good, Thou grand devourer of thy native blood, Bruce smil'd, and said, " with power your overset You'll ne'er the upper hand of Edward get. Wallace reply'd this day we're stronger far, And I am fure much more expert in war.

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y, (12) ce did isday. Than when at Biggar, where he run for fear. And left his hoft, so doubtless shall he here. Shall I leave Stotland now in fuch a plight, No faith, not I, till I redress its right." "Well, faid the Bruce, it now draws towards night, Will you meet me the morrow when its light. At Dunipace, and I do promise fair, By nine o'clock to here thy council there. No. Wallace faid, tho' Edward had it fworn. I'll have a bout with him e'er nine the morn. But if thou'll meet me at the hour of three, By all that's good, I doubtless shall thee see." Bruce promis'd with twelve Scotsmen to be there, Wallace with ten, which both kept to a hair. Thus did they part, and Bruce rode on his way, Near to Linlithgow where King Edward lay. Into the king's pavilion then does get, Where with the lords he was at supper fet. Bruce fitting down in his own vacant feat, Call'd for no water, but went streight to meat. Tho' all his weapons and his other weed. Were flain'd with blood, yet he began to feed: The South'ron lord's did mock him in terms rude, And faid, behold you Scot eat his own blood. The king he blush'd at this so home a jest. And caus'd bring water to the Bruce in hafte. They bade him wash, he told them he would not. The blood is mine, which vexes most my thought, Then did he fadly to his mind recal. And did believe what Wallace told him all. With rueful thoughts, the Bruce most fadly tost, I leave, and follow WALLACE to his hoft. At the Tor-wood, where speedily he goes, Sleeped a little, and thereafter rose. His hoft confifting of ten thousand men. Drew quickly up in noble order then, The Earl Malcolm, Ramfay, Lundie wight. Command five thousand gallant men and tight,

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WALLACE himself, Lauder and Seaton have, Led on five thousand valiant men and brave. With them good Wallace was of Richardtoun, Who never spar'd but hew'd the South'ron down. All well array'd in armour bright and clean, March'd to the field where the great fight had been There narrowly they fearched all the fame; And found the corps of good Sir John the Graham Whom when good Wallace faw he lighted down, And did embrace that knight of high renown. With forrow great beholding his pale face, He kife'd his mouth and often cry'd alas. My dearest brother that I ever had, My only friend when I was hard bestead. My hope, my health, O man of honour great, My faithful aid and strength in every strait. Thy matchless wisdom cannot here be told, Thy noble man-hood truth and courage bold. Wifely thou knew to rule and to govern, Yea, virtue was thy chief and great concern. A bounteous hand a heart as true as steel, A steady mind most courteous and genteel. When I this kingdom did at first rescue. Great honour then I'm fure to thee was due. Wherefore I vow to the great God and fwear. Thy death shall be to South'ron bought full dear. Martyr thou art for Scotland's right this day, Which I'll avenge with all the might I may. With that he figh'd and hugg'd him o'er again, Was no man there from weeping could refrain. Then in Falkirk prepares his sepulchre, And does his noble corps in pomp inter. On his tomb stone the following epitaph, They wrote which put the South'ron in a chaff.

Mente manuque potens, et VALLÆ fidus Achates Conditur hic Gramius bello, interfectis ab Anglis

The ADVENTURES or

Of mind and courage stout, WALLACE's true Achates;

Here lies Sir John the Graham, Fell'd by the English baties.

Unto the Bruce Wallace he forthwith rade. To the appointment was betwixt them made. At fight of whom his face flush'd in a flame, When he thought on the loss of gallant Graham. " Does thou not rue faid he in angry mood, Thy fighting 'gainst thy native flesh and blood." " Oh faid the Bruce rebuke me now no more, My foolish deeds do check and bite me fore." WALLACE surpriz'd was put to a stance, Fell on his knees and chang'd his countenance. At which the Bruce embrac'd him in his arms, And this the two came in good speaking terms. Pray Sir faid Wallace leave that South'ron king" The Bruce faid "That were an ignoble thing. I am fo bound faithful to be and leil. For England I'll not falfifie my feal. But here I promise unto God and thee. Hereafter Scots shall ne'er be harm'd by me. And if you victors be, as grant you may, I will not fight to fave my life this day. But with King Edward I'll return again, Unless that I be taken or be flain. And when my term with him is fairly out. May I escape I'll come to the no doubt. Thus Bruce took leave and did to Edward post, And Wallace foon returned to his hoft. Crawford he made the Earl Malcolm's guide, To Inneravin the low way to ride. That South'ron watches might not them efpy, The other hoft himself led haftily.

By the South Manwell where they were not feen, Of the out watches there had planted been. The Earl Malcolm enters Linlithgow now, Where a hot dispute quickly did ensue. WALLACE and his made little noise or cry, But on King Edward's hoft fell fuddenly. And did their weapons gallantly imploy, To his great terror but the Scotimen's joy. Tents and pavilions were cast to the ground, Numbers of South'ron cut in pieces down. Edwardhe calls on Bruce to round him then. With twenty thousand of well harnish'd men. But the furprise put them in such a ghast. That they were flying from all quarters fast. WALLACE his way thro' them did cut fo clean, As if he had more than a mortal been. Edward himfelf most bravely did behave. Which to his men both life and vigour gave. Yet nothing could the Scottish courage tame, When they thought on the loss of gallant Graham They fought like furies in that dreadful throng, And 'mongst the South'fon rais'd a doleful song. The English commons fled on every fide, But the best fort did with the king abide. 'Mong'ft whom was Bruce who did behold the dance And looked on with feing'd countenance. Lord Hartford then did make him for the flight, Unto his king a mortifying fight. Who all this time to flee a foot disdains, Until the Scots most seiz'd his bridle reins. His banner-man close by him WALLACE flew. Next to the ground the banner quickly flew. At which the Scots were not a little glad, And then the king and all his army fled. Ten thousand dead were in the town and field, Before king Edward once his ground would yield. Yet twenty thousand fled of South'ron men. Tho' at the first brave WALLACE had but ten.

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The Scots in hafte the victory pursue, All brave bold men flout like the fleel and true. But Wallace wifely caus'd them close abide, In a full body and in good order ride. Lest South ron might at some convenient place, If they dispers'd rally and turn the chace. In good array thus rode they at his will, And all they overtook did quickly kill. They came fo close upon the South ron's rear, None from the army durst come off for fear. Ten thousand straglers join'd the South'ron host, Thus thirty thousand fled to England post. Tho' the Scot's horse were almost spent yet they, Caus'd Edward change his horses oft that day. And then the Scots fo close upon them drew, Three thousand of the utmost men they slew. In Crawford-muir many a man was flain, Then Edward calls the Bruce to him again. To charge the Scots with all his power and might For which he should be put in his own right. Then faid the Bruce, "Sir loofe me of my band, And I shall turn I give you here my hand. When from the Bruce this answer he did get, He knew his heart on Scotland then was fet. From that time forth Edward most subtilly, Over the Bruce did cast a watchful eye. Bruce turned not, nor further language made, But with King Edward unto Solway rade. Who when he came upon the English coast, Found that he fifty thousand men had lost. Wallace returns to Edinburgh without more, Makes Crawford captain as he was before. The like he did unto his judges all, Each in his former office did install, Thus he to Scotland peace and great content, Procur'd and then straight to St Johnstoun went Where all the Scottish lords assembl'd were, To whom he all his progress did declare

By this time Scrimzior had reduc'd Dundee. Then on a gallows Mortoun hang'd was high. Next was the castle all in rubbish laid, And Scots no more of South'ron were afraid. The noble lords, Wallace did then address, And with good air, himself did thus express. "My Lords faid, fince over all your force, You made me gen'ral, both of foot and horse, Ihope your lordships plainly all do see, Once more I've fet this ancient kingdom free. And yet for all my fervice, fecretly, Some do reproach me, what a pox care I. With what's ignoble, I dare boldly fav. There's none can charge me standing here this day, To stay at home, no longer I incline. My office therefore, freely I refign, No gift I alk as my reward or fee, I've honour purchas'd, that's enough for me. I'll back to France, where I had laud and praife, And spend the rest of my remaining days." The lords did all oppose it, but in fine, Was no man there could make him change his mind. Most heartily he bade them all farewel, Then march'd with eighteen men as ftout as fteel. The baron's fon of Brechin with him went, And Longoville, on honour always bent, Simon and Richard, Wallace's nephews brave, Went both along, for honour, or a grave. Sir Thomas Gray the priest with him did fare, Good Edward Little, Jop and Mr Blair. And Kierly, who, had long with Wallace been, Thro' all the wars, and bloody bouts had feen. With those brave men he shipped at Dundee, Then hoised sail, and fairly set to sea.

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How WALLACE met with John of Lynat fea.

Long the English coast they steered south, Till opposite they came to Humber mouth. Then in the fea a ship did foon descry, And on the top three leopards standing high. Which when the merchants narrowly did view, Discouraged were, and did their voyage rue. Knowing full well that it was John of Lyn, Scots blood to flied, who never thought it fin. Good Wallace smil'd and faid, "Be not dismay'd Of one poor fingle thip, why thus afraid. Those wood-cats fled us, and were frighted fore, When twice fo many, oftentimes before, On a fair field, so shall they be at sea, If South'ron they, and we true Scotsmen be." "That he's a pirate, said the steers-men know, And faves no Scotfman be he high or low. A flood he bears on his armorial coat, First kills then drowns, what mischief does he not, Wallace reply'd, "Since that the case is so, I'll fail the ship, you cowards get below. Then his brave hardy valiant men and he, Array'd themselves in harnish cap-a-pee. Himself and Blair, and the knight Longoville, Command the mid-ship, and defend it well. Before were eight, fix he be-eft did fend, And two he caus'd unto the top ascend. Gray iteers-man was, which when the merchant faw, They courage took, altho' but foldiers raw. Some skins with wool they hastily did stuff, This was their harness, 'stead of steel and buff.

At which good WALLACE very gently fmiles, But does commend their artificial wiles. Then John of Lyn, with feven score in his barge, Comes up and calls to strike, a hasty charge. At which three arrows, Blair, with a good will Shot, and a pirate at each shot did kill. The bloody rogues, and cruel hellish hounds, Before they clasp, d, mischiev'd the Scots with guns. But when they clasped, this I wot right well, The Scottish spears did pierce their finest steel. The pirate's shot, drove thick as a hail show'r, Most furiously the space near of an hour. When shot was gone, the Scots do courage take, And with flout handy blows great havock make. The merchants in their woolen harnefs then, Behav'd themselves also like gallant men. Wallace and his, with sharp swords furiously, Cut down the rogues, and made them quickly die Then John of Lyn was very much aghaft. To fee his men about him fall fo fast. With eager will he would have been away, Bade teck the ship in all the haste they may. But all in vain, for now he plainly fees, His fails by Crawford fet into a bleeze. Burn'd down in ashes without all remead, And fixty of his best men lying dead. Boarding the pirate, Wallace in the fea, Did throw a rogue, then killed other three. Brave Longoville the knight, and Mr. Blair, No quarters gave to any they found there. Off John of Lyn, Wallace the wight and brave, The head and helmet from his body drave. And then his men did cut down all the rest. That did fo long the feas before infest. Then to the Sluce, streightway did Wallace fail, With a fuccessful and a prosperous gale, Took all the gold and filver that he fand, The merchants got the ship, then he to land,

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Thro' Flanders rode, soon passed o'er the same, Then enter'd France, and unto Paris came, Which tydings came unto the king in hafte, To whom good Wallace was a welcome gueft. Unto the parliament the king did then, For a good lordship WALLACE recommend. Who, 'cause that Guyen was out of their hand, They thought it best to gift him all that land. For well they knew he bravely fought before, And did the South'ron mortally abhor. This decreet foon they shew'd unto the king, Who highly was displeased at the thing. But Wallace faid, no land pleas'd him so well, And that the South'ron they should quickly feel. Immediately the king he made him knight, And gave him gold for to maintain his right. And order'd all the army of that land, For to obey what WALLACE did command. "I thank you Sir, faid he, for this reward, Yon South'ron, faith, shall be no longer sparid. And now my time I will no longer wafte, But to the wars I will prepare in hafte. The Scotimen all that were into that land, About him flock'd and came with heart and hand. With Longoville a numerous force arole, And to the wars-all with good Wallace, goes. Ten thousand men in number then were they. Who did the Scottish banner soon display. To Guyen march'd all those good men and frue, Cast castles down, and many South ron flew. They carry'd all before them in a word, None could, or durst refist their fire and fword. Shemon which Wallace took before, they win, And kill the South ron all were found therein. Into that town Wallace made his abode. And did fubdue all that country broad. The Duke of Orleans with twelve thousand brights Came to affift him, and defend his right.

SIR WM. WALLACE. 229
Thus in his town I leave him fairly fix'd,
And must speak something now of Scotland next.

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CHAP. III.

How Edward King of England came into Scotland and made whole conquest thereof.

Allance the knight to Scotland did repair, The false Monteith Sir John did meet him Sir John the Lennox greatly did defire, To whom Sir Aymer promis'd it in hire. To hold in fee and other lands moe, Of Edward if to London he would go. Thus they accorded and to London went. Which pleas'd King Edward to his heart's content Monteith on fight was bound to that fierce king, In Scotland to affift him in each thing. Then both return'd no longer their did wait, Pox on their nefty fnouts for villains great. For the Monteith told Edward every thing, And that the Scots designed Bruce for king. Within the space I think of forty days, King Edward did a fwinging army raife. To Scotland march'd and no refistance fand. Were none that time that could his force with-All the Scots forts the castles in a word, He got without a fingle stroke of fword. So fierce, so cruel was this king and bold. The noble lords that of him would not hold. To English prisons he did quickly fend. Where good Sir William Douglas made his end. The Earl Thomas Lord of Murray then, And the Lord Frazer two brave noblemen.

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With Hugh the Hay and many nobles moe, With villain Vallance did from England go. Seaton and Lauder in the Bass did dwell, And Lundie that could act his part full well. The Earl Malcolm and the Campbell brave, Bute as their place of refuge taken have. Ramfay and Ruthven both fled to the north, Unto their cousin the lord of Fillorth. He past with them thro' Murray land outright, And there they found a gen'rous worthy knight. Clement to name who ever still had been, Amongst the South'ron valiant stout and keen. He led those lords to Ross with greatest care, And at Stockfoord a strength he builded there. Good Adam Wallace, Craigy, Boyd, those three, Fled all to Arran one night by the fea. Into Dumbar Corfpatrick dwelt at will, But paid his fewty to King Edward still. Lord Abernethy, Soules and Cummine als, And John of Lorn, that long time had been falfer The Lord of Brechin many others moe, To Edward's peace for gifts did frankly go. Then do the lords and others fend express, From Bute to WALLACE with a long address. "Our hope, our health, our governor most great, Our chiftain true, and help in ev'ry strait; Our lord and love, thy absence does us grieve, For God's fake come, and once more us relieve. And take the crown, for we protest and swear, We'll not confent that Edward shall it wear. This writ he got which vex'd him in his mind, Tho' then an answer he did not incline. By this King Edward in Lord York's hand, From Tay-to Dee had lodg'd the fole command. For Father's fake and good Sire's this was given, Who both were kill'd by Wallace at Kincleven. Lord Beaumont to command the north was fent, And then from Perth Edward to Stirling went.

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The lord of Clifford who had Dowglafdale, Was rider made of the fouth marches hail. All Galloway and Cummine got in hand, For fuch a rogue too good and large a land. The Bishop of St Andrews, Lambertoun, At this time kept the Douglas of renown. To whom the Bishop great affection bore, But durst not show it when South'ron were before Yet made he Douglas on a day to go, With him to Stirling cause he lov'd him so. Where from King Edward tho' it prov'd in vain, He begg'd the Douglas land to him again. Who when he knew him Douglas fon to be, Swore by St George, no land he's get from me. His father fought against my crown alway, For which he in my prison lies this day." No other answer there the Bishop got. Because the Douglas was so true a Scot. He gave the Merfe to Soules that limmer lown, And made him captain too of Berwick town. When Stirling castle Oliphant resign'd, He thought that writ would furely Edward bind. But O fuch horrid treatment and abfurd, As violate his faith and broke his word, Sent him to England to a prison strong, In mifery where he continu'd long. When Edward had divided Scotland broad, Away in triumph the usurper rode. With him was Cummine that fweet dainty dear, Who whisper'dsoftly in the Bruce's ear; If you'll keep council I'll unto you show, What you before perhaps did never know. Say on faid Bruce, what you reveal to me, I promise for my part conceal'd shall be. Then faid Lord Cummine, Sir this is the thing, O'er this realm you should be righteous king. It's true faid Bruce, but tho' I righteous be, This is not now a proper time for me.

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At present I'm in Edward's hands and loath, To break with him and violate my oath, Yet tho' he promis'd back this land to me, Pray do not you and all the nation fee. How he divides and deals my heritage, To South'ron some, and some for traitor's wage. My lordships, (Cummine said,) I'll lay you down, If you'll refign your title to the crown. Or I shall help you with my pow'r and might, But Bruce reply'd I will not fell my right. Yet tell me what's the lordship thou dost crave, Which for thy help I promife thou shall have. Pray leave you King, faid Cummine craftily, For Edward hath all Galloway given to me. And Soules my nephew Berwick does command, We both shall follow you with heart and hand. My other nephew a great man of might, The lord of Lorn will help you to your right. My nephew third Baron of Brechin bold, Shall rife with us, thus I my tale have told. Then faid the Bruce, It were a lucky chance, Could we get Wallace back again from France. This kingdom he redeem might yet once more, We're too long ftrangers which I rue full fore. This with the Cummine did not well go down, For he himself an eye had to the crown. Yet that same night they did compleat the band, And feal'd the same must fairly with their hand. This paper Bruce left with the Cummine there, Then with King Edward did to England fare. And did remain until it was made known, Three years and more before he claim'd his own. Some thinks that Cummine did disclose the thing, Because his wife was cousin to the king. But had the Bruce gone to St Johnstoun town, By whole afcent he had receiv'd the crown. And then he might have execute the law, 'Gainst Cummine and keep'd all such regues in awa

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BOOK XII.

CHAP. I.

How WALLACE conquer'd the land of Guyen and was made Lord thereof.

IN Guyen, WALLACE carried on the war, And had the better of the English far. In five fet battles did them fo defeat, To Burdeaux they all made their retreat. Wallace purfues, and did invest the town Full twenty days, broke forts and bulwarks down But victuals falling short, it did oblige Him and his army to give o'er the fiege. Then to the king in pomp he went at last, And gave account of all the actions past. Who did rejoice that Guyen land was won, And thanked Wallace for his fervice done. By this time came from Scotland an express, With a most humble, but a neat address. Unto the king, befeeching him to fend Good Wallace home, his country to defend, From rage and fury of the South'ron foe. Which did the kingdom then all overflow: And that he would advise him foon withal, To take the crown, and eafe them of their thrall. Which they did fuffer from a king unjust, Or else in short the nation perish must. This was the very fubstance of the thing, Which the address contain'd unto the king.

234 But yet the king concealed all was writ, Lov'd not to part fo foon with Wallace yet, Who liv'd as great at Shemon as a prince, And none more happy liv'd there ever fince. About this time, a certain proud French knight. Did boldly claim an heritable right. Unto some office, and to fundry lands Of Guyen, which was then in Wallace hands Whether the answer which the monsieur got, Pleas'd or difpleas'd his worship, I know not. He an appointment does with Wallace make, Pretending service under him to take. But that was not what the great rogue defign'd, For fomething elfe was in his bloody mind. With fifteen each, at the appointed place Meet, and falute with a becoming grace. But the false knight, his treachery soon display'd, Had forty armed men in ambush laid. Who all, so soon as he with Wallace met, Had orders to enclose him in their net. . In angry mood then spoke the Gallic knight. "Thou does poffels my lands, by no good right." In modest terms replyed Wallace brave. "I have no lands but what the king me gave, And which I wan in peril of my life, From South'ron foes in a most bloody strife. Then faid the knight, "Thou shalt them here refign Or lose thy life, by all that is divine." Then draws his fword, whereby he foon alarms The ambush, which appear in glittering arms. By which furprizing unexpected fight, Wallace perceiv'd the treachery of the knight. " Are these the thanks, said he, I from your hand, Get for refloring of your native land. Altho' I armour want, as do my men, Tho' but fixteen, 'gainst fifty fix, what then? Here is a fword made of the truest steel, Which thy deferving neck shall shortly feel."

Then with one fingle stroke cut down the knave, And bade him purchase for himself a grave. At which, the fifty five fierce Gallics then, Environ'd WALLACE and his fifteen men. Who like brave Scots, with noble heart and true, Fought, and a great deal of the Frenchmen flew. 'Mongst whom was the knight's brother stout and Who fought it like a fury very long. And dealt his blows about him very fast But was cut all in pieces down at last. Closs by, nine Frenchmen were a mowing hay, Who do advance with all the speed they may. Each a sharp sythe into his rustic hand, As if forfooth, none might their force withstand Nor was their any that could do it then, Save only Wallace, that brave prince of men. Who as foon as he could the rogues descry, Did leave his men, and then immediately, Most boldly, did towards the clowns advance. Mock'd fuch machines, and all the fythes in France The first he met, ill may the carle thrive, At Wallace with his weapon made a drive. Had it a hit him, as it miss'd, I vow, No doubt, it would have cut his body thro'. But Wallace being hearty, brisk and blyth, Most cliverly he over-leap'd the fythe. Then with his fword gave fuch a backward blow. As kill'd the fellow, a brave rary show, As in that country e'er before was feen, To fee his head hap, happing on the green. The next clown's fythe he also jumped o'er. And clove his shoulder half a yard and more. Unto the third most nimbly plaid the same, Then at the fellow fuch a stroke did frame. As gave him a prodigious mortal wound, Till he gasp'd out his last upon the ground. The fourth he clove him cleanly thro' the coaft. Let him take that, for all his brag and boaft.

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The three first sythes, Wallace did overleap, And by good providence did thus escape. Four men he kill'd, one at every stroke, Upon my word, it was a pretty joke. He that was last, was the first man that fled. Else he had got the cold ground for his bed. Good Wallace then, the fifth does close pursue, O'ertakes him quickly and the fellow flew. Then marched back to his own men again, Who forty nine had of the Frenchmen flain, Seven did escape, and fled with all their might, A marvellous, but true and bloody fight. Four of the mowers did no more incline, To flay, but scour'd, and left their sythes behind. Or else of them there had been news belyve, Such as, perhaps, befel the other five. Thus was the knight and's men caught in the net, Which basely, they had for brave Wallace set. For most of all were kill'd, the rest they fled, At which, the king he was exceeding glad. For Wallace fent, and pray'd him earneftly, That he might one of his own houshold be. Where he might live in peace, and rest secure, Under the covert of his royal bow'r. For well he knew that some envious were. At favours which the king bestow'd him there. No wonder, for he rescu'd in few days, All Guyen land to his immortal praise. In spite of all the South'ron's force and pow'r, Syne made them scamper off themselves and scour. And when he fairly did it thus reduce, Did chace the South'ron all to Burdeaux. Then two full years remain'd at the French court, And was diverted with all princely fport. King, lords and ladies, much of him did make. Both for his own and ancient Scotland's fake. 'Cause 'twixt the kingdoms, there had been solong A kind alliance and a very strong.

C H A P. II.

How WALLACE kill'd the two French.
Champions.

TITH the French king did dwell two champions great, Who mortally did the Scots Hero hate. Express'd themselves in most satyric joke, And with disdain 'gainst Scotland always spoke. Which fired our brave champion very foon, With him fuch language would not well go down This verifys the proverb we may fee, Two of a trade in one place ne'er agree, Save in the case of these French champions who, Link'd in others arms did always go. At length it so fell out and chanc'd that they, Were all three left upon a certain day, Themselves alone discoursing in a hall, Where they no weapons us'd to wear at all. There did the champions talk of Scotland long, With great contempt which WALLACE faid was wrong.

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Since both our nations live in friendship great,
And firm alliance what means all this hate.
Did we not help you lately in your need.
We do deserve good words for our good deeds.
What would you say of the proud South'ron foe,
When of your friends you talk at random so.
With slighting words in their own language they
Disdainfuly reply'd and did say.
The South'ron are our foes we grant and own,

But Scots for falsehood every where are known, At which good WALLACE was enraged so, One of the champions got a fearful blow.

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Which founder'd the proud cox comb where he stood, Made mouth and nofe gush out in streams of blood. The other struck at WALLACE in great haste, Not doubting but his friend was now deceas'd. Whom WALLACE gripp'd fo fast and wond'rous His spirit departed and he ne'er spake more. (sore, The first arose and smote at WALACE fast, But their death strokes he gave them both at last. Upon a pillar he dashed out their brains, And faid let them take that up for their pains. What devil ail'd the carles they're to blame, It would been long e'er I had troubled them. Unto themselves they only owe their pakes, If they have won let them take up their stakes. And let all others learn when they are young, Strickly to bridle the unruly tongue. Many great lords of the first rank in France, Were much displeas'd at this unlucky chance. But the good king who knew the story all, Did, wave the thing and kindly let it fall. And did exoner WAELACE the fame day, So after that no man had ought to fay. Nor once durst give him but a faucy look, Or yet play boo unto his blanket nook.

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CHAP. III.

How WALLACE kill'd the Lyon.

The King of France by no means does negled.

To put on Wallace marks of great respect.

For many battles had he fought and won,

And for the king great fates and fervice done,

Had Guyen lands from South'ron foes redeem'd,

And was a mighty conqueror esteem'd.

Which gall'd the countries almost put them mad, That he was in such estimation had. An cause he had the two French champions kill'd, W with envy great spite and malice fill'd. inly they discover'd now and faw, he king protect'd him from the law. ch two fquires hellishly do plot, How to destroy the brave heroic Scot. Who near relations were as you must know, Unto the late deceased champions two. And in this manner do they undertake, The WALL ACE brave a facrifice to make. The king a cruel lion had which scarce, Could be govern'd was fo exceeding fierce. Which the two fquires knowing by and by, Came to the king and forg'd a curfed lie. This Scot fays they his brag and boast doth makes And plainly fays that he will undertake. To fight your lion if you'll freely give, Him your allowance liberty and leave. This he defir d us of you to afk, We're fure he'll have a most difficult task. To which with great concern reply'd the king, I'm forry he defires fuch a thing Yet I will not deny whate'er may chance, The favour that he'll ask me while in France. Gladly they went away to WALLACE where, Like rogues they counterfeit the story there. Wallace faid they the king commands that you, Will fight his lion without more ado. Wallace reply'd whatever is his will, Unto my power most gladly I'll fulfill. Then to the king did instantly repair, A lord at court when he faw Wallace there. Must foolishly ask'd him if he durst fight, With the fiercy lion who reply'd on fight. Yes truly if the king would have it fo, Or with yourself I fear none of the two.

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Let cowards from kings courts be all debar'd, I may be worsted but shall ne'er be dar'd. So long's my nostrils any breath retains, Or Scots blood does circle in my veins. Like a true Scot I'll fight and fcorn to fly, For why I know that man is born to die. Then by the king in short it granted was, That Wallace might unto the lion pass. Yet all the time knew nothing of the plot, So deeply laid against the noble Scot. Nor in the matter further did enquire, Thinking it was good Wallace own defire. Mean time of him fo tender was the king, He order'd harness quickly there to bring. No Wallace faid, I leave that to the field, Almighty God shall only be my shield. Since this is but a beast and not a man, With what I have I'll fight him as I can. And will encounter fingle as I go, This strong rapacious cruel favage foe. About one hand he did his mantle wrap. And in the other did his broad fword clap. Then briskly without any further stay, Came to the place where the fierce lion lay. Who ramping rose against him where he stood, Dreadfully roar'd expecting prefent blood. Then Wallace drew a stroke from neck to heel, With his good fword made of the burnished steel. And gave the lion fuch a dreadful blow, As cut his body cliverly in two. Then to to the king he loudly call'd in ire, " Pray, Sir, faid he, is this your whole defire? Thus to expose me to the rage and will Of your fierce lion, have you more to kill? Cause bring them forth, such beasts since I must quell I will obey, fo long's I with you dwell. But now of France, for ever I take leave, Some greater action I may foon atchieve.

At Shemon, Sir, I thought the other year, You would have other business for mehere. Then fight a cruel favage beaft, wherfore, To ancient Scotland I'll return once more. The king perceiving Wallace in a fire, Meekly reply'd, "It was your own defire. Elfe by the faith of a most Christian King, I never would allow of fuch a thing. For men of honour ask'd it in your name, So you or they are only for to blame." Wallace reply'd, "I vow to the great God, This feems to me a thing both strange and odd, By all that's good, no higher can be fworn, I know no more on't than the child unborn. Of honour fure I have a better tafte. Than to be proud to fight a favage beaft. This is a trick devis'd, by some of those Who are my fecret and malicious foes. The king conceiving there was falsehood wrought. Caus'd both the squires quickly to be brought: Who, when they came, the crime could not deny But plainly did confess the treachery. For which, and other most ungodly deeds, The king commanded to strike of their heads. Thus came the squires to their fatal end. As did the champions, to all men be,t kend The champions first for their disdain and flout At Scotland, justly got their brains beat out. The fquires next for malice and envy, Did lose their heads, and most deservedly. For our instruction then, we may reflect, Nothing from justice villains can protect. Each rogue, altho' with nick he should combine, Shall be discover'd either soon or syne. And may be certain of a rogue's reward, Vertue and honour who does not regard; As in the facred scriptures we may read, But to my purpose further I proceed.

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When Wallace faw the court envy'd him fo, To Scotland then he purposed to go: To aid his country, and to take his chance, Despising all the wealth he had in France. Once more his native land for to relieve. Which South ron foes did now afflict and grieve. And to its pristine freedom it restore, Or else he vow'd that he should die therefore. The king perceiving Wallace that way bent, Gave him the letter that was lately fent From the Scots lords, which he read and perus'd Then told the king he most have him excus'd For he in France no longer could remain, But most return to Scotland back again. Since that his country was diffressed fo, Being invaded by the South'ron foe. But to abridge my ftory and be fhort, Wallace takes leave of king and all the court. At which the king did forrowful appear, And to the chamber quickly did retire. Tewels and gold he gave him in that hour, For to support his honour and grandeur. But lords and ladies did lament and grieve, And weeped fore when Wallace took his leave. No man he took with him of note or might. To Scotland back, but Longoville the knight. Who loved Wallace with fo true a heart, Whate'er befel would never from him part. Towards the Sluce in goodly order past, A veffel got, and made to fea at laft, Eight seamen had, as good as were alive, And then at Tay did fafely all arrive,

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CHAP. IV.

How WALLACE came again to Scotland, and the Battle of Elchock Park.

TALLACE in filent watches of the night, Didlandhis men long time e'er it was light And by good luck before the break of day, The ship shear'd off and safely got away. From Earn's mouth to Elchock quickly then, He march'd with eighteen flout brave valiant men Who when he had approached pretty near, To Crawford's house his own relation dear. In the backfide a window there did find. Thro' which he call'd for his cousin kind. Who when he knew that it was WALLACE wight, Did not delay but came to him on fight. Embrac'd and kis'd you may be very fnre, It was a blythsome glad and joyful hour. How to dispose of WALLACE and his men, Was the next point to be consider'd then. How to secure them till they got some rest, And were with meat and drink and fleep refresh'd In a great mow of corn he them did darn, Most cunningly within a spacious barn. On the north fide a private hole was wrought, Thro' which they had all due provision brought. For bed and board nothing they lack'd at all. The time they lodg'd within that threshing hall. In their corn-castle most securely dwelt, For feveral days and no diffurbance felt. Till meat fell short unto the honest core, Then to St Johnstoun Crawford went for more. Where fubtile South'ron foes most cunningly, Took notice what provision he did buy.

And thought the quantity a great deal more, Than he was wont to buy in times before. For which immediately they him fuspect, And honest Crawford's gripped by the neck. Where BREVI MANU without any shade, Of law or justice he's in prison laid. What guests hast thou said one, and for who's sake, Does thou so mighty great provision make. Crawford reply'd, Sir I have ne'er a guest, All this is only for a kirking feaft. But it was dreaded and alledg'd by fome, That Wallace he from France was lately come. And that they might know whether it was true, Most subtilly devise what next to do. Sets Crawford free and in good harness then, Do quickly put eight hundred chosen men. And at a due convenient distance from, Good honest Crawford they do dog him home. Whom when good Wallace faw he did exclaim, Against his conduct faid he was to blame, Who did expose himself so much unto, The cunning notice of the South'ron foe. In fleep this night by vision I was told, That thou had me unto the South'ron fold. Sir that shall be the last thing I'll attempt, My neck has no fuch itching after hemp. Black be their cast great rogues to say no more, Their generation all I do abhor. Yea for my country fince I went away, I did expect my dearest blood should pay. And that I should no doubt a martyr been, And never more the Scottish hero feen! The prison strong and cruel where I lay, Will testify the truth of what I say. Quickly get up and take you to the fields, I greatly fear the rogues are at my heels, I'll give you all the affistance that I can, For I myfelf shall be the twentieth man.

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The worthy Scots got up with merry speed. Unto their arms and were not flack indeed. Then fuddenly the South'ron all appear, Eight hundred men in armour bright and clear. And on their head was Bulter that young knight, To twenty men a formidable fight. When WALLACE faw his number was fo few. He from the plains to Elchock park withdrew, Where he a certain fort of pass espy'd, Which nat'rally was fo well fortify'd. With great and closs grown holland on each hand, As might the South'ron's first attack withstand. Great long tall trees across he there did lay, Then to his men couragiously did fay. The wood is thick tho' small in breadth and length Had we but meat enough we'd keep the strength. Mean time let us go on with heart and hand, And bravely fight fo long as we can stand. For our old native country valiantly, Come let us to it either do or die. Before they gain the pass I'm much inclin'd, To lay fome of their bellies to the wind. By this young Butler eager keen and croufs. With all his men furrounded Crawford's house. But came too late as he himself did own, He got the neft but all the birds were flown. Poor Crawford's loving wife they feiz'd anon. And ask'd at her which way the Scots were gone. She would not tell for boast nor yet reward. Then Butler faid too long thou haft been fpar'd. And caused build a great prodigious fire, Then fwore an oath in horrid wrath and ire. That he would burn her quick flesh blood and bone If the conceal'd what way the Scots had gone. Pray hold thy hand faid Wallace, do not fo, For here I am I own myself thy foe. Would thou torment an honest sakeless wife. Come forth to me and we shall end the strife,

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It were great fin to kill the female Scot, Art thou a christian tell me yea or not. In all my victories I here declare, Priests, women, children, always lib'rate were. When Butler had good WALLACE fairly feen, And that he was alone upon the green. He threw his face fometime his lip did bite, His bosom swell'd with venom and with spite. It was no wonder for to tell you plain, Wallace had both his dad and good fire flain. The South ron then fiercly march up at length, And Wallace he retir'd unto his strength. Most hardily the Englishmen began. Attacked fore with many a gallant man. But Scots within did make a strong defence, And South'ron foes were foon repuls'd from thence Who at first entry fifteen men had kill'd, With English corps the pass was almost fill'd. At which they all retire a little back, In order to another fresh attack. Wallace beheld and did distinctly fee, Butler the knight divide his men in three. You knight faid he in war is so expert, And has it fo engraven on his heart, That he unto a very point does know, Each stratagem and nice punctilio. For by the disposition of his men, I know for certain that he does intend, So foon as he with his fresh men comes back, Us in three different places to attack. A brisk and brave defence then let us make, Dear Longoville thou fix with thee shall take. As many with good Crawford here shall go. And five with me to stop the cruel foe. In three divisions march the English sparks, Butler's division Wallace nicely marks, To the old pass without all dispute more, They march and do attack it very fore.

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Defign'dly Wallace let some South'ron in, But to get out the way could never find. The first seven men that march'd in the front, When they got in look'd most confounded blunt. WALLACE's five, each one a fellow flew, And Wallace two, then bade the seven adieu. Butler was next, no further he durst pierce, But did retire, he saw the Scots so fierce. Good Longoville and Crawford fought fo fore, That time the South ron fallied them no more. By this the stars appeared in their fight, Then suddenly approach'd the darksome night, Butler the watches fet, to supper went. But griev'd that he his time had fo ill spent. Mean time he eats a very plenteous meal, Of good provisions, bread and English ale. While the brave Wallace nothing had at all, But Adam's ale, which we cold water call. Yet with a cheerful countenance could fay, "Chear up my lads, it is not long, to day. What tho' we all should fast one fingle night, We fast for honour and for Scotland's right. Perhaps our foes that now fo fully feed, The morrow's night shall no more victuals need. The Earl York, who Perth with troops did fill, Commanded Butler to continue still, At Elchock park, and he would reinforce Him with a fresh supply of foot and horse. And that he would in person come, With found of trumpet and with beat of drum. "Couragious York, upon my word, well spoke, Was he in earnest, pray, or but in joke. To offer fuch a reinforcement then, Unto eight hundred, against twenty men. This fure must add much to his lordship's praise, And blaze his character in after days." But Butler fain would have the Hero yield, Before that York appear'd upon the field.

The ADVENTURES of That he himself might have the praise alone, Thanks to you Butler, forty men to one Then to the park the English knight draws near, And calls on Wallace asking him what chear. Good chear faid Wallace, you may take my word, Then laid his hand upon his awful fword. Here is the blade that still keeps up my heart, And many a time has made the South ron fmart. With many a bloody wound both wide and deep, And may do so this day before I sleep. Well faid the Butler that is not my fear, But I would talk a moment with thee here. Content faid Wallace for a little hire, I will not stand to grant thee thy desire. Does not thou fore repent faid Butler now, That thou my father and good fire flew. No Wallace faid tho' it were thy whole kin, To kill my foes I never thought it fin. Come thee my way I'll do the best I can, As God me fave, to kill them every man. And hope I shall a good occasion have With these two hands, to send thee to thy grave. "That is not likely, faid the Butler, now, My prisoner I'll make thee first, I trow. Mean time what I defire, I pray thee grant, And what I promifed thou shalt not want. "With all my heart, faid Wallace, every bit, If fafety and true honour will permit: Then Butler faid, "What profit wilt thou reap, Here to abide, fince thou cannot escape. And fince thou fees it may not better be, Leave off thy folly yield thyfelf to me. With frowning face and mighty great disdain, The Scottish hero did reply again. So great a fool I never hope to prove, I'll yield to none but the great God above. To him each day twice I do yield and bow, But little mushrom knight pray what art thous

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Bids yield to thee, for all thy hafte and heat, Faith that is not what I design as yet; And the we be but twenty Scots what then? I mock thee much and thy eight hundred men. "To worship God, fays Butler, thou does well, And to thy maker twice a day to kneel, Yet dost thou folly, and no conduct show, When with my men thou art inviron'd fo, And closs furrounded, no way to get out, Thus to debate, tho' thou were ne'er fo ftout. Therefore come forth, and make no more ado, Thou'll find my counsel wholsome words and true: With great difdain, Wallace he smil'd and leugh, And answ'ring faid, "Sir, you have talk'd enough, For the all England had the contrair fworn, I'll cut my paffage through you once the morn. Or else this night, believe me what I fay, This shall be done before nine of the day." Butler was careful then, when it grew dark. To plant his watches all around the park There Wallace staid, no ways alarm'd or fear'd, Until the twinkling morning flar appear'd. A rocky mist fell down at break of day, Then thought he fit to make the best o's way. Who, when he had made ftrict fearch round about, Found a convenient place, and then broke out, Then hastened to the place where Butler lay. And round about him did great numbers flay, Most nobly fought each gallant worthy Scot, But Crawford he was wounded on the spot. Whom in a moment WALLACE did refcue, Then at one stroke, he the bold Butler slew. Got Crawford up in his two arms ere long, And bravely did defend him in the throng. About him made great room where he did fland. And cut five South ron down with his own hand, Bore Crawford out in spite of all were round, Nine acres breadth before he fet him down.

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The South ron finding Butler to be dead, And thirty more, for which was no remead. Do view the corps, what could the men do more. And then condole their loss exceeding fore. Wallace by this was quite out of their fight, The mist had so eclipsed all the light. At which he smil'd, and faid to Longoville, " Upon my word this mist assists us well. Then let us quickly march to Methven wood, Where we shall get provision very good. We fasted have so long, in truth I trow, It's almost time we had our breakfast now." But by the time they had got to the height, The fun difplay'd his beams, and radiant light. By which they did perceive immediatly, Thirty and four men in a company. Then faid good Wallace, "Be they friend or foe. We'll meet them, fince their number is no moe. When they approach'd, a noble knight it was, And a true trufty friend, Sir Hugh Dundass. With him a prudent knight brave Sir John Scot. Who in Strathern was then a man of note. And with Dundass's fifter led his life. A vertuous lady, and a loving wife. They and their men the road were passing on. To pay their fewty to the South'ron. Because the Lord of Brechin's first command. Had forc'd them basely thus to hold their land. Who, when they faw that it was Wallace wight, Gave thanks to God for that blyth welcome fight. Glad of the succour he had sent them there. To Methven wood with joyful hearts repair. Where they refresh'd themselves to their own mind With fuch provisions as they there could find. Then were they hearty, cliver, brave and tight, And unto Birnane wood march'd all at night. There they with Ruthven met in a short space, Who long had liv'd an out-law in that place.

Where eatables were scarce, and sriends also.
Then pass to Lorn, as little found they there,
Of wild and tame that land was stripped bare.
Wherefore they most religiously anon,
Address the heavens, and make a piteous moan.
Good Sir John Scot, said he, would rather dye,
And starve with hunger, then with infamy,
To live a rogue, or let himself be bound,
A slavish subject to King Edward's crown
Wallace his own distress with patience bore,
"But for the rest he groan'd and grieved fore.

Of all this want, faid he, I am the cause, Yet fince it is for Scotland's right and laws, That thus we fuffer by the divine will, Let none of us once grudge to take it ill. For he that made us by his mighty pow'r, Can feed us by his providence, I'm fure, With him is neither found deceit nor guile, Stay here till I remove a little while, In a short space I shall return again. Then walked he o'er a hill unto the plain, Where in a forrest underneath an oak, He fat him down, with spirit almost broke. His fword and bow, he leaned to a tree, In anguish great, then on his face fell he. "Ah wretch! faid he, that ne'er could be content With all the wealth that God unto thee fent: The lordships great, long since to thee assign'd, Could never please thy fierce unstable mind. Thy wilful will to make thy nation free, Thro' God's permission brought this woe to thee. For worthier by far than ever I, With hunger now are like to starve and die. O God, I pray, relieve them of their pain. And let not this my prayer be in vain." Then after fighs and meditation deep, He flumbered foftly and did fall afleep.

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Five bloody rascals, boldly, with one breath, Had bound themselves under the pain of death, To take the WALLACE wight dead or al ye, Which prov'd their ruin, for old nick did drive. Three of the base affassins, English were, Scottish vile villians were the other pair. Three days before, they travell'd had about. Like bloody hounds to find the Hero out, With them a boy that us'd to carry meat Among the hills and rocky mountains great. When Wallace did retire to his brave men, The rogue most privily were lurking then. Saw his departure, dogg'd him in his way, And knew the place exactly where he lay. In covert of the rocks they pass and peep, And plainly did perceive him fall afleep. Near to his person then the rogues approach, Thinking they had him fast within their lotche And then the bloody hounds put it to the vote, To take alive or kill him on the spot. One faid " Could we get him but fafe to Perth. It were our greatest honour upon earth. His fword and bow no fafety more affords, Then let us tie and bind him fast with cords. This we may do, I'm fure, at our own will, And lead him by the backfide of you hill, So that his men shall nothing thereof know." Content, faid they, then all to work they go. And thought thro' force, him prisoner to make. But brought the bed foon of a grand mistake, For when they grippd him, a four face he made, What is the mater, then he boldly faid, About he turn'd him, out his arms he threw. And with his fifts made them both black and blue, The fiercest and the stoutest man took he, And dash'd his brains out all against a tree. Then with unparralell'd strength arose, In spite of his four other bloody foes

And boldly feized the dead fellow's fword Wherewith he made found payment, on my word, Another South'ron at a fingle stroke, He hewed down before he left the oak. The other three fought, but full foon were glad, To take them to their heels, and so they fled. But to escape they all in vain did strive, None could do fo on foot, from him alive. Then following fast, there nimble speed he try'd, Gave them their mortal wound, whereof they dy'd, As he returned from the rogues with joy, He met with, and faid to the fervant boy, What does thou here? who with a pale dead face, Fell on his knees, and humbly asked grace. "I little have to do indeed, faid he. I lately hired was, for meat and fee, With yon five men, had I known their defign Such service ne'er had enter'd in my mind. What's that thou earriest boy ?" "Sirit is meat. "Then come along with me, it's time to eat. Meat at this time, is better far than gold. It's worth at present, cannot well be told. Then with a chearful merry heart and glad. Went to his men, who all were quickly fed, With good rost meat, plenty of bread and cheefe. And did their strength recover by degrees. Thus fifty four refresh'd were, who before, Had fasted full three days, and some what mores "O mighty miracle, to fee (God knows) A fleeping man furrounded by his focs, Ly open to their fury on the field, All weaponless no helmet, fword or shield. Exposed thus unto their barb'rous will, And yet for all their wrath, no power to kill. Fifty and four, with hunger almost starv'd. And yet from fword and famine both preferv'd. When all had fully eat, and drank also, How came this meat, faid they, pray let us know

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Then where the bloody rogues all dead did ly He led them, and disclos'd the mystery. " Fy Sir, faid they, a Chiftain hould beware. And not expose himself by half fo far. To which he answer'd in a merry mood, " No matter fince the fuccefs has been good, But now, faid he, let us confider foon, What is the proper thing next to be done: Since we are bleft with fuch deliverance great. From starving hunger in our pinching strait. And I from the deceitful bloody foe; I et's thank good fate and to the lowland's go. Mean time, pray little boy, does thou know where We'll get provisions till we once come there. To which, he meekly answered again, " No Sir, until we come to Rannoch plain. There with that lord, great plenty von shall find. He ferves King Edward, tho' agin't his mind. Fhen I'll be guide, faid Wallace to the sheill, I know the place myself exactly well. Thros that wild land, he led them brave and right, And to the Rannoch brought them fafe at night. Where they the watch did-feize that was a Scot. On which account, they spar'd and kill d him not Who told them the condition of the place. Which they commanded in a little space, The gate they won, for castle they had none. But a thick mud wall without flime or ftone. Wallace in hafte struck up the chamber door. Made it in pieces ly upon the floor. Then all in fear, from fleep frart fuddenly. The lord gets up, and does for mercy cry. But when he knew that it was Wallace wight Most heartily he thanked the God of might. " I was a true man all my life, until I vanquished was by South'ron 'gainst my will. All Scots we are that now before you fland, And ready to obey what you command.

Sinceforthis land fuch great things you have done What Scotsmen dare hold his face to the sun And yet refift you in so good a cause. Defending of our liberty and laws: If any one be found that is fo bad, I'm very fure that fellow's worse than mad. Then all did promise with uplisted hands, Most frankly to obey his just commands. And the more fully to confirm the thing. Did swear allegiance to their righteous king. Then me rily went all to meat, I trow. No wonder, for the case was alter'd now. This lord with mighty pleasure also told, He had three fons, all valiant stout and bold, And twenty of his own near kinfmen more, As good as ever fword or target bore: Ready to ferve him both with heart and hand. For the true hononr of their king and land. To heaven, then Wallace turned up his eye. " I thank three O my God, for this supply. Then did they pass the day as seemed best, At night fet watches and went all to reft. But on the morrow when the day did peep. WALLACE arose fully refresh'd with sleep. And to the fields took all his men at length. To know what was his perfect real strength. There did he muster all his little force. And thanked God that matters were not worfe. Then to his men he champion like did fay. "The royal banner, let us now display, For under it most faithfully we'll fight, In the defence of brave old Scotland's right. Ourselves no longer we'll abscond and hide. Friends will flock to us now on every fide. They took fuch horses as they there could find. Then to Dunkell march'd all with chearful mind, The English bishop to St Johnstoun hastes, WALLACE was none of his beloved guefts,

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The Scots foon took the place, and in a word, Put all the South'ron quickly to the fword. On good provisions then did nobly fare, Which the lord Bishop for himself brought there. Silver and gold, fine Jewels there they got, All that their heart could wish they wanted not Five days rejoicing merrily they spent, And on the fixth WALLACE to council went. "We have not men enough, faid he, you know, Perth to invest, therefore we'll northward go. In Ross our friends have made a strength, I'm told Hear they of us they'll come like warriors bold. Good Bishop Sinclair is in Bute also, Who when he hears the news will not be flow To come and take his fate with chearful heart, He never yet did fail to act his part. The Westland men, when warned, we'll get them all I never yet did know them fit my call. For like brave men, this region they throughout. Have been with me at many a bloody bout The council then with one voice did conclude. As he propos'd, for all was very good. They mount their horses, march without delay. The English men kept all out of their way, Those that possess the strengths, staid within doors The rest of them crept close in holes and bores. For all began to flee and featter, from The very time they heard he was come home. Then with an army strong, the Scots at last. Most awfully thro' all the kingdom past. Strengths were deferted by the South ron then, And foon possessed by the Scottish men. Who in good order now, as could be feen, Seven thousand strong march'd all to Aberdeens But frighted South'ron post away in haste, And leave the town all desolate and waste. In all the land left nothing more or lefs, Lord Beaumout took the fea at Buchanness

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Clement the knight of Ross, appeared then,
With a brave company of gallant men.
Took in the house of Nairn, with that brave core,
The South ron captain slew and many more.
From Buchan, and from Murray came anon,
Numbers of Scots in quest of Beaumont gone,
Who missing him, to Wallace march on sight,
Mongst whom was Sir John Ramsay that brave
knight:

Whom, when he faw, with many others there. That long ago his bold companions were, How pleas'd he was, I fcarcely can descrive, But thought himself the happiest man alive. Thus he the Northern parts recover'd, and Made good men judges over all the land. When this was done, that no time might be lost, March'd to St Johnstoun streight with all his host.

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C H A P. V.

The Siege of St Johnstoun.

Allace the town does here besiege, in short,
And keeps a sturdy guard at every port.
Where Bishop Sinclair came to him on sight,
With cliver lads from Bute, all young and tight.
Lindsay and Boyd, who did him ne'er beguile,
From Arran came, and from the Rauchly Isle.
As did the barron bold of great renown,
Brave Adam Wallace then of Richardtoun.
In all the road no enemy durst be,
Some sled away by land, and some by sea.
Seaton and Lauder, and good Lundie now,
Came in a barge to his assistance too.
And in the haven did their anchors cast,
Where they two English ships secured fast.

The one they burnt, the other loadened well, With warlike stores, and sturdy men in steel. To watch the port, they ffrictly were oblig'd, That men nor victuals, pass to the besieg'd. From fouth to north, the flying South ron mourn, Some left their lives in pledge they would return, The South ron bishop that fled from Dunkel, To London rode and told all that befel. Edward he fends for Aymer Vallance now, And asks at him what he thought best to do. Who like a traitor, answered, and said, "Doubtless he by a friend must be betray'd, Or by fome of his bone companions fold, Who have best liking to the English gold. For which I shall myself to Scotland go, And try the treason whether yea or no. King Edward therefore fign'd to him a band, That he would ratify and firmly stand, To whatfoever bargain he would make, This Vallance does the treason undertake. To Scotland comes, at Bothwell did arrive, To execute the plot he did contrive. Unto Sir John Montieth, express did send, To come and speak with him at Rutherglen, Who, when he came, disclosed all his mind, And laid before Sir John the whole design, "I know, faid he, that you no stranger are Unto the news of this new bloody war. Which, if it be not foon put to a stand, Will prove destructive to our native land: Nothing but blood and rapine we can fee, Which will our great misfortune always be So long as Wallace lives, who late and air, Infults King Edward boldly every where. The country thus harrafs'd on every hand, There's neither trade nor culture in our land Now good Sir John, if you'll advised be, To take a wholfome counfel once from me.

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It's in your pow'r to be an earl now, And to do fervice to your country too. I know you are for certain one of those, In whom Sir WM. WALLACE does repose Great trust and confidence in each respect, O would you then but grip him by the neck. As lords and earls, we might live and reign, Under King Edward our most gracious king. " Fy, faid Monteith, it were a mighty shame, Yea, you and I, shall both be much to blame, If we betray a man, who late and foon, To king and country hath fuch service done. He's of our nation, and our forces all, Both Governor, and captain General. For my part, I declare, come well or wo, I'll never condescend to treat him so." Vallance reply'd, "If you but understood, How great a shedder he's of Christian blood. You would not plead for him fo much, I'm fure, But rather contribute to break his power. Besides the King, could he but end the strife, Has no defign to take away his life: But to confine him, fo as make him cease From war, and not disturb the common peace. This put Monteith unto a little stand, Who wish'd that Wallace were in Edward's hand. Providing he his life would spare, And make all good that Vallance promis'd there. When Vallance faw Monteith thus in a muse. Most cunningly his little time did use. Then in a moment down he quickly told Three thousand pound of finest English gold. "This you shall have, and Lennox at your will, If that you the King's defire will now fulfill." Then he who was brave Wallace friend before, The strong temptation could refist no more: But did refign his honour and himfelf, To act the treason for the love of pelf.

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Receiv'd the gold and then was strictly bound, To carry WALLACE fafe to English ground; And there to put him in the South'ron's hand, For which, he should be lord of Lennox land. This Vallance promis'd to him without fail. Sign'd and confirm'd it with King Edward's feal. Thus part the villains, Wallace immortal foes, And Aymer Vallance streight to London goes. The curfed tydings he did quickly bring, Of his good fuccess to the English king. The contract shows, told every thing that pass'd And did obtain his gracious thanks at laft. Which melancholy story makes me mourn, But to St. Johnstoun siege I now return. Where Wallace lay befieging all that time, Not dreaming of the treasonable crime. Mean time, five hundred South'ron, bold and flour Early one morning brifkly fally out, At the South port, against Dundass and Scot, Where they got a reception mighty hot. The English fought it for a while, but then Retir'd with no less loss than fourscore men. Yet tho' they were at that time foundly beat, They took the knight Dundass in the retreat. Presented him before the earl York, Which put an end unto that morning's work. The knight Dundass nothing at all did find, But what was civil and exceeding kind, The earl York, so merciful was he, Most gen'rously dismiss'd and set him free. For which the grateful WALLACE by and by, Return'd him hearty thanks most courteously, Affuring him upon his honour, that He would his kindness soon retaliate. The earl now of Fife, who had a truce With Edward, but an honest heart to Bruce, Perceiving Wallace like a a faithful leige, To carry on the the war, came to the fiege.

With him John Vallance, who was sherieff then Of Fife, and a brave train of goodly men. Into the ditch faggots put very fast, Around the stakes heather and hat they cast. With trees and earth they made a passage clear, Then o'er the walls did march quite void of fear. The South'ron they briskly resist again, While at the wall a thousand men were slain. Couragiously Wallace leads on his men, And hew'd down all before him every bone. Of South'ron foes did dreadful havock make, But fav'd the Earl for Dundass's fake. In wax a lion on his cloak did fet. As a fafe conduct when with Scots he met. Gold in abundance there he told him down, And fafely caus'd convey him out of town. Women and children freely he let pass, As still before his gen'rous custom was. Then all the country live in peace and reft, And with true Scots the town was re-possest. Thus having vanquish'd his proud South'ron foes. With chearful heart streight to the fouth he goes, Edward the Bruce who had in Ireland been, The year before, is now in Scotland feen. With fifty of his mother's noble kin. Attacks Kircudbright, boldly enters in. And with those fifty for he had no more. Most gallantly he vanquished nine score. To Wigtoun next he and his men are gone. The castle took for it was left alone. Where Wallace and his men did not neglect, To meet him with all humble due respect. Unto Lochmabane then most chearfully, Marched that brave and gallant company. Where Wallace like a true and faithful Scot. Refign'd command to Edward and why not. And promis'd that if Robert Bruce the king. Did not come home in person for to reign.

He should in that case certainly and soon, Have the imperial ancient Scottish crown. Prince Edward of Lochmabane tarry'd still, And Wallace went to Cumnock with good will. Then with his friends he met at the Black-bog, And with them drank a blyth and hearty cog. Unto King Edward news came reeking hot, Of all the victories that Wallace got. And how he Scotland did again reduce, And that he had received Edward Bruce. The English commons deeply swore and faid, That Scotland they would never more invade. For that it was great madness to go there, If the Scots champion Wallace living were. Then to Monteith Edward wrote privily, Told him the time was now fast passing by. Dispatch said he the thing you took in hand, For which you have my gold and I your band. The false Monteith read o'er the letter all, And then in hafte his fifter's fon did call. To whom the plot he did discover all, And made him fwear he would not it reveal. On Wallace wait said he, and frankly tell, You would with him as a domestic dwell. Which if he grants you must be very sure, To watch him nicely and the very hour. When all alone fecurely taking reft. Give me a call and then I'll do my best. The villain promis'd that it should be done. Then gets himself in WALLACE service foon. But the brave Wallace never had a thought. Of what the false Monteith against him wroughts And he who now had Scotland thrice fet free. Nothing design'd but lasting peace to be. For much fatigu'd with a long tedious war, He thought it more illegible by far, To serve God and his king in his old days, That he in heaven might fing eternal praise.

CHAP. VI.

How WALLACE was betray'd by Sir John Monteith, carry'd to England and martyr'd there

HAT WALLACE foes might him no more traduce, Jop quickly is dispatch'd away to Bruce. Most earnestly befeeching he'd come down, To Scotland and receive the ancient crown. Since there was none that now durft him oppose. Having subdued all his South'ron foes. When Jop's credentials Bruce had fully read. His heart exulted and was mighty glad. With his own hand he back to Wallace wrote. And thank'd the Hero for a loyal Scot. Intreating him the matter to conceal, And quickly he would out of England steal. To meet me then faid Bruce be very fure. The first of July next on Glasgow muir. And let your company be very few. For I shall have but a small retinue. (thought, Which when good WALLACE read blyth was his And all his household then to Glasgow brought. That month he order'd them there to bide. Kierly he took with him each night to ride. And the young man that false Monteith had fent. None but those two knew what way Wallace went. The vile young villain on the eighteen night, Warned Monteith with fixty men on fight. Caus'd mount that were his own kinfmen born, And deeply all unto the treafon fworn. Who from Dumbarton march, fy on them fy, And near to Glafgow town march privily.

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A cunning spy out as a watch they sent, To notice and observe where Wallace went. Rabreston it was near to the way side, And but one honse where he us'd to bide. There walk'd on foot till midnight it was past, Kierly and he lay down to fleep at last. (fear'd. Charg'd the young rogue from whom no harm he To waken him if any man appear'd. But as he foundly flept the traitor bold, His uncle met and like a villain told, That now it was the only golden time, For him to perpetrate the wicked crime. Then all the curfed vile barbarian crew. Surround the house and honest Kierly slew. The ruffian fervant he to work does fall, Steals Wallace fword his dagger bow and all. To bind him then with cords the barb'rous byke. Surround the Heroe, but, he Sampson like. Got to his feet, finding no other tool, Broke one rogues back with a strong wooden stool And at a fecond blow with little pains, Beat out another fouty rascal's brains. As many as upon him hands could lay, By force do think to carry him away. On foot alive, but that prov'd all in vain, He on the spot chus'd rather to be slain. At which the false Monteith his silence broke, And fubtilly thus unto Wallace spoke. So long you have continu'd here alone, That notice is unto the South ron gone, Who have befet this house all round about, That by no means at all you can get out. With the Lord Clifford who doth here command, And with his party at the door doth stand. I fpoken have who promifes your life, Shall be most safe if you'll give o'er your strife. That to Dumbarton you shall with me pass, And be as fafe at home as e'er you was.

You likewise see that we no weapons have, We come in mighty hafte your life to fave. Wallace believing he would do no wrong, To him who had his goffip been fo long. Made the Monteith to swear he would fulfill, What he had promis'd, then came in his will. As prisoner, the South ron must you see, Or else by force they'll take you Sir from me. Said false Monteith then slily on his hands, They slipped cunning and most cruel bands. Which underneath with ficker cords they drew. Alas the Bruce that binding fore may rue. For Scotland's ruin quickly came about, Occasion'd by the loss of Wallace stout. Who when led out, little or nothing faid, But missing Kierly knew he was betray'd. Then was he carry'd fouth o'er Solway fands. And left in Vallance and lord Clifford's hands. To Carlifle prison with him they do scour, Which to this day is called Wallace tower. Some writers please to say, but that's not sound, That Wallace martyr'd was in Berwick town. That could not be I'm very fure, for then, It was possest by brave bold Scottishmen. For which the traitors went not by the Merfe. Nor durst they march thro' Berwick for their arfe. Scotland alas to whom wilt thou complain, From tears alas, how can thou now refrain. Since thy best help is falsly brought to ground, And chiftain bold in cruel fetters bound. O who will thee defend in thy true right. Or like brave Wallace ever shine so bright. Thy grief and anguish now approacheth fast, Thou shalt in sorrow foon be left at last. Thy general and noble governor, Is too, too nigh his last and fatal hour. Who shall defend thee now and make thee free, Alas in war who shall thy leader be.

Who shall thee now rescue from Saxon rage, And who their wrath and fury can affuage. I say no more but beg God of his grace, May thee in hafte restore to wealth and peace, Brave Wallace now shall thee govern no more, Who to thy rights reftor'd thee thrice before, 'Mongst Wallace men at Glasgow where they lay, Great forrow was when they found him away. Unto Lochmabane Longoville did pass, In mighty hafte where good Prince Edward was, Where he in greatest grief and forrow swore. He never would depart from Scotland more. Nor yet his native land of France would fee, On Wallace foes till he aveng'd should be. Thus did that knight in Scotland still remain, Until the Bruce return'd home again. Was with the King when he St Johnstonn took. The fecond man that enter'd fays the book, With Chartris land was gifted by the king, From whom the Chartris ever fince do fpring. Robert the Bruce came home on the third day. To Scotland after Wallace was away. And at Lochmabane with good Edward met, Where he the news of Wallace foon did get. At which was fo exceeding griev'd and fad, He almost lost his wits was next to mad. Hold brother, Edward faid by all that's good, If we him lofe we fhall revenge his blood. It's for your cause he's now to England led, In your defence Scotland he thrice hath fre'd. And had he not a faithful fubject been, The ancient kingdom we had never feen. Remember when he offer'd was the crown, How he refus'd and knock'd the project down. And now the traitor that him basely fold, From you he thinks Dumbarton for to hold. Unto Dalfwintoun Edward order'd was. With men in arms next day in hafte to pass.

And if he chanc'd to find the Cummine there, That by no means, his life he then should spare, Finding him not, they all return in peace: The king thereafter kill'd him in Dumfries. How that was done is needless to be shown, Since perfectly to every man its known. First to the king came Douglas that brave knight. in all his wars, who worthy was and wight. Nor need I tell how Bruce did take the crown, And how Lord Soules deliver'd Berwick town, Galloway loft, how John of Lorn arose, Against the king with many other foes. How Brechin bold against the king did ride, With whom few honest Scotsmen did abide. And how the north was given from the king, Which made him long in painful war to reign. But Douglas still his loyalty did shew, And to the king was stedfast firm and true. A better chiftain Bruce had never one, Save Wallace whose without comparison. Yet of the Douglas more good knights have been Than in one house was e'er in Scotland seen. As Bruce's book doth plainly testify, By Mr Barbour written faithfully. With Clifford now Wallace to London goes. A prisoner among his mortal foes. Then in a prison strong clapt up was he, Who's difmal hour king Edward long'd to fee.

The following story, favouring of the superstitious credulity of the people, and deceitful cousenage of the monks at these times, we have notwithstanding insert, lest we should seem at our own hands rashly to omit any thing that we sound in our company to the end we may be admonished to study thankfulness to God, who hath now opened our eyes to see thro' the mist wherewith those former ages were blinded.

A monk there was in Bury abbay then, The most religious of that fect of men. Another there of the same order stood, That knew his life chafte innocent and good. The younger monk to know hid fecrets fond, Of the old father did obtain a bond. That after death he would return and tell. What things he knew concerning heaven and hell Whose spirit removing from the world vain, Did at the time appointed come again. To the young curious monk in figure bright, Fully refembling that of lanthern light. A fire brand he on his fore-head bore, Which did surprize the monk and fright him fore. Then faid the voice, God hath me granted grace, To keep the promise I made in this place. Where art thou now I thee conjure to tell, Said the young monk, whether in heaven or hell, In purgatory faid the spirit where, I must remain for half a year and mair. And after that shall have a passage even, That will conduct and lead me fafe to heaven. Yet unto thee I freely must declare, Two yet alive shall be before me there. The first of these if thou would know him then, Hath in his life kill'd a great deal of men. Yet shall a martyr die on Wednesday next, Which for that purpose is the day perfixt. I fear he shall not have so good a fate, Said the young monk for God doth flaughter hate. It's Wallace faid the spirit pray understand, That took a just and righteous war in hand. For his own country 'gainst a cruel foe, Therefore to heaven he certainly must go. Next a poor priest to be commended much, Whose gratitude and thankfulness was such. That tho' his livings were but small and mean, Was fatisfied and never did complain.

He certainly before me most also Unto the holy heavenly mansions go: I am the third, by the Almighty's grace, Brother, he faid, shall go unto that place. At which relation, faid the curious monk, " Tell I that story, folks will call me drunk, And tell me that I either dream or rave. Then faid the fpirit, "This witness you shall have, The bells shall ring in spite of earthly pow'r, That day he's kill'd, the space of half an hour. Which came to pass, a thing both strange and odd, Was publish'd, and beliv'd thro' Britain broad. The spirit departed and the monk went home, But I proceed to WALLACE martyrdom. Who by the armed foldiers from his bed. Upon the fatal wednesday forth was led: To be a victim to the South'ron's rage, Since nothing less their fury could affuage. Where meekly he casting his eyes about, Did for a priest religiously call out. Which Edward did refuse, and with next breath. Discharg'd his clergy all on pain of death. The Bishop then of Canterbury, broke Out in a holy passion, and this spoke. " Here I protest against such wickedness. In spite of thee, O King, I'll him confess, And if thro' force, thou stop me from this thing, I vow to God, my righteons heavenly King, O'er England all, I shall thee interdict, And make it known thou art a heretic. The holy facrament I shall him give. Then take thy choice to starve or let me live. It were more honour for thy crown I fay, To fave his life, then thus to tak't away: Thou all thy life, hast rung in finful deed. As shall be seen on thee or on thy seed. At which the King inrag'd, commands to feize The holy bishop, nothing else would please.

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His lords intreated he might not do fo, But for the church's fake whuld let him go. Each good man thought the bishop in the right, Who gravely walk'd to Wallace upon fight: Heard his confession all unto the end, And humbly did his spirit to God commend. Then took his leave, no longer did abide, But to Westminster streight away did ride, Thirty long days poor WALLACE cruelly They bound, and never did his hands unty. Then with a chain unto an oaken stake. Most barb'rously did fast the victim make. Next fent a clerk, to hear what he would fay, O fatal, cruel bloody, Wednesday. "Thou Scot, faid he, that fo great wrong haft done, Thou fees thy fatal hour approacheth foon, Thou should to mind recal thy wretched deeds, And feriously once more tell o'er thy beads. For now perforce thou here most quickly die. To whom, the noble marty'r did reply. "You do not know whether I've done amis, You worthy bishop hath me promis'd bless. Thy rancour, malice, and thy cruel spite, Shall ne'er my courage, nor my conscience smite. My comfort is to know the way I go, My trouble, that I'm here so long below. Then faid the clerk. "I wonder at thy skill. Who might have had all Scotland at thy will, Providing that thou would thy arms lay down. And hold that kingdom of the English crown. Wallace reply'd, "Thou speaks a foolish thing, Had I got home, my own true righteous King, Cold death I should embrac'd, grievous and grim, Or else have made all England hold of him. Intirely then it should been in his will, What honest men to save, what rogues to kill. "Well faid the clerk, I fee thou wilt not grieve, For thy great fins, fo long as thou dost live.

Thou's kill'd more men than any in thy time, And yet repents not of that bloody crime. Methinks thou should confess each sinful thing, And offer yet thy service to our king." At which the noble champion Wallace smil'd, And told the clerk that he was all beguil'd. "I have, I grant of South ron flain a few, But not the half of what I wish'd, I vow. I mov'd no war, but to regain our own, As unto God and all the world's known. Therefore thy babling hold, let me alone, I in God's name command thee to be gone.' At which, a fheriff, who did there attend, The foolish railing clerk away did fend. Wallace about him, from his child-hood kept. Where-e'er he went, whether he walk'd or flept. A pfalter book, which he befeech'd the knight, Lord Clifford, might be brought into his fight. Which done, he caus'd a priest upon the place. To hold it open threight before his face. On which he look'd fometimes his eyes up-caft, Religiously unto his very last. Then quickly came the executioner, who Gave him the fatal and the mortal blow. This in defence (that Hero ends his days) Of Scotland's right, to his immortal praise. Who's valiant acts, were all recorded fair. Written in Latin by the famous Blair. Who at that time the champion did attend. Was an eye witness, and his chaplain then. And after that, as history does tell. Confirm'd by Sinclair, Bishop of Dunket.

Invida mors tristi Gulielmum funere Vallam, Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit.

Et tanto pro cive, cinis pro finibus urna est, Frigusque pro lorica obit.

Ille quidem terras loca se inseriora reliquit.

At sata sactis suprimens.

Parte sui meliore solum cœlumq: pererrat, Hoc spiritu, illud gloria.

At tibi fi inscriptum generoso pectus honesto, Fuisset hostis proditi.

Artibus Angle tui in pænas in partior esses, Nec opidatim spargeres;

Membra viri, sacranda advtis, sed scin, quid in ista Immanitate viceris.

Ut Valla in cunctas oras spargantur & horas, Laudes tuumque dedecus.

The Author of the History of the Douglasses, hath translated the foresaid versus thus: Envious death, who ruins all, Hath wrought the fad lamented fall Of Wallace, and no more remains Of him, than what an urn contains. We ashes for our Hero have, He, for his armour, a cold grave: He left the earth, too low a state, And by his acts o'ercame his fate. His foul, death hath no power to kill, His noble deeds the world fill, With lasting trophies of his name. O! hadft thou virtue lov'd, or fame, Thou couldit not have infulted fo, Over a brave betray'd foe, Edward! nor feen thefe limbs expos'd To public shame, fit to be clos'd, As relics in an holy shrine,

· But now the infamy is thine.

His end crowns him with glorious bays, And stains the brightest of thy praise.